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OVER THE ALLEGHANIES

AND

ACROSS THE PRAIRIES.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FAR WEST

ONE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY

JOHN LEWIS PEYTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN CRISIS," "THE ADVENTURES OF MY GRANDFATHER," &c.

"Fields belov'd in vain."

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.
STATIONERS'-HALL-COURT.
MDCCCLXIX.

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This work was announced under the title of 'Out West,' &c. After the printing was completed, and the volume was ready for publication, the Author for the first time learnt that a book under that title was published in 1866. He had no hesitation in cancelling this title, and substituting that of 'Over the Alleghanies and Across the Prairies,' &c., which is more expressive of the scope and spirit of the work. This explanation will account for the variation in the head-lines.

LONDON:
Printed by A. Schulze, 13, Poland Street.

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TO

THE HONOURABLE B. S. MORRIS,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

NOT AS A WORK WORTHY TO BE INSCRIBED TO HIM,

BUT AS A TESTIMONY OF THE FRIENDSHIP

AND RESPECT OF THE

AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE sage advice of Horace,

"Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris * * * nonumque prematur in annum,"

has been followed and even exceeded in the case of this volume. Not nine but more than twice nine years have my notes of early travel in the Western portion of the United States, been held back from the public; and I hope the lapse of time has enhanced any value they may have possessed. Had they been published twenty years ago, they would have told little that was not familiar to many travellers in the same track, and to the friends to whom they had orally recounted their strange experiences. While now I am able to remind my contemporaries of a state of things which exists only in reminiscence, and to tell a new generation of readers of adventures that happily belong to by-gone times.

We Americans look back with pride upon the rapid growth and steady development of

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our country. Hardly more than two and a half centuries have passed since the first germs of the United States appeared in the settlement of a few English colonists, and as an independent nation they are not a century old; yet they now have a population larger than that of the parent-state, in a territory more than twenty times as great. There is no abatement of the rapid growth along the Eastern coast-line which forms the oldest portion of our nation. But it is yet more remarkable in the vast Western districts which have only begun to be great haunts of civilization, and great centres of industry within the memory of men still living. Their progress has been without parallel in the whole history of the world. Regions in which for centuries red men were the only human dwellers, and in which they maintained a hard fight for life with the wild beasts that were the strongest tenants of almost boundless forests and fertile plains as limitless in extent, are now peopled and governed by white men, whose towns and cities are so many centres from which radiate intelligence and enterprise. The entire area will soon be covered by an industrious population which will not only bring from the surface every healthful produce of the ground for their use, but will cause the earth to give forth its hidden treasures to satisfy their further needs. "Two

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hundred and fifty millions of people," says a recent author, whose pride in England as a mother of nations is shared by the Americans, "speak or are ruled by those who speak the English tongue and occupy a third of the habitable globe; but, at the present rate of increase, in sixty years there will be two hundred and fifty millions of Englishmen dwelling in the United States alone. America has somewhat grown since the time when it was gravely proposed to call her Alleghania, after a chain of mountains which, looking from the western side, may be said to skirt her eastern border, and the loftiest peaks of which are but half the height of the very passes of the Rocky Mountains.*

The wonderful growth of the United States in their Western territories or provinces has been attended by some curious characteristics. Rome was not built in a day; and if a greater empire than that of Rome has been constructed in what seems little more than a day, as compared with the long periods required for the slow development of European nations, the process has given rise to many remarkable phenomena. Civilization cannot at once plant itself in neglected wastes and present the same even dignity and sedate aspect that we find in

* "Greater Britain," by Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, Bart., M.P.

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those states of society in which its conditions have been matured leisurely and step-by-step. When it effects a sudden revolution such as that which has taken place in the Western States, it shows many departures from the quiet order of things that prevails, or at any rate has a superficial existence, in older countries. The intense vigour of life that turns desolate wilds into crowded and thriving habitations, necessarily begets eccentricities of conduct and exuberant forms of thought and action that time and cultivation alone can smooth down and confine within orthodox channels. A man who has wit and force enough to raise himself from beggary into a station of wealth and influence cannot so temper his vehemence of character as to live just the same sort of life, and think just the same sort of thoughts as find favour with his new associates, and it is only in his children that you see developed all the forms and fashions of gentility. So it is with self-made communities. The pioneer cannot be expected to display all the polish and refinement that the next generation has time to cultivate.

It was my good fortune to spend some months in travel over a portion of the Western States and territories in their pioneer days. In 1848, I passed from Staunton, in Virginia, through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, up the

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Great Northern Lakes to Wisconsin, thence down the Mississippi to Missouri, returning by way of Illinois, Michigan, Canada West and New York. In the course of my journey I had abundant experience of the best and the worst, the darkest and the brightest phases of society in its only half-developed state. I met with wise men and fools, generous philanthropists and reckless adventurers, prudent money-makers and zealous money-spenders whose noteworthy ways of life have already become traditions of the past. I also visited many towns, which busy trading places then, have made wonderful progress during the past twenty years, and are now large and influential cities—many waste places which now blossom like the rose.

Altogether the aspect of affairs which presented itself to my observation was so remarkable in itself, and is so much more remarkable when compared and contrasted with the aspect of the present, that these notes now assume in my eyes a value not dreamt of at the time they were written. As to preserve truth is my main object, I have done little more than alter some errors of diction which were detected in my original descriptions. It has been oftener than once observed that the narratives of travellers, accurately describing the objects they have seen, and faithfully relating the accidents which have befallen them, cannot fail to be, if not

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instructive, at least amusing. This circumstance will, I trust, be regarded as a sufficient excuse for the publication of the following recollections, for which authority may also be found in Gray's remark, who, according to Horace Walpole, used to say, "if any man were to form a book of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove a useful and entertaining one." I have inserted in these reminiscences nothing that was not necessary to give them life-like completeness, and have only added a few illustrations of the present condition of the States and territories, cities and towns which I visited, in order that the changes which have occurred in the short space of one-and-twenty years may be more apparent. And I have sought to do this in such a manner as not to encumber the work with figures, or interfere too much with the thread of the story, or that ease and freedom in the style which is so desirable in books of amusement.

Montagu Street,
Portman Square, W.
September 15th, 1869.

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OUT WEST.

CHAPTER I.

Friendly adieux—A stage-coach journey in the Shenandoah Valley—Beautiful weather and beautiful scenery—The village of Woodstock—A French adventurer, a stranger, and he takes me in.—Winchester.—Old friends and old wine—Passage of the Potomac through the mountains at Harper's Ferry—The United States' Armoury—John Brown of Ossawatomie—His raid, arrest, trial and execution.

"TAKE a few months' run across the Alleghanies and among the northern lakes." This was the advice which I received from our worthy family physician, the late Dr. Addison Waddell, when I was recovering from a severe illness one-and-twenty years ago, and he never gave me a pleasanter or more welcome prescription. I had not left school long enough to forget the old proverb, *Turpe est in patria perigrinari, et in iss rebus qua ad patriam pertinent hospitem esse,** and I had long determined, on the first suitable opportunity, to

* It is disgraceful to be a stranger in our own country, and to be unacquainted with matters relating to it.

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extend my knowledge of the world by personal observation. The good doctor's counsel furnished the opportunity, and I prepared without any loss of time to follow it by starting upon that journey to the "great West"—(a comprehensive term embracing, in American minds, all that vast country stretching beyond the Alleghany mountains and on to the shores of the Pacific ocean), which will be travelled over again in the ensuing pages.

It began on Monday morning, the 26th of June, 1848, when I walked out of the Eagle Hotel, the principal public-house in Staunton, to take my seat in the "mail coach," which, with its yellow body, gaily coloured wheels, and four spirited horses, was then the only public conveyance in the valley of Virginia. The hurricane of innovation has since passed over Staunton, and she is now a bustling place of business, with thousands of inhabitants, and a trade worth millions of dollars; but then she was a drowsy old town that never winked, but always nodded, and the arrival and departure of the stage coaches were the day's most exciting events. Around the quaint vehicle there always gathered an admiring crowd, and on this day it included many friends, black and white, bond and free, who had come to bid me a sorrowful farewell. In their simplicity they imagined that I was setting out on a hazardous

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expedition, soon to be surrounded by perils as strange and great as those that overtook the wise Ulysses on his return from Troy. There was some excuse for their fears. The "great West" was not the most inviting of countries to the tourist. Of all parts of the American Union it was the most dangerous. Savage tribes of red men still roamed over it, and it was the favourite and congenial home of "border ruffians," desperate men who took refuge in the wilds, and made the bowie knife and the revolver their chief playthings. Rencontres and assassinations were of daily occurrence, and the actual perils were magnified in the thoughts of my timid friends by travellers' tales, which they firmly believed, of the existence in the far west of a singularly ferocious population of hybrids, significantly described as being "half horse, half alligator, with a cross of the wild cat." The civilization of these parts, too, had its perils. All the steamers on the western rivers raced with an utter disregard for the safety of their human cargoes, and a large per cent. of all boilers "busted up."

No wonder, then, that my kind and anxious friends "laboured in spirit" at the prospect before me, and perplexed, and, as the Scotch say, "harried" me, with their warnings and entreaties, up to the moment of starting. In-

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deed, it is doubtful whether I should have escaped from their grasp, one holding me by the button, another by the collar, and all seeking to catch my ear, had there not been an independent motive power in the form of four gallant greys, who pricked their ears at the noise around them, and pawed the earth with impatience until the coachman cracked his whip, and, after a lurch and a heavy roll, we were clattering over the rough pavement of Main Street, leaving my good-natured friends behind us. As the coach turned into Augusta Street a Yankee acquaintance, long resident in the town, was standing on the post office corner, and I saw him—in the language of Ingoldsby—

> "Put his thumb unto his nose,
> And spread his fingers out,"

as he shouted after me, "Farewell, Jack! Take care of yourself. Those westerners are ugly customers. Confine your dealings with them to a narrow margin. I mean what I say. It's no 'goak.'" Thus was my exit made.

The best of weather favoured the commencement of my cruise on wheels. The sky was bright and serene. The sultry air, cooled by a light breeze from the mountains which floated over green fields, was laden with the scent of aromatic plants. The only sounds to be heard

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were the trickling of water, the songs of birds, and the murmur of bees feeding on flowers that fringed the road-side and enamelled the fields, giving to the whole country the appearance of a garden infinite in variety and boundless in extent. Through it our sprightly horses, impatient of control, carried us at a rapid pace.

Shortly before nightfall we reached Woodstock, in the county of Shenandoah, where the coach halted half-an-hour for refreshment. I was satisfied with my day's journey, and resolved to wait till the following afternoon, when another coach would arrive. An easy walk through the village enabled me to see all that was to be seen in the place itself. It consisted principally of one long, broad street of motley houses; some old and grey, with narrow windows, made before the beneficial effects of light upon mind and body were understood; others new and better built, and painted white. Near the centre of the street stood the village church, and I did not look upon its hoary walls without pleasing thoughts connected with the Reformation and the spread of our holy religion. Around it there were many grassy mounds, showing where "the rude forefathers of the village sleep." Beyond the limits of the town there were spread out in every direction rich and abundant pasture grounds, cultivated fields and native forests.

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Returning from my stroll, I found in the public parlour a middle-aged man, who spoke English fluently, though with a foreign accent. His crown of dark hair, his stiff pomaded moustache, redolent of Rowland's Balm of Columbia, and his penetrating black eyes at once showed that he was a Frenchman; and during the desultory conversation, in which he pertinaciously forced me to engage, he informed me that he was the friend and agent of M. Bellot des Menieres, with whose name I was familiar as that of the representative of a French Company which wished to purchase the interest of the State of Virginia and of the private stock-holders in the James River and Kenewha Canal, with a view to its speedy extension to the Ohio River, in accordance with the plans of Washington and other early promoters of the Company. I refer to the circumstance, apparently trivial, of my casual interview with this individual, because he taught me a lesson at the threshold of my Western tour, upon the necessity of cultivating a wise prudence in intercourse with those whom I might encounter in my travels. I certainly had need of such a lesson, and perhaps I bought it cheaply; for I had grown up in the fields and sun like a young plant, and could not be counted a match for a long-headed man of the world.

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M. Thierry, for so the Frenchman called himself, was in trouble—most of the men I have met through life seem to have been born to this inheritance—and regretted the necessity which compelled him to remain in Woodstock until he could receive the remittance which he expected from his agent in New York. This delay, he said, was most unfortunate, as he had an appointment to meet the President of the Company at Pattonsburg in Botetourt, and his business was of extreme and immediate importance. What was he to do? Could I advise him as to any way of getting out of his most unpleasant predicament, a predicament such as he had never been in before? Could I, he gradually insinuated, help him myself? If I would be so good as to lend him a small sum—say twenty-five dollars—for a few days, he would promise to send the money to Staunton, or any other place I would name. Young and inexperienced as I was, this proposal somewhat surprised me. The Frenchman saw my hesitation, and at once began to apologize. He was so very sorry that he had made the request. He ought not to have been so bold. It was very foolish, very presumptuous. Would I forgive him for taking such a liberty, one with which he ought to have known that he could not expect a complete

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stranger to comply? Nothing but his great desire to proceed on his journey, and the many accounts he had of the liberal, generous, and unsuspicious character of the Virginians, would have induced him to make the request; but he ought not to have made it—would I pardon his indiscretion? But such talk had the effect which was intended by my shrewd companion. I felt ashamed of my unjust suspicions, as they seemed to me, and blushed at the discredit, if not disgrace, which I had brought upon dear old Virginia. I assured M. Thierry that he had misunderstood me; that I neither questioned his honour nor blamed his request; that since he was a stranger in a strange land, and especially a Frenchman, one of the people who had been our country's earliest and best friends, friends when she had most needed them, it was no more than my duty to aid him as far as lay in my power. The sum he required, I added, was a mere trifle, and if I never received it again, the loss would be nothing; in short, I should consider it a favour if he would accept the twenty-five dollars as a loan, and I should be deeply mortified if he refused it. My companion at first seemed inclined to refuse, and was profuse in his regrets and fresh apologies; but in the end he consented to accept the loan, if I would take his gold watch as a

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security. This security I declined, but he handed it to me before starting next morning, in the up-coach to Staunton. Need I add that I have never heard anything more of M. Thierry, and that his watch was pinchbeck. No such person was known in connection with the French Company in treaty for the purchase of the Canal; and I found that I had been victimized by an accomplished and doubtless a professional *chevalier d'industrie*.

On the afternoon of the next day, Tuesday, I resumed my journey down the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. The weather was at its brightest. A delicious air breathed from the mountains, and now and then dimpled, as with a smile, the waters of the river. Travelling through the richest pasture lands and the loveliest campaign scenery, the charm was heightened by the gradual widening of the valley, until the distant mountains were lost in a golden haze. As evening approached, I watched with no little delight the herds going home to the dairy, and all Nature preparing for rest, while, as the last rays of the sunset fell upon them, the bright waters of the river scattered a shower of diamonds over every jutting rock.

In a pleasant mood of dreamy contemplation I reached Taylor's Hotel, Winchester, where near midnight the coach drew up. In this

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town resided some of my relations and friends, and there several, who have survived the ravages of a quarter of a century, and the desolations of civil war, still continue to make their home. These I desired to visit *en route*, and accordingly I halted for a couple of days at Winchester.

The forenoon of Wednesday was spent in visiting at Dr. Stuart Baldwin's and Mr. William Clark's, with both of whose families I was connected by blood or marriage. With several members of both, moreover, I had formed warm friendships during their annual summer visits to Staunton, and I had no slight pleasure in renewing the intimacy. On one evening a small party of mutual friends, among whom were the Tidballs, the Faulkners, the Fontleroys, the Ransoms, and others, were invited to meet me at Dr. Baldwin's; on another we assembled at Mr. Clark's.

Two young men, companions in our little parties, were William L. Clark, jun., and his brother, Peyton Clark, both of whom served with credit in the Southern Army, during the Civil War, and are now distinguished members of society in Virginia. A third equally promising, was a most intimate friend and companion of mine, S.N.U., who subsequently married an amiable and accomplished lady, and commenced life in Baltimore under flattering auspices. He took

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part in the War, but was cut down with camp fever during its first year, and now I trust and believe, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, rests with the Saints above. Friend of my youth, companion of my boyish days, peace to thy soul. Alas! that I should have so soon, in recording these recollections, to pay a tribute to the memory of a lost friend! I feel in doing so, that there are times, and this is one of them, when the world puts on a garb of mourning, as if in sympathy with our griefs. That "this goodly frame," as says Hamlet, "the earth, seems to us a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air; this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, appears no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours."

It was not alone by personal friendships that I was attracted to Winchester. This quiet, drowsy town, the capital of Frederick County, and containing about 3,500 inhabitants, though likely to continue quiet and drowsy amid the bustling progress of its younger rivals, has a history full of romantic interest. It was formerly the outpost of European settlement in the trans-mountain section of Virginia, and had resisted many sieges and attacks by the red-skins. It is memorable for its connection with Washington, who, as a

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minded me of mile stones, they were certainly land marks, and of the most unwelcome kind too, warning and admonishing us of the frightful fate which at any moment might overtake our train. As people, however, soon learn to sleep upon the thin crust of a volcano, or in the neighbourhood of a powder magazine, so I sat viewing these wrecks with comparative *sang froid*. Those who despise death seem to escape it.

Of these "fabrics" which, unlike the visions of a dream, had left many a "wreck" behind, a curious use was made. By them our conductor was enabled to tell, within a hundred yards, how far we were from one point, and how near to another; as a man sometimes dates his own life from certain epochs of misfortune, which make periods or stages in his journey to the grave.

Harper's Ferry is so remarkable for its scenic beauty that the great Jefferson says of it, in his notes on Virginia, that it is a spectacle worthy a voyage across the Atlantic, and it must be remembered that the author of the American Declaration of Independence made this observation after long residence and extensive travel in Europe. I shall not essay to describe scenery, which is indescribably grand, especially as, however dissimilar scenery may be, descriptions of it can hardly fail to be

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monotonous. The river at this point passes through the mountains, but by what process it has forced its way among them—whether they were violently separated from each other by repeated volcanic operations, or whether the flood created its own channel by loosening masses of rock and driving them before it, I had, of course, no means of conjecturing. The mountains rise on either side of the current almost like a wall, and on them and throughout the Virginian valley, and the chains of mountains which bound it east and west, are found certain shells which favour the supposition that a vast sea existed in all that region before an opening was found for it at Harper's Ferry. On the declivities of these mountains, in full view of the town, a few log huts were sprinkled, and mountaineers were seen here and there of an evening, driving their undisciplined flocks homeward.

Under the shadow of the mountains, through which the Potomac forces its way with wild and impetuous current to the Atlantic, was an extensive government manufactory of muskets and ordnance stores. The echoes from the ponderous sledge-hammers of these works, resounding among the mountains and along the waters, gave peculiar interest to the scene, and spoke of the wise application of enterprise and industry, those harbingers of national prosperity, civilization and happiness. No place

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could be better adapted for the purpose; the water power is practically unlimited, coal and iron exist in large quantities in the immediate vicinity; provisions are plentiful and cheap; and the spot has water communication with the capital, and, in fact, the entire country.

At the armoury ten thousand muskets were made annually, and the arsenal contained about eighty thousand stand of arms. These were from time to time divided among the different states, according to their ratio of population, and placed in the hands of the militia or kept in state arsenals, to be distributed in times of public danger. Two of these state arsenals were situated in Virginia, one at Lexington, containing thirty thousand stand, and guarded by the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute; the other at Richmond, containing forty thousand, and protected by a company of regular troops, called the State Guard. It was the mounting of this guard at the Capitol, the Governor's house, the Penitentiary and the Arsenal, which gave to the Virginia city so much the appearance of a military town. It was a peculiar feature in the Capitol of the Cavaliers, unlike anything elsewhere seen in the United States of the past, and struck visitors as altogether unique, or we should say, reminded all visitors from the continent of Europe of "their own, their native lands."

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Harper's Ferry, in the county of Jefferson, was then an inconsiderable place, containing five thousand inhabitants, most of whom derived their support from the Government expenditure in the fabrication of arms. In all probability it would have remained long unknown to fame but for this Government establishment which attracted the attention, some years subsequent to the period of my visit, of the now famous John Brown of Osawatomie. This Brown was a New England fanatic, who, about the year 1855, emigrated with his family from Ohio to Kansas, where a border war, called the "Jay-hawking war," was raging between the settlers from the northern and southern States, the southerners wishing to introduce slavery and the northern settlers to exclude it. These hostilities were characterized by the bitterest feelings of animosity and the most horrible outrages, and when they were finally concluded, through the intervention of the United States Government, Brown, who was an unrelenting opponent of slavery, and one of the fiercest participators in all the deeds of blood and carnage that occurred in Kansas, conceived the idea of seizing the Government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and of distributing the weapons contained in it among the negroes of Virginia and such Northern followers as might flock to his stand-

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ard. He believed that the negroes would gladly avail themselves of such means of emancipation. After having devised in Canada what he called "a government" for the South, he at once proceeded, clandestinely, to Harper's Ferry, at the head of a small force of seventeen whites and four negroes, and seized the Government works, October the 17th, 1859. He then issued a proclamation to the slaves, inviting them to strike for freedom, and promising them aid. The slaves did not respond as he anticipated, and he was seized, tried, and executed, as all the world knows, by the Virginian authorities, on the 2nd December, 1859.

Since these events brought Harper's Ferry into notice, the Civil war has made it famous. Repeatedly taken and retaken during the late war, by Federal and Confederate troops, it was the scene of many of the most brilliant episodes in the life of the renowned leader of the "Stonewall Brigade," General Thomas Jonathan Jackson. Before the war it was called the "garden spot of Virginia;" it has since been little better than a wild. In spite of its present desolation, however, there is good hope of its speedy revival, for

> "No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
> Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
> Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,

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Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March on one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies;
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master."

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CHAPTER II.

I arrive in Cumberland, Maryland—Scenery on the Potomac —Route of General Braddock in 1755—Contrast between the country now and then—Stage-coach accident—An upset and a turn over—The National Road—Emigrants—Herds of bullocks, pigs and sheep—Signs of an abundant country—Brownsville —A Texian ranger—Mr. Mackenzie, commonly called "High pressure Tom"—Sailing down the Monongahela river—Beautiful scenery—Pittsburg—The Monongahela House—An American Hotel—Facts and figures illustrating the progress of the American Birmingham.

Our delay at Harper's Ferry was not protracted longer than was necessary to visit the public works and the most striking scenery in the immediate vicinity. Having accomplished these objects we resumed our journey west, by the Baltimore and Ohio railway. A few hours brought us to Cumberland, which was the terminus of the road and the furthest point west that any railway in the Southern States had then attained. Here we turned out of the cars to enter the stage-coach. Beyond this point there was a highway called "The National Road," because constructed by the United States' Government, connecting the town with the west. Seating ourselves in the

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vehicle we jogged on through a rugged, mountainous country, a distance of about a hundred miles, to the valley of the Monongahela river.

Some of the scenery on this route is grand, all of it diversified, romantic and beautiful. The mountains were heavily timbered with oak, pine and cedar. The underwood was generally very thick, the ground between the trees being covered with mountain laurel, (*kalmia latifolia*), so luxuriant, too, was the growth of this and other plants, that the woods were in many places impenetrable. Panthers, bears, wolves, deer, elk, and many other kinds of wild animals were found in these uplands as they still are. Notwithstanding an occasional clearing and a rude hut, with a cow and a few pigs grazing around it, the country was perfectly 'wild.' Among the most venomous reptiles in these regions are the rattlesnakes, and they exist in such numbers that it is next to impossible to shoot in the mountains during the summer, and land is never surveyed at this season owing to the terror they inspire. A short distance beyond Smithfield, near the road side, we passed the spot where General Braddock was interred after his defeat and death; our road, indeed, pursued the exact line of march of this unfortunate leader. The ascent commenced almost immediately after leaving Cumberland. Our present road and the

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means of locomotion, primitive as they unquestionably must at this day be regarded, were greatly in advance of his time. One of the officers who accompanied Braddock's expedition, writing from Monakatuka Camp, July 1755, says, "we encounter every kind of difficulty. Frequently we have had to cut our road through the pathless forest, and to let our baggage and waggons down steep precipices by ropes and pulleys."

At this day a railway has been constructed across these Virginian Alps, rivalling in its grades and the physical difficulties surmounted, that of Mount Cenis. Where the savage trod in 1755, and the stage-coach dragged its slow length along in 1848, the train sweeps by in 1869, bearing thousands of passengers daily on their journeys, and transporting hundreds of thousands of tons of freight. We live in a fast age it must be allowed. Old things have passed away—all things become new.

The road which we were now travelling in the old coach was greatly frequented by merchants and other business men, with whom time is money, and who made their way to New York and the manufacturing states of New England by this, as well as more northern routes, or turning their faces towards the south, proceeded by the Mississippi to New Orleans, the commercial capital and cotton

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emporium of the South. Those who took the national road, such as Western congressmen with their wives and families, and cattle merchants from the grazing districts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, were not generally pressed for time; and it was well they were not. The drivers of the public conveyances, even those carrying the mail, were an indolent and easy-going set who placed the lowest possible value upon time, consequently our's, like the rest, was decidedly a slow coach. The restless activity of the New Englander is something which we will not find in Virginia, but certainly we had a right to expect that a coach yclept the "Flying Dutchman" would keep "pegging away" from one station to another. In this, however, we were sorely disappointed. The coachman drew up whenever it suited his purpose, on the ground that the road was steep and heavy, and that it was impossible to go faster without "establishing a raw." We suppose he meant upon the withers of his galled nags. He managed, however, to avoid drawing up except in front of the primitive "grog shops" which here and there lined and enlivened, if they did not embellish, the solitary road. On one occasion, in passing an orchard ruddy with ripening fruit, he gave the reins to a passenger on the dickey, and vaulting over the "snake" fence, proceeded to fill his pockets.

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very short; but to us it appeared rather tedious."

Strange enough, I saw our coachman, whom we had left behind orchard robbing, in Missouri six years later. He had not yet learned to scorn delights and live laborious days, the path along which fame spurs the adventurous spirit, but was playing no unimportant part in the Kansas frontier troubles as a "border ruffian."

I have said the national road was much frequented by travellers. This was true of both man and beast. Particularly of that class of migratory persons, who are called, in common with the hosts who annually arrive from Europe, *emigrants*. Many of these were wending their way across the mountains from the older States to the fat lands that extend beyond. We were seldom out of sight of them. The groups were generally made up of families, who travelled on foot, accompanying a light waggon drawn by two horses, and bearing a load of bedding, utensils, provisions, and children. Sometimes a cow or two accompanied the party, and comprised their entire fortune and stock in trade. The waggon was always covered, sometimes with a white cotton sheet or a blanket, which protected the load from the weather, and furnished a snug place for sleeping at night. If the family was too large to sleep in the waggon, a

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small tent was pitched alongside, by bending down the tops of four saplings, and throwing a sheet over them. Sometimes a poorer class of emigrants conveyed their entire effects in a one-horse cart, called "a carry-all"—still poorer ones, on the back of a pack-horse, and I not unfrequently saw a sturdy fellow bearing his worldly goods upon his own back, and followed by a wife and children with naked feet, these were the poorest in lucre, but rich in spirit and firm in their faith in the West. To him that wills, the way is seldom wanting, and I never heard that one of these repented of his journey, or complained that he had bought his gold too dearly.

It was soon obvious we were approaching a land of abundance, for we met daily droves, and large ones, of kindly, well-fed, and handsomely-shaped bullocks, weighing, on an average, nine hundred pounds. These were on their way to the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Notwithstanding the weather, too, there were thousands of pigs on their way to the eastern markets. Great numbers of these animals are bred in the western country at little or no expense. They are allowed to run at large in the woods, where they not only subsist, but in the autumn grow fat upon the acorns, nuts, and mast.

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Brownsville, near the Pennsylvania border and the head of steam-boat navigation, was a wretched village of about 1,000 listless and thriftless inhabitants. The country was pretty well cleared, and is fertile. Here we embarked in a small steamer, plying between this point and Pittsburg; and set sail on a river emptying its waters into the Gulf of Mexico, two thousand miles distant. The current of the river was so smooth, the fields and pastures on either side so bright and beautiful in their vestments of green, and the sky so brilliant in its unclouded splendour, that we seemed to be navigating some ideal lake in dreamland. The passengers consisted of not more than a half dozen besides those who came by the coach, and we appeared to be far away from the busy world we had left behind, and the busier world we were approaching,—seemed, in fact, to be joyously sailing amidst the beautiful and plentiful fields of some western arcadia. This enchanting valley—the valley of the Monongahela—is embosomed in the Alleghany Mountains, which are everywhere covered with forests of oak, pine, maple, and chestnut. On either side of the river I saw plantations of maize, tobacco, and oats, which clothed the earth with their tender green; domestic cattle were feeding in meadows of the most luxuriant

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verdure, and round the scattered farm-houses and cottages flourished gardens, in which beauty blended with utility. The rhododendron, the laurestina, and various other brilliant flowers of this genial climate grew spontaneously; vines were clambering over the houses and falling in festoons from the trees, often showing the purple fruitage amid glittering leaves and variegated blossoms. None could look upon the joyous scene without emotions of delight. Recalling it after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, I can but exclaim,

"Yes, I remember well
The land of many hues,
Whose charms what praise can tell,
Whose praise what heart refuse?
Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty, are the mountains there.
Softly sublime, profusely fair!
Up to their summits clothed in green,
And fruitful as the vales between."

Though our complement of passengers was small, they did not fail to excite interest, some for one reason, some for another. Among them was a rough vulgar man, who wore, notwithstanding the weather, a red cloak and bear skin cap, who constantly displayed a bowie knife, drank "gin cock-tails" and called himself the "gentleman from Texas." His name was Thomas Mackenzie. Of Scotch

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descent, but a native of Texas, he had passed his life on the frontier, hunting buffaloes and fighting Indians. Whatever fighting he may have done, he impressed me as a creature with more beef on his bones, than spirit in his heart. He had plenty of wit, and much shrewd sense, but was a coarse and vulgar fellow. He drank Old Tom Gin incessantly, and never spoke without uttering an oath. "Swearing," he said, "was a way they had in Texas of being emphatic." One of the passengers who thought of emigrating to the "Lone Star State" made certain enquiries of him, as to the soil and climate of the country. To these Mackenzie responded in substance, somewhat as follows: It would shock the reader to give his frothy responses in full; "Texas," said he, "is the hottest and the coldest, the wettest and the dryest, the richest and the poorest, the best and the meanest, has the best women and the meanest men, more pretty ladies, with prettier little feet and no calves to suit; more sickness and less health, more streams and less navigable waters, more corn bread and less corn, more flour and less biscuit, more cows and less milk and butter, more hogs and less pork, more chickens and less eggs, more gold and silver and less money, more deer and less venison, more negroes and less labour, more bureaus and less furniture

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than any country in the United States—and where house-flies live always and musquitoes never die." "Sir," continued he, "some people don't like Texas, but we who are, as the poet says, 'to the manor born,' are perfectly content with our lot, are as satisfied as my old friend Nathan James, of the Alamo, is and always was with whatever overtook him. I must give you an anecdote which will illustrate my friend's philosophic turn of mind. He once owned a large merino ewe which he valued highly. His son informed him one morning that his favourite ewe had twins. Mr. James said 'he was glad, she could bring up two as well as one.' Soon after the son reported one of the twins dead. The father said, 'the one left would be worth more in the autumn than both.' In the afternoon the boy told his father that the other lamb was dead. 'I am glad,' said he, 'I can now fatten the old sheep for mutton.' In the morning the boy reported the old ewe dead. 'That is just what I wanted,' said the farmer, 'now I am rid of the breed.'"

The company laughed heartily at Mr. Mackenzie's stories, and his time was chiefly occupied in relating them.

Mackenzie was obviously such an eccentric individual, and did every thing in so much of a hurry and with such excitability of manner,

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that he was quickly dubbed "High pressure Tom." He certainly deviated as thoroughly as any one I had ever seen both in body and in mind from the common herd of our species. Nevertheless, I was informed by a fellow traveller, who remained two days in Pittsburg, that, strange being as 'High pressure Tom' appeared, he was an ordinary and very common place specimen of what are called, west of the Sabine river, the "Texas bush-rangers." So unprepossessing was he, in his social habits, and such a gloomy account did he give of his Texian home, that I was effectually cured of any, even the slightest, wish, to extend my wanderings to the distant prairies of the "Lone Star State."

The Texian bush-rangers, previous to annexation, were 'free-booters,' infesting every part of that beautiful, but unfortunate country. They had not yet been exterminated by the Government of the United States. These 'gentry' did all in their power to relieve the monotony of the scenery by their practical jokes. As to the pleasantry of these, however, there was considerable difference of opinion. To be ordered, on a cold wintery night, with a 'nor-wester' blowing, to descend from a warm coach, to strip and to stand in nature's garb, while your more conventional dress is searched, cannot be considered in the highest

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degree pleasurable; and yet this is a fair specimen of the treatment travellers experienced at the hands of these ruffians. The language of an eminent novelist, in describing, at a disturbed period of Scotch history, a portion of his countrymen who were a terror and scourge to their more civilized neighbours, is strictly applicable to them,

> "The good old rule
> Contenteth them—the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Commonplace as was "High pressure Tom," according to the account of our fellow-traveller, he seemed to me one of the rarest specimens of human kind. He reminded me of Mr. Sala's man in a hurry, who is described as having been born in a whirlwind, to have lived a zig-zag sort of existence, like so many flashes of lightning, and I felt sure that, die when he might, it would be with a bang, like a powder-magazine.

Our boat shot swiftly through the smooth tide, borne on by the current and an immense power of steam from a high-pressure engine. The high-pressure engine has been well described as having the appearance of breathing, which makes it the nearest approach to creation that has ever been attained by man's ingenuity. It appears to have respiration, and

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that sort of quick respiration occasioned by exertion; its internal operations are performed as correctly and as mechanically as are our own: it is as easily put out of order and rendered useless as we are; and, like us, it can only continue its powers of motion by being well supplied with aliment. These particular engines have become notorious for their frequent explosions, and the consequent disasters which they cause on the western rivers of America.

Our approach to the "Birmingham of America," as Pittsburg has long been styled, was soon indicated by clouds of black smoke which hung upon and darkened the horizon. When nearer, we saw flames bursting from a thousand lofty chimneys, and heard the thunders of machinery reverberating from hill to hill on every side.

Unconscious of the uproar, our boat proceeded upon its journey and soon arrived at its destination one hundred and forty-seven miles from Brownsburg. Taking my luggage, I made for the "Monongahela House," the crack hotel of the place, and having supped on dainty fare, soon sought the repose of my bed. "The Monongahela" is one of those vast caravanseries, which originated in America, and which are now becoming the "rage" in England, France, and on the continent

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generally. It was an immense stone edifice, capable of lodging five hundred guests and rarely had an empty room. To every suite of four rooms or an apartment, there was a bath of warm and cold water, and indeed, every modern improvement and convenience usually found in a gentleman's mansion. The house was provided with a post-office and telegraphic station, a barber and hair-dresser with numerous assistants, billiard and card rooms; a gorgeous bar, at which all kinds of "American drinks" were "brewed" on the shortest notice, from the "gum tickler" to the "eye opener," and where many of the guests dropped in now and then to "liquor up;" a draper's and tailor's shop, and in fact shops where almost any article a guest might desire could be procured. Meals were going on at all hours, from four o'clock in the morning, when an early breakfast was served for passengers who were leaving, after having taken an "eye opener," by the first train, till four o'clock the next morning, when weary passengers were coming in for late teas and "steadiers." There was also a private ordinary for ladies and gentlemen who had ladies in their party, and this being in a retired portion of the establishment and attended by a separate class of servants, was as quiet as a private house. In the evening we had music, vocal and instrumental,

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and on certain evenings in the week a ball. The whole cost of this exhilirating and delightful life, and it is a pleasant manner of passing the time, the opinions of English travellers to the contrary notwithstanding, was two and a half dollars, or ten shillings (sterling) per diem.

Pittsburg was then, as now, a port of entry and an important manufacturing town, with a population of 21,000 situated on a triangular plain between the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, at their confluence to form *La Belle Rivière*, as the French called the Ohio, on account of its beauty. A large town then, it promised soon to become a great city. The lower portion of the place occupies the site of the ancient Fort Du Quesne, against which General Braddock directed his attack in 1755. Compactly and well built, with wide streets, handsome squares, and public gardens, it is thoroughly begrimed with smoke, and is certainly the darkest and dirtiest place I ever saw. Though furnished with an inexhaustible supply of pure water from the Alleghany, which is conveyed into every house, and gushes from fountains in every square, the city is redolent of foul odours. The people are too busy to take any account of unsavoury smells. Every consideration of health and enjoyment yields to commercial success, as

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if "life was not more than meat, and the body than raiment." I had not long breathed the thick, stifling air of the place before I concurred entirely with the poet Cowper, who thus speaks—

> "And are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed
> By roses, and clear suns, though scarcely felt,
> To be prefer'd to the eclipse
> That manufacturing volcanoes make?"

A large trade was carried on between this place and the country on both sides of the river, as far down as New Orleans, and the number of steamboats which belonged to the town exclusively, was set down at one hundred. Its great importance was then due, as it now is, to its manufactories, for which it has every facility in the way of water power, and supplies of coal and iron, both of which are abundant in the country around, and of superior quality—indeed, Pittsburg is a city of iron, hardware, and cutlery works. It annually manufactures large quantities of every kind of ironmongery, including steam-engines and machinery, cutlery, nails, woollen and cotton stuffs, leather, &c., and builds ships and steamboats on a large scale. It was a busy, grimy, sooty, dusty, coaly, dirty Staffordshire-like kind of place, absolutely unattractive to any but business men, or possibly to the practically scientific. The beauty of the place

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CHAPTER III.

Scenery on the Ohio river—The City of Wheeling—Big Mound—Mineral wealth of this section—A steam-packet of the better class—Contrast between the Ohio and Virginian shores—Encounter a travelling philosopher of the New England school—He comes in contact with one of the chivalry—Discussion on the Slavery question—Views of Mr. Jefferson—A challenge—Preparations for a duel—Pistols for two, coffee for one—The ladies excited, but no blood shed—Muskingum Ohio—Marietta—Future improvements projected—Blannerhasset's island—Aaron Burr's conspiracy—Magnificent trees—Western people.

SATISFIED with what I had seen of Pittsburg, I left it on the 18th of July, and proceeded down the river in a small steamer bound for the Mississippi, distant 1,121 miles. The river was unusually low, from a failure of the customary summer rains. Our boat was consequently of light draught, in fact, one of those small western craft which only ply on the upper waters of the Mississippi, and without which capacity for floating almost upon a heavy dew, it would be impossible at certain periods of the summer to navigate many of the tributaries of the "father of waters." Not so, however, with the Ohio, which has a

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uniform depth from its source to the Mississippi of twenty-five feet. The picturesque river scenery dressed in bright hues and rich tints, was enlivened by many country houses, hamlets, and towns. The waters of the Ohio are a clear, bright green, bounded by sloping hills, many of them overlooking the broad flood which sweeps on rapidly, and majestically. The first considerable town at which we halted was Wheeling, the capital of Ohio County, with a population estimated at about 8,000. Here we remained two days, that we might continue our voyage in one of the commodious and elegant steam packets trading hence to Louisville.

Wheeling was a flourishing manufacturing town, extending a mile and a half on the left bank of the river, and backed by steep green hills. It is now connected by a bridge with an island in the Ohio, where it has a suburb, and shows many more signs of life and activity than any city or town in Virginia. Owing to the vast quantities of excellent coal which are found on the banks of the river and in the mountains and hills near Wheeling, the place is very dirty, and, as its manufacturing importance increases, destined to become more so. The great coal field which commences at Cumberland, 125 miles east of Wheeling, extends to this point and to Pittsburg, where

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it crosses the river, stretching to a considerable distance in Ohio. Its prosperity has continued down to the present, and by the census of 1860, the population had risen to 17,000. It had become an important railway centre, roads radiating from it to Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Baltimore. These roads cross the Ohio on a suspension bridge 1,010 feet long. Many manufactories of iron, glass, flour, silk, cotton, and woollen goods are in successful operation, and the coal and iron mines in its vicinity have been rapidly developed, and now yield vast quantities of ore. Within a few years it is destined, in the opinion of many, to rival Pittsburg in production of every kind.

Before leaving Wheeling I visited a spot called the "Big Grave," about fifteen miles below the town. The "Big Grave" is a mound seventy feet high, and of great antiquity, as was apparent from the full grown trees upon its sides. It is supposed to have been the burial place of some distinguished Indian warrior before the period of European occupation, and hence its popular name. Some stone axes, arrow heads, pottery and other interesting antiquities have been taken out of this mound, which confirm the general impression that the civilization of the North American tribes, anterior to the "red men"

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of the present day, was far beyond and higher than anything seen in the new world since the discovery of Columbus.

The steamer on which I took passage was one of the class not inappropriately styled "floating palaces," for which the American rivers and lakes are so famous. It had a double row of balconies running round it, and the lower floor was open throughout. The upper story was supported upon wooden columns, which give them a light, frail appearance, and was painted white. The saloon was decorated in a tasteful and expensive manner, and furnished with Brussels carpets, ornamented lamps, silk curtains, pianos, sofas, chairs, and French mirrors, in fact a profusion of gilding, glass and mahogany. Plenty of books of a sensational description were circulated among the passengers by a Connecticut boy, who had absconded from his home the year before, as he said, to fabricate his own fortunes. There were card and loo tables, and numerous other appliances for passing the time, not only agreeably, but improvingly. All kinds of "American drinks," as they are called, were dispensed from the bar, the river furnished excellent fish, and the market towns on the western bank, poultry, fresh meat and vegetables. The accommodations were on such an extensive scale, that there were separate

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apartments for the ladies with female servants to attend them; also a private saloon or parlour in which gentlemen were not permitted to intrude unless specially invited by the fair occupants. In this society, which was as polite, well dressed and well instructed as you would find in any portion of the world, I anticipated a delightful passage.

After seeing my luggage deposited in a "state room," I proceeded to the saloon where I found a considerable number of fashionable and elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. The top or flat roof of this saloon was called the "hurricane deck," and was covered with gay awning and supplied with cane-bottomed sofas and chairs. Under this canopy, a cool and refreshing breeze invited the company, and here I took my stand as the 'lines' were cast loose and our noble steamer shot into mid channel on her way down the river. Soon one side of the stream recalled the Mulla of Spenser where,

"On each willow hung a Muse's lyre."

We had not proceeded many miles upon the way before I observed the striking contrast presented by the two sides of the stream. Upon the Ohio shore there were many fine country houses, flourishing villages and towns, cleared fields and cultivated tracts. Here and there manufacturing chimneys gave forth thick

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volumes of smoke, and on all sides were the evidences of material wealth and prosperity. The Virginian shore, on the contrary, was an almost unbroken forest, the bright waters of the river reflecting in their smooth surface the magnificent trees, which nodded their heads upon the banks. The approach of the boat would occasionally startle the wild fowl from the brakes, and we not unfrequently saw the deer or other wild game scampering away through the trees.

While standing on deck, apart from the company, gazing upon prospects so different the one from the other, a tall square-shouldered, raw-boned individual approached, and in an abrupt manner addressed me as follows:

"I guess you are thinking of this picture, and then of that," (pointing to the two sides of the river), "well, it's enough to set a body thinking. Virginia is the oldest, and best endowed of the States, and ought to outstrip them all in wealth and population; but she is a comparative wilderness, and I'll tell you why. It is because she permits slavery, and engages in the slave trade. This is the incubus which weighs her down." Here I showed some impatience and a wish to close the interview, but the stranger found means to stop me, and I reconciled myself as well as I could to hear him to the end.

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"Sir," he continued, "I will proceed to prove that there is no cause but slavery for the want of progress in Virginia—nothing but free labour that makes Ohio what she is. What is the history of Virginia? At the adoption of the Federal constitution she was the most populous and wealthy of the States. At the first census, in 1790, taken after the establishment of the government, Virginia contained a population in round numbers of 700,000, while the State of New York contained a population of only 300,000. By the census of 1840 Virginia contained a population of 1,200,000, and New York one of 3,500,000. This is true of all the States, slave and free, but the contrast is more striking if we compare the two States on whose borders we now happen to be. Virginia was settled in 1607, and Ohio became a state in 1802. Eighteen years after her admission into the union, namely, in 1820, Ohio had a population of 500,000 whites, and Virginia a population of only 628,000!

"Now, sir," continued he, "I do not intend to fatigue you with figures. These can be seen in the census tables and they speak for themselves as to the progress of the free states, and the inferiority and the annually increasing inferiority in population and wealth of the slave states. But I will quote a few remarks

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from a fellow Virginian of yours as to the demoralizing effects of slavery. Mr. Jefferson who was a good man and a true patriot observes," (here he read from a copy of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia). " 'There must doubtless be unhappy influences on the manners of our people, produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce, between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and the most degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, the presence of his child should always be sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs, in the circle of younger slaves, gives a loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped with its odious peculiarities. The man must indeed be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. With

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what execration then should the statesman be loaded, who permitting one-half of the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies. He destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other. For if a slave can have a country in the world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labour for another. With the morals of the people, their industry is also destroyed. For in a warm climate, no man will labour for himself who can make another labour for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves, a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labour. I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep for ever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by superior interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with us in such a contest.'

"Now, sir," said he letting the book fall, "slavery is a cancer that becomes more dangerous the longer a cure is delayed, and the condition of the shores of Virginia and Ohio on our right and left, plainly demonstrate that Mr. Jefferson's fears were not imaginary. Why.

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do not slaveholders take warning when they see every day that these views are hastening to their accomplishment? If you do not liberate the slaves they will emancipate themselves. You cannot hinder them, with the declaration of independance in one hand declaring 'we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' and in the other a flag inscribed: Justice, Liberty, Revenge, Despair, you cannot resist them. For a time you may be successful but in the end they will triumph,

"'For he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame.
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.'

"Now let us turn for a moment to Ohio. There every man is a free man, and may become a landed proprietor, and but a few square yards of her prolific soil will maintain him and his family during the age of nurture, in the full and pure enjoyment which Nature designed for him, and this is the secret of her prosperity. In Virginia, the aristocratic possessions

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of one contain as much as will suffice to hold thousands in contentment of mind and satiety of wholesome nutriment, and these possessions are tilled by the slave, who is yoked to his labours as the ox, 'which liveth only to work, and worketh only to live,' and so long as this is so, old Virginia will be a comparative wilderness, the haunt of the wolf and the fox, who share it with man. Sir, a glorious destiny is open before our country; only let us get rid of slavery, then we will see much of it in our day and generation. Our country is destined to draw from Europe population, civilization, the sciences, the liberal arts; to become a central point, from whence shall diverge as radii, morality, philosophy, philanthropy. In her turn, she will become the emporium of knowledge, of true knowledge. Good and liberal minds throughout the world hail her as the rising star which, yet twinkling from afar, will, at no very distant period, enlighten this hemisphere, while the glare of Europe's falsely lettered climes shall sink in night. She has yet the opportunity of becoming the fair foundress of civil, political and theological freedom; of restoring to man the purity of his nature, of unalloyed happiness, now torn from him by bad government; bad, because founded on false data; bad, because they debar the many from the enjoyment possessed ex-

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clusively by the few; bad, because, while proclaiming that all men are born free and equal, she enslaves millions. But then it behoves her to beware of laying the same foundation for political slavery, of building the same steep steps of rank and nobility, which many of our citizens or their immediate predecessors fled from, in the countries where such gradations were the acknowledged basis of the social compact. We must not only take care to acknowledge universal equality as a first incontrovertible principle, but also beware of subverting that principle, of causing it to be lost sight of, as the states of Europe have done, by allowing one man to become the master of an extent of surface wholly disproportioned to his wants, while others have *consequently* none, and are, therefore, compelled to sell all their labour or starve. In other words, sir, to be brief, we must have free lands and no slaves; no political disabilities arising from race or colour; must get rid of slavery, 'that broadest and foulest blot' on our national escutcheon."

Here my companion stopped to catch his breath. Availing myself of the pause, I turned full upon him with no small show of reserve in my manner, for I thought him rather "cool," as people say "out West," to thus intrude upon a stranger, and by way of relieving

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myself from any further infliction from this well intentioned enthusiast, with a slight aberration, as it appeared to me, in the direction of abolition, I raised my hat, at the same time making a profound bow, and said,

"Mr. Philosopher, I salute you."

This remark and the expression of mock gravity by which I sought to satirize the excitable gentleman, caused much laughter and applause from a number of persons who gathered around, and so disconcerted him that I had an opportunity to draw off in another direction. At this moment a Louisiana creole entered the list to discuss the question with the "northern barbarian," as he politely styled the Abolitionist, saying to him fiercely, "Do you not think Virginia a fine country?" "Yes," responded the Abolitionist, "the finest in the Union to emigrate from." During the shout of applause which greeted this sally from the Northern man, without Southern feelings, I retired to more congenial society in the saloon. I do not know what progress the two made in solving the question of the peculiar institutions of the South, but within a half hour from the time I left, they brought the point to the *ultima ratio regis*, and were engaged in a regular pugilistic encounter. Returning to the deck to witness the *mêlée*, I

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observed the Creole draw and fire his revolver, the ball of which passed through the frizzled hair of his antagonist, but without damage to his skull. The Abolitionist raised a bowie knife. The Creole, quick as lightning, struck him a furious blow with the pistol, which, however, glanced aside from the knife, but the shock threw him forward, into the very arms, as it were, of his adversary. The gripe he received was horrible, but the Creole seized the blade of the knife with such violence, that it snapped off at the handle, and redoubling his efforts as the other reeled under the blow, threw his enemy upon the deck and kneeling upon him raised his pistol.

"No quarter," said the struggling Abolitionist, "fire away."

Just at this time the Creole was seized from behind by a gentleman, and the crowd rushing in, the two were parted, foam issuing from the mouths of both, as they muttered hoarse curses.

In the course of a short time, the subject of the difficulty having been discussed by the "friends" of the two parties, one of whom was in the saloon, and the other on deck, and both surrounded by knots of sympathising admirers—the Creole by the Southerners generally, and the Abolitionist by Northern and Western men, it was decided that as a point

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of honour, the Creole was called upon to challenge his adversary to mortal combat. The affair was, so said the friends of the parties, of such a nature that no other solution was possible—it could not be honourably adjusted without blood. This point settled, the Creole proceeded to indite his hostile missive, which was duly delivered to the Abolitionist in the saloon by a gentleman from Arkansas, who kindly proffered his aid and assistance in the emergency.

When the challenge was delivered, the Abolitionist remarked that he had not been bred to believe in the practicability of settling a point of honour, as they called it, by the duello, neither did he believe in its morality, and he was inclined to treat the challenge with contempt — the contempt with which, in his opinion, such bravado ought to be treated.

One of his friends then explained to him that he was not now in New England, but in the "Great West," that such views as he had imbibed in the "Modern Athens," Boston, sometimes called by Northeners the "hub of creation," would not suit this latitude—were behind or ahead of the age—he did not know which. In the West, he said, if he talked he must fight. If he did not show that he was as ready to give a blow as to speak a

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word, and as ready to stake his life as to drink his "gin cock-tail," he would be kicked out of society—would be contemned and despised by all honourable men, and all men in the West were like Brutus and Cassius, honourable men; would become a burden to himself, a disgrace to his friends, and a reproach to humanity. Several Western ladies, who were present, concurred in these sentiments, and sought to impress them upon the gentleman, who acknowledged that he had never before been out West, and could scarcely be expected to understand its customs. The fair Amazons assured him anew of the absolute necessity he was under of fighting, if he expected their countenance, or to be recognized as a gentleman and a man of honour—one of them, a thin parchment like looking maiden of fifty, adding, "none but the brave deserve the fair."

Pale as marble the gentleman said,

"No more words, I shall follow your advice, and do in Rome as the Romans," and taking a pen, he wrote upon the paper.

"Sir, your challenge is received and accepted. I will fight you across a table with pistols within one hour. Both to fire at the word, and to continue firing until one or both

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are done for. My friend Captain Adams will arrange all preliminaries,

"Your obedient servant,

"H. M."

This chivalric reply having been delivered, both parties proceeded to prepare their "shooting irons," as revolvers are called in western slang phraseology. A small space on the fore deck of the vessel was cleared for the combatants, and a pleasurable spirit of excitement and expectation spread amongst the passengers. As soon as a few business letters were written by the chief actors, to their families and friends, powder would be burnt, and it caused an animated feeling with those whose only part was to witness the scene. The whole affair passing before my eyes seemed like a hideous dream. I wondered if it were possible that such barbarity could exist in any portion of the country and so near its capital, whether it was possible that men calling themselves civilized and christian would stand passively by and see two strangers murder each other, merely because of a few hot words, spoken in the excitement of a political discussion. The time was rapidly approaching when my wonder would cease and the event transpire. The surgeon was preparing lint and bandages. There happened to

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be an individual on board who called himself a surgeon, though he had never seen anything of a medical college, but the outside. He had merely 'taken' to the calling, as his friends said, from a natural aptitude, and he was now busy with professional preparations. At this stage of the strange proceedings I determined to make an effort to stop this, as I regarded it, disgraceful business. Accordingly I proceeded to the captain who was asleep in his berth, or pretended to be, and informed him of the whole affair, and protested against his allowing such a violation of all the laws of God and man to occur on his boat. I invoked his authority to put a stop to such a scandal.

"Young man," said the captain, "these affairs are of daily occurrence on our western rivers, and I have found that the best way to manage them, is to feign ignorance, and to allow the parties to cut their throats as soon as possible—the quicker the better for all concerned. And I must take the liberty to give you a little wholesome advice, as I see you are a green young one, entering life in these parts without experience; it is simply this, to have nothing to say and do in other people's affairs. You will get no thanks and probably involve yourself in trouble. Even if you could stop the duel, both parties would in all pro-

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bability look upon you as an impertinent intruder. Therefore be advised by me, take no notice of the matter. Remain in my cabin, where I shall stop designedly till the affair is over, that I may not be accused of having knowingly allowed it to transpire. This would injure my boat with some of the modern Eastern Evangelical travellers, who have lately commenced coming west. Both of the men are ruffians, let them perish."

To this I replied that one was a New Englander and opposed to the duello, that he had been induced to accept the challenge under a kind of compulsion, and that I felt it my duty, whatever the consequences, to put a stop to the affair; that his views to the contrary notwithstanding I should proceed to consult the passengers on the subject.

"Then," said the captain, "on your own head let the consequences rest. Ten to one they'll turn in their wrath against you—yes, both of them, and you'll be a dead herring in less than an hour."

Despite the captain's predictions I walked to the saloon and spoke to a dissenting clergyman, with whom I had before had a brief conversation, and was not surprised to learn that he concurred in my opinions and was willing to give me his aid. In a few minutes I won some of the ladies to my side, not including the

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virgin of fifty, with the parchment-like skin, and proceeded to have the captain called and in the presence of all parties, insisted that he should cut short the affair.

The Captain thus confronted by the company could no longer allow "things" to take their course. Very wisely by the laws, the captain exercises the authority of a justice of the peace on board his boat, and is responsible for its order. Accordingly he informed the belligerants that he must keep them under arrest, unless they surrendered their arms and gave their parole that while upon the vessel they would keep the peace. The Abolitionist readily assented to the arrangement, but the Creole was deaf to reason. At the next river port, therefore, where we put in for fuel, the Creole and his luggage were put ashore, and the boat proceeded on her voyage, to his no small discomfiture. Thus ended a matter, which at one time threatened a tragic termination.

Proceeding on our way, the boat arrived at the mouth of the Muskingum, a considerable river falling into the Ohio from the northwest, and made a short stop at a village called Marietta. It was contemplated by the enterprising inhabitants to construct from this point, which is eighty-three miles from Wheeling, a water communication with Lake Erie—the Muskingum being navigable one hundred

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and ten miles from its junction with the Ohio, and to within a few miles of the river Cayuhoga, which empties into the lake, forming a considerable harbour. By this means, water communication would exist from the Canadian lakes and rivers to the Gulf of Mexico.

Leaving Marietta, we continued down the river, and passed Blannerhasset's Island, which is celebrated as the spot where Aaron Burr and his co-conspirators met to organize their schemes of usurping supreme authority over the Western States.

Upon this island, which I subsequently visited, I saw some venerable sycamore trees of a gigantic size, stretching their long, white arms towards the sky. These great trees, which are found everywhere in the valley of the Ohio, grow up like immense columns, having no limbs until at a height of eighty or a hundred feet. I know not what opinion the reader may entertain, but for my part, I always look with a sort of veneration at such vast productions of Nature; and I think that where they can be ornamental, it is little less than sacrilege to destroy them.

As we made our way, day and night, down the river, stopping here and there at small towns to receive and discharge passengers and freight, I observed that the character of the people was rapidly changing, and that a new

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type appeared. These were the men of the West *par excellence*, those silent, gloomy men who have so often attracted the notice of the observant foreigner, and who are generally absorbed with their business and tobacco, pushing one, chewing the other. These are the men who probably think, if you stop to "bae you'll lose a bite," and eat their meals with silent energy and remarkable despatch. During the entire day, they left the saloon to the guardianship of the ladies, adjourning to the deck to pass their time among bales and boxes with which it was lumbered. Such are the frontier men of the West—men full of the quick, hard intelligence of the New Englander, and his indomitable pluck and perseverance. Many of them have an admixture, indeed, of Northern and Virginian, or foreign blood in their veins, and are men of deeds rather than of words. They care little for the courtesies of life, and are only intent upon their pursuits, which they follow with industry, intelligence, and self-confidence, and in which they rarely fail. Though of unprepossessing social habits, with little education, they preserve a manly dignity in their character and conduct, which cannot fail to elicit our respect. Unquestionably, they are a little uncouth in their manners and appearance, but they have the spirit and enterprise necessary

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to subdue a new country. Any other men would be out of place on the frontier. Of such materials only are a free State and great country made.

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Nor cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad arm'd ports,
Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride;
Nor starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride—
No—men, high-minded men,
* * * * * *
Men, who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights*, and knowing dare maintain."

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CHAPTER IV.

The battle-field of Point Pleasants—General Lewis—The Indian Chief Logan—His celebrated speech—Scenery on the river—Maysville, Kentucky—Bad roads—Blue sulphur spring—Big-bone lick—An Indian legend—Steaming down the river in a 'hell afloat'—A 'bust up'—Frightful scene—Saved from the ordeal of fire and water and arrive in Cincinnati—Reflections—Mr. Nicholas Longworth and the grape culture—The Western Porkopolis—Whiskey and Pigs—Sobriety of the people—Newport, Covington—General James Taylor, Colonel Tibbats, Hon. J. W. Stevenson.

Warwick: Exceeding well! his cares are now all over.
HENRY IV.

AMONG the memorable spots pointed out to the company as we passed down the stream, was the battle-field, about two hundred miles below Wheeling, at the confluence of the Kenewha and Ohio rivers, where, in 1755, General Andrew Lewis with a Virginian force defeated the Indians under their celebrated chiefs, Cornstalk and Outacité. The present village of Point Pleasant takes its name from the point rendered so famous by this battle. The Virginians, twelve hundred strong, were led by General Lewis, and his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, who was killed upon

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the field, and the united tribes of Shawanees, Mingoes and Delaware Indians, by their favourite chiefs. Among the bloody battles fought with the red-skins during the border wars, this was considered the most sanguinary and stubbornly contested. Shortly after this defeat, Logan, another noted Indian warrior, made his celebrated speech. It must be remembered that after the battle of Point Pleasant, the savages sued for peace. Logan, who had been early and consistently the friend of the whites, but who had turned against them because of their cruelty and injustice in the wars before 1774, when led by Captain Cresap and one Daniel Greathouse, sent the following speech, which has made him so widely known, to Colonel Lewis to be delivered to Governor Dunmore: "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last, long, and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and

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unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance! For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—not one!"

The Kenewha is a beautiful stream, at its mouth, about four hundred yards wide, and navigable over a hundred miles to the falls near the Alleghany Mountains. A public work called the "James River and Kenewha Canal," was, in 1848, being constructed across the Alleghanies to unite the waters of the river and the Chesapeake. This design originated with Washington himself, but has been delayed from year to year by party spirit, and sectional jealousies. On the banks of the Kenewha, about sixty miles above the mouth of the river, the most extensive salt wells in America exist, and from them the largest supply of salt for the interior is obtained.

Passing the mouth of the Kenewha the scenery becomes more mountainous and pic-

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turesque. The hills on either side abound in coal, which often appears on the surface, and hence it is cheaper as fuel than the expense of cutting wood. The river makes its way through these hills, and the scenery combines almost all the attributes of landscape beauty—water, broken land, scattered wood. There is, however, no sort of monotony in the grouping of the hills.

The first important point at which we halted after leaving the Kenewha was Maysville, sometimes called "Limestone," about three hundred and seventy miles below Wheeling. From this point I made a short excursion into the interior of Kentucky, and consequently parted company with our fine boat, my Abolition acquaintance, and the belligerant ladies.

An unimportant river town, of about 2,000 inhabitants, Maysville was what is called "out West," a one horse town, and I imagine so continues. Situated at the base of a very lofty range of hills it has considerable traffic, but is wretchedly defiled with dirt. A stage-coach went regularly hence to Lexington. The road, however, was so wretched that the journey was a terror, and during the rainy season and winter next to impossible. Many streams are to be crossed, and none of these were bridged. A large portion of this road

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was what is called "natural road," which means simply this, that a track is left open and cleared of timber, the trees being cut so near the ground that the axle of an ordinary waggon will pass over the stumps. The natural road is not of course ploughed, ditched or gravelled; consequently the dust upon it in summer is a half-foot deep, and in winter the wheels of vehicles sink to the hub. Some places being softer than others, these become pools of water, or what are technically known in Kentucky as 'mud holes,' and when a waggon sinks in one of these it can only be extricated by the slow process of unloading, when it is prized out with rails and the jack-screw. I was not disposed, therefore, to make my way to Lexington by this route, but returned to Maysville, after having gone twenty-five miles to the 'Blue Lick' springs.

This fine sulphur spring is a great place of summer resort with Kentuckians, and is said to possess so many valuable medicinal qualities, and to cure so many diseases that the accounts of it recalled some lines referring to a more celebrated fountain, commencing,

> "Each human lip that drinks of this bright wave,
> Drinks to a temporary triumph o'er the grave."

It is situated in a valley surrounded by wooded hills and uncultivated ground. In addition to

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sulphur, the water holds in solution muriate of soda, and many other chemical properties. Formerly it was a buffalo and deer lick, where thousands of these and other wild animals resorted. The animals were attracted to certain spots in Virginia, Kentucky and the West for the salt which abounds in them, and which they obtain by licking the earth, and hence the name of "licks."

I subsequently visited one of the most celebrated of these "licks," situated twenty miles from Cincinnati called the Big Bone lick, the waters of which hold in solution, besides common salt, the muriate of lime, sulphate of soda, and a few other salts of less activity, as well as other mineral properties, but no iron. They afford a great quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which is constantly escaping in bubbles. From their effects on sulphates of copper, they appear obviously to contain a certain portion of gallic acid, which is no doubt furnished by the vegetable matter through which the waters rise. The springs are situated near the termination of the back-waters of the Ohio, and consequently at a point where great quantities of twigs and leaves (most of which, from the nature of the surrounding forests, are of oak,) are brought down by the current and deposited. The temperature of the water is fifty-seven degrees;

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the taste and smell sulphurous and offensive.

Near this "lick" are found heaps of the bones and teeth of deer, of elk, of bison and of the mammoth. Many are in the most perfect state of preservation and not in the slightest degree petrified. The bones of the mammoth found here are of extraordinary size, and evidently belong to some antediluvian monster. Savans have different theories as to how these bones have been deposited in particular places. I shall not stop to discuss them, but give the Indian tradition which is as follows:—"In ancient times," say the Indians, "a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big Bone lick, and began an universal destruction of the bears, deer, elk, buffaloes, and other animals, which had been created for the use of the Indians. The Great Spirit above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock where his seat and the print of his feet are still visible, and hurled his bolts among them, until the whole were slaughtered, excepting the big bull, who presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, turning round, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash,

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the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living to this day."

On my return to Maysville, anxious to continue the journey and finding no large steamer in port, I took passage in a small screw boat or 'propeller,' one of those boats commonly called 'out west' "Hells Afloat." The heat was very great, the sun darted his fierce rays down upon the thin roof above, and the deck beneath my feet was also hot from the furnaces below. Between these two fires, with scarcely a breath of air, the chimneys radiating an intolerable heat, I paced panting and almost exhausted as if in a furnace seven times heated. In vain I sought a cool retreat. As we proceeded, things became worse.

Shortly after leaving port, we found ourselves near a rival steamer, bound down stream, and the two boats, in accordance with custom, immediately commenced a race. The furnaces of both were heaped with combustible materials, and as great a pressure of steam generated as possible. For a considerable time we kept pretty nearly together, first one boat being ahead, then the other, as one or the other was more or less delayed at landings. The excitement of the passengers became intense, and, for the first time, the taciturn, gloomy Western gentlemen lost their gloom, and displayed animation in their coun-

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tenances, and energy in their actions. They were thoroughly in for it, and hurrying to the engineer, urged him to put on more steam, thence they hastened to the firemen and aided these in throwing on fuel—now and then adding a side of bacon, or can of oil to the already furious blaze of the fire. The boat shot through the water like an arrow from the bow, quivering in every timber. Now or never I felt I should become practically acquainted with what I had so often heard of—a regular "bust up!" While these not very pleasant sensations were passing through my mind, I walked to the quarterdeck where the captain was bullying the man at the helm for not steering to the best advantage. At this instant, I was stunned and deafened by a tremendous explosion and crash, which upturned everything in my direction, at the same time sending, like the eruption of a volcano, the whole front of the vessel into the air along with passengers, freight, and furniture. In an instant, hot steam from the boilers was hissing and scalding to death those who survived the first shock, and remained on the forepart of the boat, which was quickly on fire. The scene now presented to my eyes was one of dismay, terror, and death. The surviving passengers rushed to the stern of the screw, driven by the hot steam, with the hope

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of making their escape. Two small boats were launched, but immediately swamped from being over-loaded, and most of the occupants were drowned.

About fifty frantic, terror-stricken people, men, women, and children, were collected on the after-guard, with steam hissing and fire crackling behind them. Every moveable thing was thrown overboard for those who took to the water. Fathers were seen hunting for their wives and children, wives for their husbands, and children for their parents, amidst the shrieks and cries of the excited crowd. As the flames approached, almost all the men jumped overboard, some to find a watery grave, and others to save themselves by swimming. As for the ladies, not one could be induced to follow their example, and with the exception of a few who were saved in a small boat, all perished horribly in the flames. To the honour of the captain it should be said, that he preserved his presence of mind and prudence, and exerted himself gallantly to save the lives of all. When that very remarkable member of Congress for Tennessee, Colonel David Crockett, first saw a railway, he exclaimed, "Hell in harness, by the 'tarnel!" looking on this scene of the bursted boiler and burning ship, it seemed to me "Hell broke loose!" Higher and higher the

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flames mounted, roaring and leaping, till the sky grew red, blood red, as it overhung the scene. Dense volumes of smoke rolled off, filling the upper air. For ten minutes, while this appalling scene was transpiring before my eyes, I remained near the helmsman (who continued at his post) as calmly as possible, considering what course I should finally take to save my life. Conscious, then, that my only plan was to take to the water (fortunately I was a good swimmer), I divested myself of coat and boots, as did the helmsman, and each promising aid, if necessary, to the other, we leaped together into the stream, seizing two chairs which we had just thrown into the water with this view. Sinking in the stream

> "Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
> A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
> Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
> All scattered in the bottom of the sea."

Rising from the waves together, we made for the shore. This I discovered could not be reached in a straight line, but that I must go down the stream. The current was too rapid to cut directly across, so that partly cleaving and partly following the course of the water, we took a diagonal direction. In all dangerous and difficult undertakings, obstacles present themselves to the mind, at first only in general,

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but in the execution of the enterprise, are more minutely observable. This I felt in my present situation, and having escaped the burning and sinking vessel, my mind was considerably disquieted, as to whether it would not have been better to perish with the ship, than endeavour to surmount the waves, which seemed at times to be impossible. The sight of the helmsman, however, manfully struggling a short distance in advance of my position, and the knowledge that it was a death struggle, inspired me with desperate energy and I held to my chair firmly, while I struck out for land. At length we reached the Kentucky shore in safety, about seven hundred yards from the point where we abandoned the steamer. Walking a few yards on to the dry land, half benumbed with cold, and prostrated by my exertions, I expressed aloud my gratitude to God for his singular mercy in thus preserving me from the jaws of death.

Before this had occurred the ill-fated steamer had already gone down, and nothing was now seen but the top of her spars. From the deck of the rival steamer the accident was witnessed, and she advanced as soon as possible to the rescue. Many of the passengers were thus saved—some uninjured, some slightly wounded, some fatally scalded and many dead and dying.

In company with the helmsman, who reached

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the shore a few minutes in my advance, I walked to a log cabin standing hard by in a clearing, where we took refuge and were treated with every attention and kindness by the wife of the owner, who was absent at the time, but returned in the evening. We remained a day with this backwoods family to ascertain the particulars of the accident, and then continued our journey in his (Mr. Hawkins's) waggon.

For some days we continued our journey in this way over dusty and rugged roads, rendered dangerous by tree stumps and mud holes. But the journey was not without amusing incidents, which served to enliven it, and caused us in a measure to forget our sad and terrible experiences on the river. On one occasion Mr. Hawkins discovered that his favourite dog, Growler, was missing. He was much annoyed at this incident, but was nevertheless disposed to have some fun out of it. Shortly after discovering his loss, he saw a countryman girdling a tree and cried out to him,

"I say, mister, did you see a dog come by here, that looked as if he were a year, or a year and a half, or two years old?"

"Yes," responded the woodman, who thought the traveller engaged in a little chaffing, "he passed about an hour, an hour and

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a half or two hours ago, and is now a mile, a mile and a half or two miles ahead; and he had a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half or two inches long."

"That will do," said Mr. Hawkins, striking his horses right and left with the whip. "You have done for me to the extent of a foot, or a foot and a-half, or two feet;" and on we trotted in the direction of the Ohio.

Reaching the river, I again took passage in a boat which appeared at the landing the following morning bound for Cincinnati. An hour after establishing myself in the Broadway Hotel, Cincinnati, I read in one of the daily papers an account of our catastrophe, headed: "*Horrible accident and deplorable loss of life.*" A brief account of the affair concluded with these words: "*We are glad to say nobody is to blame. The accident was unavoidable.*" This was the end of the affair, so far as the public was concerned.

Having lost my clothing, but no money—this, according to the custom of the Western country, was secured in a belt around my body—the old lines recurred to memory:

> "Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
> In silken or leathern purse retains
> A splendid shilling."

After giving the poor helmsman, who accom-

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panied me to this point, sufficient means for the same purpose, I proceeded to lay in for myself another wardrobe, which was packed in a black box, with a few books, maps, and other necessary articles for my journey.

From my comfortable quarters in the Broadway Hotel, the most frequented in the city, and one of the best I saw in the West, I proceeded to call, among others, upon Dr. Langdon Rives, brother of the Honourable William C. Rives, of Virginia, whose wife was a near relation, upon Mrs. King her daughter, and upon Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the Bacchus of America, and the millionaire *par excellence* of Cincinnati. To them I was the bearer of letters from Virginia. I found most of them pleasant people, with a good deal of the Kentucky dash and frankness in their characters. During my sojourn they were unremitting in their efforts to show everything of interest, in and about their "Queen city," as it is called, and quite belied the accounts given of them by the late Mrs. Trollope, for whom, however, some allowance must be made. At the time of writing her philippics, she was in an unenviable frame of mind at the failure of her famous bazaar, which, by the bye, still raises its pretentious head in Cincinnati, where it is aptly styled "Trollope's Folly," and is used as a dancing academy.

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Mr. Longworth has made himself famous in America by the introduction of the grape culture, for the purpose of wine-making; and by the production of the Catawba and other highly valued wines. Many connoisseurs in wines consider that they possess equal bouquet with the best European wines, unless the highest grades of clarets may be considered as constituting an exception to this remark, which, in my opinion, they do. He kindly showed me his vineyards in the vicinity, explained his process of growing the grape and manufacturing the wine, and what was still better, gave me an opportunity of testing the flavour of his various descriptions. When leaving the city, he informed me that I would find a basket of his best sparkling Catawba awaiting me on my return to Virginia, which I need scarcely say was the case.

Cincinnati was at this time the most populous city west of the Alleghanies, and the chief commercial centre of the Ohio Valley, carrying on a considerable trade with the country above and below. It was already the seat of numerous manufacturing establishments, and promised to become more conspicuous for these in the future. The great and peculiar trades of the place, however, were in whiskey and pork. In the vicinity there were scores of enormous distilleries of spirits in which this fiery liquor was manufactured in

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fabulous quantities from Indian corn, wheat, rye, and almost every species of grain, and at the absurdly low price of ten-pence per gallon. A high premium upon intoxication, and yet so far as my observation extended, the people of Cincinnati were as abstemious in their habits, and as far from being drunkards as any of their Western neighbours. In this they doubtless showed peculiar wisdom. Like a doctor who eschews his own prescriptions, they were, I dare say, too shrewd to attempt to refresh themselves with their own ten-penny beverages. Their abstemiousness, however, may in a measure have been due to the grape culture in their neighbourhood, and to the prevalence of cheap wines; but I am inclined to think, was rather in consequence of the large quantities of *lager beer* manufactured in the place, which is the favourite drink with the lower classes in the West, especially those of German origin. The refuse from these establishments, called "slops," was conveyed in pipes to pig-styes, and tens of thousands of these interesting animals were fattened upon it. Thus hog killing, for you never hear the word *pig* in Cincinnati, became the great business of the place. The conveniences for carrying it on were so great, that pigs from all parts of the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, were driven to Cincinnati, and were there killed,

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salted, and packed for market—much of it finding its way to Europe, where, I may add, in the cause of truth, it is not highly esteemed. Mr. Longworth was kind enough to take me to the distilleries and to the butcheries, where the porcine genus were "done for," at the rate of one a minute. I will probably be excused for not undertaking to give a description of this system of "happy despatch."

The pork merchants of Cincinnati or *Porkopolis*, as it is sometimes called, like the innkeepers of Switzerland and the cotton-spinners of Lowell, constitute the local monied aristocracy, exercising the greatest authority on 'Change, and are, in fact, the leaders of fashion. Cincinnati is a place with a speciality, and that speciality is the hog trade. Upon it the place has thriven, and become a city of 60,000 inhabitants. Unless trychinæ destroys the pig, or the perils of hyophagy deters people from its use, Cincinnati is destined to become a still greater place. *Nous verrons.*

On the opposite shore of the Ohio River, *vis-à-vis* to Cincinnati, stand two flourishing towns on the "dark and bloody soil" of Kentucky, as Kentucky was called in early days, as an indication of the terrible conflicts which occurred with their savage and wily foes, the red-skins. One of these is Newport, and the other Covington, and in both I had friends

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residing, with whom I spent many of the pleasantest hours of my sojourn in the West. Among these may be mentioned the family of Colonel James Taylor, then the largest landed proprietor in the United States. He was living in Newport in the unostentatious enjoyment of his great fortune, surrounded by an interesting family of children, and dispensing a generous hospitality. Mrs. Taylor was a daughter of the Honourable A. Jackson Barry, a distinguished Kentucky statesman, a member of General Jackson's Cabinet; and in 1831-1834 Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Russia. She was a woman of great intelligence and spirit—the worthy daughter of such a sire. I trust I may be pardoned the liberty of speaking thus freely of my friends, now that both have passed away to a brighter and better world beyond the grave.

Newport was at this time a garrison town, and several companies of United States infantry, a batallion of artillery and some engineers were quartered there. With these officers, all of whom were graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point, I formed many acquaintances. On several occasions I dined at their mess-table, but saw nothing of the hard fare on which a soldier is supposed to live. The tables groaned under

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the most delicate and delicious viands, and sparkling catawba never flowed more profusely or sparkled brighter than among these gallant survivors of the Army of Mexico. Among the noted men whom I met at Covington was His Excellency John W. Stevenson—the present (1869) Governor of Kentucky. Mr. Stevenson is the son of the well-known Virginian statesman, the Honourable Andrew Stevenson, long a member of Congress for Virginia and in 1830-34, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to England. A few years previous to my tour he migrated from his native Virginia and settled as a lawyer in Covington. He soon obtained a large practice in the midst of which I now saw him. An important case was on trial at this time, and I was fortunate enough to hear a portion of the testimony and Mr. Stevenson's speech. It was an able and conclusive effort. He is not a florid speaker, and indulges in no meretricious display of rhetoric, but is thoroughly armed in the strength of his own practical knowledge, research and cultivated talent. Without any effort to show it, he possesses a great power, which I foresaw would elevate him to the first place in his profession. In person, Mr Stevenson is tall and stout, of a heavy phlegmatical type, without any special grace in action, but is remarkable for the suavity of his manners,

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his unassuming and unaffected deportment, his becoming dignity, kindly disposition, and the perfect ease and tranquillity with which, on all occasions, he speaks his sentiments.*

The aspect of the country on both sides of the Ohio in the vicinity of these three flourishing towns is beautiful, particularly in the immediate neighbourhood of Newport; and all the varied scenery that hill, dale, wood and water, cultivated fields and verdant pasture-lands can offer is here included in the view. The drives in the neighbourhood offer lovely prospects in all directions, which can never be sufficiently admired.†

* Some years subsequent to my visit, Mr. Stevenson was elected a member of Congress for the Covington District, and sat on the Democratic benches. He exerted himself to avert from the country the horrors of civil war, but failing in this he adhered to the Government of the Union—taking in this course an opposite direction from that of his friend and contemporary and fellow Kentuckian, General John C. Breckenridge.

About the conclusion of the war in 1865, he was elected by the people to be Governor of Kentucky, which office he continues to fill with perfect satisfaction to his constituents, and with great advantage to the State.

† In the autumn of 1788, Fort Washington was erected on what is now the site of Cincinnati, and in the month of January, 1739, the town was laid out and improved slowly till the defeat of the Indians by General Wayne in 1794. It was the seat of Government of the territory of Ohio until 1800. At the period of my visit, Cincinnati claimed a population of 60,000, and by the census of 1865 it had risen to

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230,000; and the two adjacent towns connected with it by steam-ferries, Newport and Covington, had a combined population of 27,000. All three had immensely added to their wealth and improvements, trade and manufactures, and exceeded any reasonable expectation which could have been formed of them twenty years previous.

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CHAPTER V.

Floating down the river—The Kentucky ark—Snags and Sawyers—Vevay, Indiana—A Swiss settlement and the vineyards—Louisville, Kentucky—The Falls of the Ohio—Squatters—The Galt House—Mr. Throgmorton and his dinner party—Mr. Wickliffe—Colonel Graves, M.C.—Mr. Arthur H. Wallace—An Irishwoman's idea of America—Frankfort—The tomb of Daniel Boone—Sketch of the first settlement of Kentucky—Judge Marshall—Hon. J. J. Crittenden—His political speech in behalf of General Taylor.

TURNING my back reluctantly upon the blandishments of Cincinnatian society I proceeded, notwithstanding my recent terrible experiences, by steamer, one hundred and sixty miles to Louisville situated at the falls of the Ohio. The steamers on the lower Ohio were even more sumptuous than those above. They were certainly larger, and everything was lavished upon them that luxury could devise, or wealth procure. The scenery on this part of the river is very attractive, the hills were covered with beautiful verdure, forming a striking contrast to the nakedness of fields just turned by the ploughshare for an autumn crop. The oak, willow and other trees afforded a lively and refreshing shade to flocks gathered

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beneath their wide-spreading branches, and through them sparkling streams might be seen at intervals, winding their course along the vallies, ere they lost themselves in the Ohio. On both sides of the river there were many fine country seats, hamlets and villages. The most interesting of these, as well on account of the foreign architecture of the buildings, many of them being ornamental Swiss chalets, as for the peculiar industry of its inhabitants, is Vevay, which is rising in importance, as the centre of an extensive grape growing region and wine manufacturing business. It was originally settled by emigrants from Switzerland, under the auspices of Mr. Longworth, and these finding the soil and climate admirably adapted to the purpose, have given the present direction to the industry of the community. The appearance of the vineyards which covered the hill sides for miles, is precisely that of the vineyards in Switzerland and France. The vines are supported upon stakes about five feet high, and are kept closely trimmed and the ground between carefully weeded and 'worked up' something after the manner in which the maize crop is tilled in the Southern and Western states.

From the time we left Pittsburg we had passed a great many flat bottomed boats, making their way down the stream. These

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boats were of various sizes, some small, merely containing an emigrant's family and its furniture, and others of a capacity of from one hundred to two hundred tons. In order to reach the promised land, these poor families, whether natives from the Eastern states or Europeans, were in the habit of building one of these boats upon arriving at the banks of the Monongahela or Ohio, and of then committing themselves to the stream. On reaching the Mississippi, if too poor to buy land, which is generally the case, they 'squat' and proceed to clear the ground for a crop. These squatters, for it is called squatting to enter upon and crop land belonging to another, are held in great abhorrence by the rightful proprietors. When by cropping the land they have made a small sum of money, they either buy a portion of it, or taking to the raft float on till they can buy government land, or squat a second time. Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri have been principally settled in this way. When emigrants possessed more means, or several families united, they took with them on the raft, waggons, ploughs, and horses. These boats or rafts are called 'Kentucky arks,' and are built in the form of a parallelogram. They have a slight deck on the four sides, and are covered by a curved roof of pine boards about seven feet high. Either end is provided with a large oar, by which it is steered or moved

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out of the way of sandbanks, snags or sawyers.* The interior is divided into two compartments, in one of which the women cook and wash, so that these strange habitations are sometimes called in contra distinction to the floating palaces, "swimming cottages."

At Louisville I took lodgings, Wednesday, August 9th, in the Galt House, the most comfortable hotel I met in the West. The establishment was then under the superintendence of a native of Virginia, Mr. Throgmorton, who was quite a character, distinguished in the annals of Louisville for his unbounded hospitality and desperate courage, which he displayed on all occasions of election disturbances and riots. He was a decayed gentleman—I mean decayed in his fortunes, and had thus been driven to take the management of one of those vast and complicated concerns known as the 'American Hotel."

Soon as he ascertained that there was a guest of my name from Virginia in the Galt

* A snag is an agglomeration of trunks and branches of trees borne down by the ever-varying current of the river, that is continually encroaching either on the left bank or the right; sometimes on the one curve and sometimes on the other; and washing away the trees that grow too near to the margin. A sawyer is a single trunk that has been fixed diagonally by the action of the stream. If an ascending vessel happens in the dark to run against one of these formidable instruments of destruction, she may be ripped up in her whole length before there is time to stop the engine.

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House, he called upon and invited me to his sanctum, where he immediately ordered catawba and champagne. Though it was then only twelve o'clock, I did not escape from him during the day. He had known my father in earlier times, and many other persons in Virginia among my acquaintances, and, of course, had innumerable inquiries to make. At six o'clock in the evening I went to dinner with Mr. Throgmorton at his private table, where, to my astonishment, he had assembled a party composed almost entirely of my relations in Louisville. Among those present was Col. Graves, formerly a distinguished member of Congress, his wife and family; Mr. Arthur H. Wallace, a first cousin of my father, and one of the greatest fortunes of Louisville, with his family; some of the Wickliffs, and several others. Mr. Throgmorton gave me a complete surprise in thus bringing together persons with whom he knew my relationship, and upon whom I had mentioned my intention of calling. Never was dinner party more enjoyed, as my vivid recollection of it after this lapse of time sufficiently attests.

Next day Mr. Wallace drove me to an estate belonging to my late brother, Colonel William Madison Peyton of Roanoke, lying about twelve miles below the city, upon the banks of the Ohio. This estate had been allowed by my

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brother to remain in a state of nature, but was now from the improvements of adjoining lands rising rapidly in value.

Louisville is the commercial capital of Kentucky, and besides a large trade which she carries on by the river, is becoming an important manufacturing centre. I was greatly struck with the natural beauty of the country around it, and, indeed, with the country all the way to Lexington. This section of the State is called the "blue grass region," and nothing can exceed the fertility of the soil, its productiveness, or the beauty of the landscapes.

The day after my visit to my brother's estate, Mr. Todd, a relation of Mrs. Lincoln,* crossed the river in my company, and drove me in his phaeton, or *buggy*, as it was called, to the flourishing town of New Albany in Indiana. The country through which we passed was one of similar fertility to that in Kentucky, and seemed more "wide awake" and prosperous than any portion of Kentucky I had yet seen, all of which was due, as Mr. Todd informed me, to the fact that Indiana was a free State. New Albany itself presented quite a contrast in its activity and life to Louisville, and the inhabitants affected to believe, by way of chaffing the two Ken-

* The wife of the late President Lincoln.

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tuckians, for they innocently set me down as a Westernman, that their town would soon go ahead of and surpass Louisville. Mr. Todd, who was one of the rising merchants of Louisville, did not particularly relish these jokes, and retorted upon the "Hoosiers," as the Indianians are styled in slang phraseology, with considerable warmth. Nor would he admit to them what he had stated to me, that the true cause of the different aspects of the adjoining States, was in reality slavery. On the contrary, when this was alluded to by the Hoosiers, Mr. Todd lost his temper, and told them they were a meddlesome, envious set of abolition fanatics, who would meet their fate—he did not say what this would be—if they ever dared to carry their opposition to slavery beyond mere words. The Indianians met these threats of the Kentuckian with good-natured banter, but I could not help seeing that such discussions on the border must inevitably lead to heart-burnings and alienations among those, who otherwise could have had no other than friendly feelings.

The heat at Louisville was very oppressive at this period, the temperature such as one might expect to find near equatorial Africa. Musquitoes and all kinds of insects and bugs were abroad in countless thousands, and flayed me alive. The beds at the "Galt House"

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were provided with musquito bars, made of a thin gauze, which furnished a slight protection, but by some means or other, a single musquito was sure to make his way through this and all other obstacles, and buzz around my head during the night, stinging me to madness, and phlebotomizing me from head to foot, and thus making refreshing sleep an impossibility. I was not sorry therefore to bid adieu to Louisville. At the period of my visit, there was a short railway between Louisville and Lexington, the only road of the kind in the State, and by this I travelled over one of the loveliest countries in the world, to Frankfort and Lexington.

Frankfort is the capital of Kentucky, and is situated among romantic hills upon the Kentucky river, in the heart of the famed blue grass region. Such a combination of scenery, wood, and water, hill and dale, is rarely met with; and when once beheld is never forgotten —a scene on which the eye feasts with gladness, and which memory delights to recall in after days. Here are seen the varied beauties of mountain, plain, and stream—for the hills about Frankfort are little mountains. In addition to the town, shipping, and placid stream, the eye roams over an endless expanse of verdant pasture land on which are seen, basking in the warm sunlight, the cheerful-looking re-

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sidences of the solid men of Kentucky. The public buildings in Frankfort are miserably insignificant edifices, unworthy of this rich and prosperous State—uglier buildings I never anywhere saw. I passed them by to visit the beautiful cemetery, which I reached by a winding walk along the river. In these sacred precincts repose many of Kentucky's great men. Kentucky, with affectionate pride, has had the remains of her brave sons gathered from the plains of Mexico, on which they fell while gloriously upholding the rights and honour of their country, and interred on the banks of her favourite stream, in the heart of the commonwealth. In this State Necropolis is also buried Daniel Boone, the first white settler of the State. Kentucky is justly proud of Boone, and though he died in Missouri, where he had removed, with the characteristic restlessness of the frontiersman, after he had established the Kentucky colony, his remains were brought home to rest among his kindred, in the State he founded, and where his memory is so much revered.

Daniel Boone, whose memory is held in such high veneration by the Kentuckians, being regarded by them as one of the greatest heroes who ever lived, was a native of North Carolina. He was a daring hunter and backwoodsman, and with five companions passed the Alle-

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ghanies in 1769. He was delighted with the beauty and fertility of the transmontane country, with the immense growth of the timber, and with the great variety and astonishing quantity of game, buffaloes, deer, elk, bears, turkeys, racoons, &c. After a short residence, he returned to North Carolina for his family, where his accounts had the effect of inducing many others to join his party and settle in the new hunting ground. The territory of Kentucky, from the abundance of game, had been reserved for their own use by the Indians, and they looked with hostility upon Boone and his companions, and commenced against them a war of extermination. These wars, carried on with the utmost ferocity, caused the country to be called the "bloody ground." The greater skill of the whites in the use of the rifle was offset by the larger number of the savages and their better knowledge of the country, and it was long doubtful whether the whites would be able to hold their own. The knowledge of the whites, however, increasing, as well as their numbers by emigration, they were soon enabled to take the offensive, and finally succeeded in driving off the red-skins, and taking entire possession of the territory. These wars caused the hunters to entertain a savage feeling of hostility to the Indians, but they never went

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beyond what may be considered a fair retaliation in their treatment of them, which consisted in burning their wigwams and scalping their warriors.

The legislature was not in session at this period, and Frankfort was consequently excessively dull and quiet. The streets were deserted, except by negro servants, who lounged about under the shade trees, and a few Irish labourers, who were supposed to be occupied with a job near the steamboat landing, but who were better acquainted with the grog shops. It was difficult to imagine which were slower in their movements, the sons of Erin or the children of Ham. What wages were paid to the Irish, I, of course, am not advised, but from the way in which they conducted themselves during these sultry dog days, I should think them dear at any price. Throughout Kentucky labour is dear, however, and living cheap, and work-people do very much as they please. If an employer should so far forget himself as to attempt to hurry or drive his servants, or "helps," as they are there called, they would very quietly quit his service. The state of affairs in Frankfort recalled the remark of the Irishwoman, who said of America, "It is a darling country for poor folks; for if I work three days in the week,

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can't I lie in my bed the other three if I plaze?"

During my sojourn in Louisville I had been introduced to Judge Marshall of the Supreme Court of Kentucky; and he was now in Frankfort, occupied with an affair of business, *en route* to his home in Lexington. Through his kindness, I saw in the shortest space of time what there was of interest in the place, and he proposed before leaving to take me on a visit to his friend, Mr. John C. Crittenden, long a prominent member of the United States' Senate for Kentucky. I was glad of the opportunity of seeing in his home one who occupied so large a space in the eyes of the American people, and with whose public career I was generally acquainted, and concluded to lay aside all ceremony and call with Judge Marshall.

When we entered Mr. Crittenden's plain, unpretending, but comfortable house, we were met by a handsome, black-eyed lady, who received us with great grace and cordiality. This was the second Mrs. Crittenden, who had been for several seasons, preceding this time, conspicuous in Washington for beauty and fashion. In a few minutes Mr. Crittenden, who had been walking in his grounds, entered, and immediately Mitford's not inappropriate lines recurred to memory—

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"Upon thee we look
With more than common reverence,
Strength and the stamp of wisdom are in thy mien
And brow of lofty daring."

He received us with much courtesy and kindness, and addressing himself to me, made many inquiries about Virginia and indulged in some flattering remarks upon the "Old Dominion" and her people, which went straight to my heart. I had not been long in his presence without feeling that manners are of more importance than laws, and give the whole form and colour to our lives.

Mr. Crittenden entered public life about the year 1815, as member of the Kentucky legislature. Here he became conspicuous, and from this theatre was transferred to the halls of Congress, which became the scenes of his greatest political triumphs. He had twice been Governor of Kentucky, and had been but a few months previously a favourite candidate for the Presidency. He failed in these aspirations, if he really aspired to the chief magistracy, and General Zachary Taylor, whose popularity after the Mexican war was unbounded, was selected as the Whig candidate, of which party Mr. Crittenden had always been a member. Mr. C. was now, however, doing yeoman service in behalf of the election of the General.

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When Mr. Crittenden entered public life in 1815, Mr. Clay of Ashland was the leading politician and most distinguished statesman in Kentucky, or the Union, and Mr. Crittenden immediately enlisted under his banner. The fidelity with which he adhered to Mr. Clay's fortunes, had long before this caused the remark that he was a hero worshipper. During Mr. Clay's long and eventful career, one of the pains and penalties of which was to have made many enemies, and to be much calumniated, he had not found a more faithful Achates than in his young Kentuckian friend. Mr. Crittenden's admiration and affection for him was such, that his political creed amounted almost to this "Mr. Clay can do no wrong." Nothing could be said of or against him, that Mr. Crittenden was not ready with explanations and arguments to prove that he was right. The old gentleman's eyes sparkled with delight, and he almost threw his arms around me to hug me to his embraces, when I informed him that my chief object in visiting Lexington was to pay my respects to Henry Clay.

Mr. Crittenden inquired of Judge Marshall and myself how long we should remain in Frankfort, and learning that our visit would extend over the next day, invited us to dinner, naming the early hour of four o'clock, as he

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had an engagement to speak at seven at a public meeting in the court-house.

At the dinner next day, we met a party of eighteen, among whom were Honourable Thomas and Mrs. Marshall, the Honourable Garrett Davis, Mr. White, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and others less known to the American public. The dinner passed off pleasantly, the company having been much entertained by Mr. Crittenden's fine humour and Mr. Marshall's wonderful fund of anecdote. The more I saw of the Kentuckians, the more agreeably was I impressed by them. Remarkable for intellectual activity, but not for literary accomplishments, they are eminent in urbanity and real politeness.

We were to have had a rubber at whist after dinner, but this was prevented by Mr. Crittenden's engagement to speak. All of his guests were anxious, at least the gentlemen of the party, to hear his discourse. At the appointed hour, therefore, Judge Marshall and I were in the court-house. The crowd was immense, and the people in the highest spirits, singing election songs.

When Mr. Crittenden entered, he was received with enthusiastic applause, and with three times three for "Old Zack."*

* These were cheers for the Whig candidate for the Presidency, General Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana.

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Mr. Crittenden then proceeded to deliver an address in behalf of General Taylor's election, which stirred up the wildest enthusiasm in the audience. The arguments by which he supported the claims of General Taylor, in opposition to his democratic competitor were of a public nature, based upon the different political creeds of the two gentlemen, and need not be here reiterated. He threw a flood of light, however, upon the questions involved in the contest, such as that of the currency, the tariff, the distribution of the proceeds arising from the sales of the public lands, the organization of territorial governments and the duty of the general government upon the question of slavery.

Mr. Crittenden cannot be classed among those men who have acquired the reputation of being orators. Yet his remarks were concisely arranged and effectively delivered in forcible and appropriate language. At times he spoke in a familiar and unpretending manner, in even a conversational tone—free from any gusts of impassioned ardour, such as speakers frequently adopt for the sake of effect. He told many amusing anecdotes by way of illustrating his arguments and concluded, after having spoken an hour, in the midst of cheers and applause.

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CHAPTER VI.

Arrival in Lexington—The Capital of the 'Blue-grass country'—A call from Mr. Clay—Mr. Morehead—Hon. James B. Clay—Remove to Ashland—Sketch of the great Kentuckian—D. MacCartney Payne—Transylvania University—Mr. Holly—The establishment for young ladies.

JUDGE MARSHALL travelled with me to Lexington, the capital of the "blue grass region," and gave me a pressing invitation to make his house my home while in town. I reluctantly declined this kind invitation, not wishing to put his family to any inconvenience, and because I preferred the freedom of a public house, which would give me a better opportunity of seeing the "sights."

We arrived in Lexington on Saturday, and the next morning the Judge called to offer me a seat in his pew at the Episcopal Church. I was glad to accompany him, and was repaid by an excellent sermon. Mr. Clay was at church, and after service I was introduced to him by Judge Marshall as a young Virginian—a political friend and admirer. I was quite charmed by my cordial reception. I certainly never met any public man who exercised such fascin-

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ation over the minds and affections of his friends and followers as Mr. Clay. He told me that he had formed the acquaintance of my father as early as the year 1810; that he cherished the warmest friendship for him through life, and entertained the highest opinion of his character and talents. Mr. Clay walked with me to the hotel, and after sitting a half-hour, invited me to meet Judge Marshall and a few friends at dinner the next day at Ashland.

To my surprise, I found Mr. Crittenden at Ashland next day, but his manner was not so happy as at his own board. He seemed under some constraint, was possibly awed by the presence of Mr. Clay, or it is probable this was only the difference between the two men, for I have rarely seen any one who would not lose in comparison and in immediate contrast with Mr. Clay. The Honourable Mr. Morehead was also among the guests, and struck me as an excellent specimen of the frank, bold, and honest Western man; also D. MacCartney Payne, a leading lawyer of Lexington. Mr. Clay led the conversation, and kept us for two hours spell-bound by his wit and humour. After dinner he walked with me into the hall, saying jocosely, "I have a surprise prepared for you." Conducting me to a chamber, I there found my luggage.

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"I have often stopped," said Mr. Clay, "at your father's house in Staunton, when passing to and from Washington, during the earlier period of my Congressional career, and I have no idea of allowing his son to remain in an hotel so near Ashland—make up your mind, therefore, to remain where you are; you are my prisoner."

Thus captured, I could but yield, and there I remained four days, enjoying the society and hospitality of this great man, in the midst of what I thought one of the happiest domestic circles in the world. Mr. Clay's son, the Honourable James B. Clay, was now a guest at Ashland, and made himself very agreeable. Within less than a year of this period, Mr. Clay, junior, was appointed Minister Resident to Portugal, and left the United States for Lisbon.

To enable the reader more readily to understand the good terms on which I found myself in so short a time with the family at Ashland, I may here state that Mrs. Clay was one of the Kentucky family of Harts, which was allied to mine by blood, through the Prestons.*

Every morning while at Ashland we strayed to the groves or gardens of the estate, enjoying

* See reprint of the Preston Pedigree, by Orlando Brown Albany, New York, 1864.

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the perfume of the jessamine and other flowers, and admiring the beautiful prospects. The soil is deep red, the grass most luxuriant, growing under and amidst a variety of thriving trees, such as the oak, ash, maple, locust, sycamore, and cedar. Mr. Clay's house was a modest building, at some distance from the road, with the richest of green lawns extending to the very door. Over a trellis on either side of the front porch, woodbines and eglantines crept, blushing with flowers, and perfuming the air with soft fragance. Here Mr. Clay lived in a style of Republican simplicity, his society courted by those of his own rank; while his unbounded hospitality and liberality to those beneath him, gained him friends among all classes. Remarkable for his great tenderness and generosity, he was kind to all within his influence, inattentive to economy, and careless of his expenses, and consequently often in pecuniary embarrassments. These were repeatedly relieved by friends, and sometimes without his knowing to whom he was indebted. This was specially the case in 1844, when all his liabilities to the bank at Lexington, amounting to many thousand dollars, 60,000, I believe, were discharged without his knowledge, his (Mr. Clay's) notes of hand, or I O U's being returned to him by the cashier. His benefactor on this occasion was

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Dr. Mercer, a wealthy cotton planter of Louisiana. In person, Mr. Clay was taller and larger than the majority of men, with something light and graceful in his form, attentive to his dress, and captivating in his manners and address.

Mr. Clay showed me his fine herds of short-horned cattle and his improved breed of horses —he liked showing these. He had been an importer of horses and cattle from England for many years, and to his exertions was mainly due the superiority of the Kentucky stock. He took the greatest delight in rural pursuits, and employed himself when at home in embellishing his estate.

From the period when he made Ashland his residence, he was engaged in developing its beauties, diversifying the surface, enlarging the walks and winding the waters, and he did this with such skill as to excite the admiration of all visitors. The walks led through the grounds in undulating curves, a seat being found at every turn where there was an object to catch the view; the water was made to run where it would be heard, and to stagnate where it would be seen; intervals were left where the eye would be pleased, and the trees thickened where there was an object to be hidden. The walks were enamelled with flowers, and the trees festooned with vines.

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In this innocent amusement the great statesman forgot the cares of office, and employed the leisure of senatorial recess. Life at Ashland was very pleasant. The society of Mr. Clay most attractive, easy, simple, genial with great natural dignity. All strangers passing through Lexington were in the habit of calling upon him without previous introduction. In conversation he was the most entertaining and instructive person I ever met, and verily to hear him talk was, indeed, as a Kentuckian once said, "a practical treatise on the use of the tongue."

Mr. Clay was born in the year 1780, in Hanover, Virginia, in that portion of the county called the "Slashes." His father was an humble farmer, and the lad's earlier years were passed in following the ploughshare. At this period he was often seen riding to mill, carrying a sack of Indian corn to be ground into meal, which then constituted, as it does now, the principal food, in the way of bread, of the humbler classes of the southern people. Thus originated the sobriquet, by which, in election times he was subsequently known, of the "Mill boy of the Slashes." During this period he was taught to read and write, and his remarkable aptitude for learning was quickly observed. When twelve years of age, he was placed as a clerk in the office of the Superior

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Court in Richmond, and for several years discharged these duties, employing his leisure time in acquiring a classical and mathematical education, and at the age of twenty-one was so advanced that it was a common remark of those who knew him, that he was a more accurate and a better scholar than the majority of those who had received what is called a liberal education. A good deal of this was due to the instruction he received from a distinguished scholar, Judge George Wythe of Richmond, who was early attracted by his sprightly qualities, and great abilities, and who interested himself much in his education.

For years after reaching his majority, he studied law under the advice of Judge Wythe, often attending the sittings of the different courts, and when he considered himself prepared to enter the arena, removed to Kentucky. Here he commenced the practice, and with immediate success. His commanding person, for he was six feet four inches high, his frank, courteous and simple manner, his brave and generous qualities, combined with his solid knowledge, and impassioned oratory, soon placed him in the front rank of Kentucky lawyers. Some years later he was elected a member of the Legislature, and in 1810, to the Congress of the United States.

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On his way about this time to Washington, when passing through Staunton, he bore a letter of introduction to my father, and made his acquaintance. In Congress he took a prominent position, and in 1815 was appointed by the President one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain. In this capacity he made his first visit to Europe. On his return, he served several years in the House of Representatives, and was then elected senator for Kentucky. In both Houses he was greatly distinguished for eloquence, industry and ability. While, however, his talents and character gained him hosts of friends, his ungovernable warmth and irritability of temper caused him as many enemies. Whether his sharpness in the House was at times strictly defensible, or his conduct wholly free from the bitterness of censure, are matters into which I shall not enter, they have been fully discussed since the tomb closed over his remains. It is undeniable that he indulged in the most adventurous freedom of speech, and not wholly divested of that splenetic character, which, despite the greatness of his mind, would predominate in his observations, thus making him liable to bitter resentments on the part of his opponents, and too frequently serving to light up the embers of political dis-

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content. In 1824, and in every subsequent election, his friends pressed his claims for the presidency, but he was not successful. A result fairly attributable to the conspicuous part he had taken in public affairs, and consequently his numerous political and personal enemies, and to the further fact that the American people, who are eminently a military people, turned from him thrice to elect soldiers. In 1828, and in 1832, they elected General Jackson, "the Hero of New Orleans," in 1840, General Harrison, the conqueror of the north-western territory and its Indian king Tecumseh, and in 1848, General Zachary Taylor, who, during the war of 1845-47, made a conquest of Northern Mexico.

Mr. Clay was a man of high and honourable ambition, and aspired to the first office in the gift of his country, as well because he thought it his due, as because he believed he could serve and advance the ends of her prosperity more effectually than any of the rival statesmen of the day. Yet, notwithstanding these aspirations, and he did not conceal them, he remarked, when told that his views upon and in opposition to the annexation of Texas were unpopular and likely to defeat his election, that "he would rather be right than be President." Throughout his long career he acted uniformly upon the noble sentiment that what is morally

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wrong, cannot be politically right. His experience, as that of so many others, doubtless found an echo in the noble but saddening lines of Dryden:—

"When I consider life 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chimerick gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Lexington was an exceedingly quiet, picturesque town of about five thousand inhabitants, at which number it had been for many years nearly stationary; remarkable for being in the midst of a very rich and pretty country, also as the seat of Transylvania University, and still more as the home of Henry Clay. The streets were for the most part unpaved and dusty—where paved, it was badly done and grass was growing in them. The environs, in which I often strolled of a morning, were full of beautiful prospects. At this season the harvest was nearly over, but agricultural labour of some kind was every where going on. Here you saw fine cattle grazing and wading among the rich grass,

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there horses, mules, sheep scattered over the slopes. On every side were farm-houses, of quaint, picturesque appearance, gay, neat, flower-gardens on one side and large farm-yards on the other, full of straw, peopled by pigs, calves, and a profusion of poultry. Many gentlemen's seats could also be seen surrounded by splendid forest trees, the lawns closely shaven and the grounds carefully kept, the fences firm, the gates in order, gravel walks clean and smooth, the shrubbery, flowers and trees in such a wilderness of bloom, that the eyes ached with the bright variety. More delicious scents, "a fuller gale of joy" than the flowers and trees gave forth, Arabia with her spicy groves could not boast, whilst innumerable birds filled the air with their joyous music. I felt that of all the spots I had yet seen in my western tour, were I free to make a choice, here in the heart of the blue grass region would I "pitch my tent."

Transylvania University had the reputation of being the most comprehensive institution of learning, west of the Alleghanies. It derived its just celebrity principally from the talents and exertions of the first President, Mr. Holly, who was a New Englander by birth and education. He emigrated to Kentucky at an early day, leaving behind the puritanical superstitions and religious fanaticisms of his

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ancestors, and his success and that of the university which he brought up from almost nothing, was uninterrupted.

Lexington was the seat, also, of a fine female academy, where among other accomplishments the ancient languages were taught, and a wise effort inaugurated to improve the education of woman and place her in this respect, upon an equality with man. The idea of the Kentuckians has always been that from her sedentary habits, woman is particularly qualified to enjoy literary pursuits. While physically less strong than man, the gallant Kentuckians never dreamed that there was any intellectual inferiority.

To the Kentuckians, the education of their daughters appeared, as the principal of this seminary informed me on one occasion when I met him at Mr. Payne's, of greater consequence, since they may become mothers and consequently be entrusted with the important task of teaching 'the young idea how to shoot,' and of more importance also, since it seems to be so much neglected in the Western States. The principal further said, somewhat sententiously, that the object of the course of study and training in this school, was to encourage among the pupils ease and cheerfulness without levity; just observation without calumny or censoriousness; economy without avarice;

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simplicity or rather singleness of heart, and a total absence of affectation either in dress or manners, without deviating into singularity or carelessness; and active employments to guard against ennui and its attendant follies. These, he said, were some of the more important lessons which he sought to impress upon the minds of the young ladies while pursuing their academic studies. I thought if they took root in the minds of his fair pupils and brought forth the expected fruit, young Kentuckians would soon be supplied with the best of wives.

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CHAPTER VII.

I return to Louisville—Meet an old acquaintance—The Creole—Lord Bacon on marriage—Sail for St. Louis—Cholera on the boat—Stop at Cairo—Magnificent country—The Mississippi river—Return on horseback up the river—I am fumigated—Take passage for Cincinnati—Arrival at the forest home of an old Virginian—Learned discussions—The Doctor's M.S.—Macaulay's idea as to the different capacities of men illustrated by the Doctor's M.S.—Xenia.

HAVING accomplished the objects of my visit to Lexington, I returned to Louisville. To my great surprise, I there met on entering the "Galt House" the Louisiana creole, who had come so near spilling blood higher up the river. He seemed exceedingly glad to meet me once more, and greeted me with the cordiality of an old friend. Such is the freedom and fashion of the West. In the course of conversation, he informed me that he had not seen or heard of that "infernal wooden nutmeg Yankee abolitionist, M——," since the memorable day of their rencontre, but he had brought suit against the Packet Company for putting him ashore.

As I was travelling alone, and any company is better than none, I suggested to the chi-

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valric Louisianian the pleasures of a trip to St. Louis. He took the hint, saying he should like to make the journey at another time, at present it was impossible. He was hurrying, he said, to join his wife and children on the Red River. I soon saw that he was suffering from *mal du pays*; and that persuasion (had I been disposed to indulge in it) would be useless. "He that hath wife and children," says Lord Bacon, "hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or mischief." This was not the first, nor has it been the only occasion when I have observed that men under such bonds are peculiarly unfitted for great enterprises (though a visit to St. Louis would scarcely come under this category), the sacred and endearing recollections of the domestic hearth are sure to haunt them in the hour of trial, and impair their energies.

On the 30th of August, 1848, I went on board the steamer at Louisville, bound for St. Louis. This boat was one of those vast floating hotels or palaces to which I have referred, and was crowded from stem to stern, the forward deck with European emigrants seeking homes in the Far West. The heat of the weather continued oppressive, and I wished to reach the Mississippi and turn my face northwards.

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The scenery on the lower Ohio is less interesting than that above—the country being more level, and such hills as exist, without beauty or variety. The soil is a rich alluvial loam, and much of it—far the larger part—lies neglected, and will continue so for many years, until the population increases, and the genius of civilization and refinement shall have spread their beneficent influences over the land.

The task of the husbandman on this soft, fertile soil, which extends from the banks of the Ohio, north and west, to the Lakes, is light and easy. The draught upon plough horses so light, that one horse will accomplish the work ordinarily allotted two, and so free is the land from stone and gravel, that a plough sharpened in the spring, does not require it again till the following year. Its fertility is such also, that no manure is used or needed, and land, as I was informed by an old Illinoisian planter, on the boat, which was first planted in maize, in 1818, and had been continued in the same crop for thirty successive years, yielded as abundantly as when first brought into cultivation. Such facts could not fail to suggest many thoughts as to the destiny of this wonderful country, which is so much more richly endowed with natural advantages by the Omnipotent than any other,

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and upon the ultimate prosperity and power which awaited it, and not in the distant future. The energy and enterprise of the people; the rapid natural increase of the population; and the great emigration from Europe will, I was, and continue satisfied, in the ordinary lifetime of a man, cause greater changes in the United States than are produced in centuries in the Old World. And that in the sparsely peopled regions through which I was passing, and the uninhabited territories towards which I was journeying—the haunt of the savage wild beast, and the still more savage red-man—there would be within this period flourishing towns, and hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, enjoying the arts, manufactures, trade, commerce, and, in fact, all the benefits and blessings of an advanced civilization.

The night of our arrival opposite Paducah, Kentucky, five of the steerage passengers were seized with cholera and died next morning. This sudden visitation of a fearful disease spread great consternation among the survivors. During the next day other cases occurred, and the alarm spread among the crew, until it was almost impossible to navigate the boat. In this emergency, the captain determined to take refuge in the port of Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. Here he disposed

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of the dead bodies, and sought to secure the services of another crew.

I had now made the journey of the entire river, and notwithstanding some of the incidents of the trip, could not but acknowledge that I was highly gratified, as well as improved in health. The French had reason to call the Ohio the beautiful river—it is not only beautiful, but majestic, and drains one of the most fertile and productive vallies on the globe, whether considered with reference to its agricultural, mineral, or commercial resources. The valley, watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, extending from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, embraces the whole or large portions of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, an aggregate area of about 230,000 square miles. This valley possesses in addition to its fine soil and inexhaustible mines, unlimited water power, vast forests, and a mild, but bracing and healthful climate. In the future of the United States, when the Mississippi valley contains, as it is estimated to have a capacity of maintaining 300,000,000 of inhabitants, or as many as China, the valley of the Ohio, which may be considered as forming a part of it, will be unsurpassed by any portion of that great West, into whose control the affairs of the Government of the United States are destined to pass.

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A word as to Cairo. It is a miserable—the most miserable place I ever saw. Situated amidst the swamps and wild brushwood on the lower section of the plain, whose higher sections lie between six and seven hundred miles north on the lakes, it is an abominable sink of filth, fever and disease. A few acres only around the village were cleared, and on these spots were here and there scattered some log houses. Embankments were thrown up on both rivers for miles to prevent the overflow during the spring rains, and these alone prevented perpetual inundation. Some of these log huts, erected upon boat bottoms, were anchored or secured by iron cables to the trunks of trees, as a security against an unexpected rise in the river, and a trip towards the gulf. Surrounded by the stumps of trees which had been recently felled, and which were now corded on the river banks, ready for passing steamers, the appearance of these log cabins was solitary and forlorn to the last degree. Wild, dreary and unhealthy as is the country and air hereabouts, the forest is gradually receding, and the land slowly coming into cultivation.

I shall avail myself of this opportunity to give, in the words of another, a graphic description of the Mississippi, which I have since often navigated, and which is so unlike

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any other known stream. It is not beautiful to the sight, like most rivers bestowing fertility in its course; not one that the eye loves to dwell upon as it sweeps along, nor can you wander on its banks, or trust yourself without danger to its stream. It is a furious, rapid, desolating torrent, loaded with alluvial soil; few of those who are received into its waters ever rise again, or can support themselves long on its surface without assistance from some friendly log. It contains the coarsest and most uneatable fish, such as the cat-fish and such genus; and, as you descend it, its banks are occupied by the fetid alligator, while the panther basks at its edge in the cane-brakes, almost impervious to man. Pouring its impetuous waters through wild tracks, covered with trees of little value, except for fire-wood, it sweeps down whole forests in its course, which disappear in tumultuous confusion, whirled away by the stream, now loaded with the masses of soil which nourished their roots, often blocking up and changing for a time the channel of the river, which, as if in anger at its being opposed, inundates and devastates the whole country round; and as soon as it forces its way through its former channel, plants in every direction the uprooted monarchs of the forest, (upon whose branches the birds will never again perch, or the racoon, or

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the opossum, or the squirrel, climb) as traps for the adventurous navigators of its waters by steam, who, borne down upon these concealed dangers, which pierce through the planks, very often have not time to steer for and gain the shore, before they sink to the bottom. There are no pleasing associations connected with this great common sewer of Western America, which pours out its mud into the Mexican gulf, polluting the clear blue sea for many miles beyond its mouth. It is a river of desolation, and instead of reminding you, like some beautiful rivers, of an angel which has descended for the benefit of man, you imagine it a devil, whose energies have been overcome only by the wonderful power of steam.

While at Cairo, a boat arrived from St. Louis and reported cholera in that place and on both banks of the Mississippi. This increased the prevalent alarm, and the generous inhabitants of the place regretted, and gave expression to their regrets in no very choice language, that we had been permitted to land. In fact they spoke unreservedly, and most inhospitably as I then thought, of ordering us off, and that instanter. For myself I was far from being reluctant to go—I am sure no one in Cairo could have been more anxious to get rid of me, than I was to 'cut' the place; but

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where to go, how to get out of the country? This was the question.

> "I am pursued—all ports are stopped too,
> Not any hope to escape—behind, before me,
> On either side, I was beset."

Most decidedly did I feel myself to be in what the New Englanders expressively call 'a fix,' and every hour was likely to render my situation more embarrassing. Finding from persons on the St. Louis boat that we would not be permitted to land at that point from an infected boat, and having no idea, not the slightest, of submitting to a quarantine, I was not slow in making up my mind to return to Cincinnati, and proceed overland to the northern lakes. To secure a passage on the boat up the river I found impossible. The captain was alike indifferent to the voice of command, persuasion, or reproof, and knowing he was above bribery I made no effort to try the power of gold.

Fortunately my trunk had been removed ashore to my lodgings in the principal inn, else I should have gone a second time without my luggage. The panic was such that the people would allow nothing to land from the floating "pest house," as they called the steamer. The inn where I took refuge was a log building with two rooms below—one for cooking and the other for eating—and two above, one oc-

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cupied by the proprietor's family, and the other set aside for the accommodation of guests. The house was disgustingly dirty, and had I gone to bed I should have shared it with another, probably many others. I preferred a soft plank on the floor, or my bed and board together. Flies, fleas, and all kinds of insects swarmed in myriads, and the effluvia of cooking pervaded every part of the house. Outside, the heat of the sun was African, little or no shade existed, and the dust rose in dense clouds whenever a puff of wind disturbed the surface. Cairo is as dry and dusty in summer, as wet and muddy in winter. I never was in a more uncomfortable situation, and I felt that flesh and blood must soon "succumb." Back upon the boat I could not go, remain alive in Cairo for any time was impossible. In this extremity I took a frontiers-man into confidence, and consulted as to the ways and means of abandoning this horrible den and returning 'up country.' We were not long in devising a plan, which was to make our way to a point on the river, where there was no cholera, when I was to go aboard the first passing boat. The frontiers-man agreed to convey my trunk on horseback, and to procure an animal for my use. His compensation having been determined, he soon appeared upon the scene equipped for the journey, and

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mounted on rugged mustangs of the prairies, we left Cairo without, however, brushing its dust off our feet. Steadily travelling thirty miles, we arrived, about night-fall, at a boat "landing," one of those spots at convenient distances where the boats take in fuel, passengers, and freight. I had scarcely dismounted and entered a "Shanty Hotel" to indulge in a breakfast of "pig and coffee," when a steamer came in sight. Paying my guide and thanking him warmly for his services, I prepared to go aboard. When the boat came alongside, what was my chagrin and disappointment to discover that it was the same vessel I had left at Cairo. My chagrin was heightened, when I found the captain as obdurate as formerly on the score of receiving an infected person as passenger. Not to be put off, I determined to practice a little strategy, and invited the worthy captain to join me in "liquoring up." After reiterating this invitation and going through the process until my head reeled, the conscientious official agreed to take me in, if I would be fumigated. This was a *sine qua non*, since if injury resulted to his boat from my joining it, he could justify his course with the proprietors. To this process I readily assented, was, in fact, only too glad to submit to the formality. A small room in the log hotel was accordingly prepared and filled with the fumes

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of tobacco and sumac. My clothes having been duly sprinkled with rum and vinegar, I entered and for something more than an hour remained seated on my unfortunate box, which required purification also, in the asphyxiating atmosphere. I was then supposed to be thoroughly purified, and the door thrown open. Emerging from the clouds, I entered the boat to the no small amusement of those who looked upon the proceeding as a farce, and by whom I was dubbed "the befogged nullifier." For some reason best understood by themselves, many of these Western people set me down as a South Carolinian, the inhabitants of which State have been known and denominated "nullifiers" since the administration of General Jackson, when they undertook to resist certain obnoxious laws of Congress, declaring them "null and void." Their chaff, I need scarcely say, did not disturb my equanimity under the circumstances.

"I reckon you'll now do," said a Hoosier sailor, as I walked on the deck.

"You'll not reckon without your host this time," I responded.

In due season I was landed at Cincinnati again and took the train for Xenia. Here I stopped another night at a "Shanty inn," and a night long to be remembered. My chamber was miserably hot and comfortless, and sleep

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altogether out of the question. Through the live-long night I was disturbed by bugs and other insects which never tired of "so gently o'er me stealing." Leaving my luggage at the inn, I proceeded next morning across the country about twelve miles to the home of an old Virginian, Dr. T——, whom I had known in my boyhood in Virginia, and who had removed and settled his family in the forests of Ohio. Here he lived in a vast wilderness, surrounded by a "boundless contiguity of shade."

When I entered the Doctor's house and was conducted into the drawing-room, I saw my old friend, through a glass door, seated at a table in an adjoining room, bending forward over a ponderous volume engaged in profound study. His silvery locks bespoke his advanced age, and a long white beard gave an inexpressibly fine effect to a countenance naturally benign, but furrowed over with the deep lines of habitual meditation. He was dressed in a coarse brown cloth manufactured in Kentucky, called Jeans, which hung loosely round his body, and his feet were enveloped in a huge pair of slippers. The room was small and far from being neat. Shelves groaned with books, the walls were hung with maps, and the tables covered with books, papers, letters, &c., and everything was coated with dust. This was his study, his sanctum sanctorum, and it was rare

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that he allowed anyone to invade it with brush and broom.

With the good doctor and his family I remained three days, but did not, I must confess, admire his manner of life. There was no shooting, no hunting, no boating, no company, no amusement, no nothing. The old Virginian was living in a timber house without any of the modern improvements, surrounded by a park like enclosure of six hundred acres of fertile Ohio soil. Here he pastured sheep among the trees and thought of nothing save matters of church and state. On these subjects he read with the absorbed attention of old Erasmus, while his wife, reared in the luxuries of Virginia, with troops of slaves to do her bidding, was left to use the mop and broom, and his pretty daughters, cooked, baked, washed and did all that was required for the household. I ventured, by way of recalling the attention of my venerable friend to the practical world, to speak of the improvement of his lands and the large profits which would result from labour thus expended.

"My dear boy," said the Doctor, "don't disturb my mind with such rubbish. I am engaged with more important matters. The Altars of the Most High are destined to be overthrown—Satan is abroad in the land, seeking whom he may devour. The Church in

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this free country is in danger, unless the State comes to the rescue we are lost. The government of every country is responsible to the people for a pure religion, the State must give us a spiritual head, religion must be protected by human laws. There is but one God in Heaven, but one Saviour of mankind, but one true religion, but one way to guard it, and that is by the egis of the Government, a union of Church and State."

"True, my dear Doctor," I here interposed. "But pray which is the true religion, the right church?"

"Bah! How can you ask such questions? Know you not that it is the Old School Presbyterian Church, the Scotch faith. This is the only true faith, the Presbyterian, the only true church!"

After this manner our conversation proceeded. It was evident to me that my friend the doctor belonged to that large class of mankind who think themselves right, all others wrong; and who, provided you think and act as they think and act, are the kindest and best fellows in the world. If, on the contrary, you venture to indulge in the privilege of thinking for yourself, and differ with them in opinion, they set you down as a bigot or a fool. This must be understood as referring more particularly to their religious opinions.

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Politeness would probably have required that I should listen with silence to his views as I was under his friendly roof and partaking of his hospitality, but he ran counter to so many of my ideas, principles and prejudices, that I lost alike my politeness and discretion, and before I had been in the house twenty-four hours, we were arguing like creatures possessed with the devil; our voices rose occasionally to such a pitch that it quite disturbed the nerves of good Mrs. T——, who started out of her corner, and coming in with no small show of annoyance, requested if we were determined to altogether neglect the ladies, for the Doctor's miserable theories, that we would adjourn our noisy discussions to the shade of the park trees. The Doctor who hated all nervous fancies and hypochondriacal depressions immediately agreed to this, was only too glad to get an auditor in such a favourable situation, and conducted me to a rustic seat under an elm, where, with sixteen hundred sheep for an audience, we continued to chop logic. His fondness for discussion was such, that to escape was impossible. You must either agree with him and sit listening for days to his peculiar theories, or if you disagreed, take up the cudgels and argue by the hour. This course I followed, as I preferred occasionally the sound of my own voice to the Doctor's, and thus the time spent with the old

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logical arguments with which the Doctor plied me all through the job, and without ever once losing the thread of his discourse. As a means of avoiding the infliction of the M.S., I declined returning to the house till dinner, and separating almost by force from my argumentative host, followed the course of a brawling and babbling stream a half mile into the forest, to take a bath in its pure, cool waters. Returning homewards through the primeval forests, I sat upon a log, and while resting, was much interested watching some of the Doctor's domestic fowls, especially a hen, who having separated from her companions, was looking about for a place to deposit her egg. She was evidently about to bring forth something of greater consequence in her eyes than all the world contained.

Before leaving for Xenia the next morning, the Doctor reproduced his M.S., and requested that I should take it on my journey, and after perusal, return it with my views. I could not find it in my heart to wound the feelings of the good Doctor by a refusal. The M.S. was accordingly packed in my carpet-bag. It remained by me several months, and was then returned by post with a note, in which I said to my worthy friend, that I would not attempt to write my opinions of it, but would reserve them for an oral explanation at our next meeting.

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It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that my friend's written views were much clearer and more methodically arranged than in his conversations. The contrast was, in fact, so striking, that I can only account for the difference upon the theory advanced by Lord Macaulay, in explanation of Goldsmith's singular lack of conversational powers.

"Minds differ," says Lord Macaulay, "as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal, and delicious to the taste, if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time; and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius: but when he talked, he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers."

The Doctor was certainly a man more at home among books than among men, and walked, looked, and for the matter of that,

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talked, as if he had the whole Astor Library on his shoulders. His gentle manners, attractive virtues, and superior knowledge, soon gained the affectionate respect, and entire confidence of his Ohio neighbours, and not many years after my visit, so great had his influence become, that he was brought forward by the people as a candidate for Congress. He shared the fate of superior men generally, and was defeated by a brawling demagogue. Now, after the lapse of one-and-twenty years, when I recall the worthy Doctor and his amiable family, it seems to me that they lived in their Ohio forests as we may imagine the children of Abel might have done, in the first golden age of purity and simplicity, innocent as the flocks they led out to pasture.

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CHAPTER VIII.

I am unhorsed by an Ohio colt—Meet and travel with a Chicagoian—Columbus, the capital of Ohio—Aspect of Central Ohio—A natural road—Lost in the woods—A wild man, who proves to be one of Nature's noblemen—A corderoy road and an Ohio stage-coach on a stormy night—A break-down—Sandusky—A German with the ague—His account of the West—A glance at the wealth, prosperity and progress of Ohio.

On Thursday, 17th of August, 1848, I returned to Xenia astride a three-year old colt, scarcely bridle-wise. Its coat was rough, mane shaggy, tail knotted with burrs. On the doctor's grassy pastures its hoofs had grown to an immense length, and were curled and twisted in fantastic shapes. Never having left the premises before, it was shy and skittish as a wild ass of the desert, which it strongly resembled. An ancient saddle covered with sheep-skin, and a blind bridle constituted the 'caparison,' and off I started for the nearest railway station, followed by a ploughman similarly mounted. My nag was young and active, and save the annoyance arising from its timidity, I got on famously, and in due season arrived once more in front of the

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Xenia inn. Here I was in the act of dismounting, when the inn gong sounded for dinner. At this unearthly noise, my brave horse, an animal by the way which is said to "mock at fear and neither turneth he back from the sword," was so terrified that he gave a lurch, and starting back threw me forward over his head, at the same time taking to his heels and returning at full speed towards the country. Fortunately for myself I landed like a cat on 'all fours,' and sustained no particular injury.

The accident not having taken away the appetite caused by the ride, I pursued the direction of the gong, and sat down to a substantial repast. From the dinner table, unmindful of the old adage, I walked immediately to the station to secure a ticket by the first train to Columbus.

The Xenia station was a rude shed constructed of timber, and everything connected with the spot indicated the haste in which it was built. Approaching, I discovered seated upon a log a well-dressed, grey-haired gentleman of about fifty, with a florid complexion and *retroussé* nose. Saluting me with characteristic western politeness, he inquired somewhat abruptly, "where I was bound?" Replying Chicago, he seemed unexpectedly surprised and pleased, saying "I shall be your travelling companion, as it's my own destination."

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From Xenia we travelled to Columbus, the capital of the state, and thence to Tiffin, a small town which had recently sprung up like a mushroom amid the decaying logs and stumps of a forest. Our arrival at the Tiffin station was badly timed. Before the train stopped it was quite midnight. Descending from the cars, we found ourselves abandoned a mile from the hotel or any house of shelter. Beyond this point the road was not yet constructed, nor were busses, hackney coaches, cabs or porters to be procured, at least at this hour.

The apology for a road leading to the hotel was not lighted by gas or lamps, was without a side walk, and was moreover obstructed by stumps and pitted with mud holes. In our extremity we turned to the railway porters for information and advice, and asked how we might reach the town with our luggage. The porters were a surly lot, and replied with rare independence and cool indifference, that they "didn't know—they guessed as how every one at Tiffin was in bed or ought to be, and that if we got to the tavern, we must do a bit of tramping," (walking). No promise of money could bribe any of them into our service, and the Chicagoian said we must "make for the town as best we can."

"I guess," said he, "I can get on, as I am travelling as a K.C.B., (Knight of the Carpet

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Bag), and swinging a light travelling sack over his shoulder—he carried no other luggage—he advised me to do likewise with my trunk. Seeing no other loop-hole of retreat out of this fix, I manfully poised my black box on my right shoulder and off we started for the village, guided by the stars which twinkled in the quiet sky.

Stumbling over the road, at one moment 'pitching' into a stump, and at another sinking into a bog, weighted down by my box, to which I clung with the tenacity of a drowning man to a straw, I learned to appreciate the humble services of a porter, and have never since failed when one was in my employment, to pay his fare and give him an extra shilling. I should never have accomplished my journey that night, but for the assistance of our Republican K.C.B., who less encumbered, was enabled to pick his way and occasionally to fish me up from the mire. He proved a friend indeed, remaining by me, until bathed in perspiration, covered with black mud and blacker bruises from head to toe, I fell exhausted into a chair at the Tiffin inn, heartily sick and tired of my Western experiences. Might I not well wish to be at my journey's end? My mental composure was not increased, nor my temper improved by Mr. Morris now saying with considerable cynicism, as I thought, "And so my

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friend, you are travelling for health. Well, a few more tramps like this and you'll be content with what health you've got. Be willing to do well, and let others travel in the hopes of doing better—you'll be jolly content for the future with such travelling as we have had from the station, as was the Irishman who took oysters for a relish was content to go without his dinner." Not knowing exactly what he meant, and knowing his fund of anecdote I asked him to explain.

"Oh, ho! and you never heard the story, well, I'll tell you. An Irishman was told that oysters would give him an appetite for his dinner. He ordered a hundred and eat them, not having the expected appetite, he inquired the cause. You have not eaten enough, said the gentleman, take another hundred.

"'Och and be jabers, I would rather go without my dinner,'" said Pat.

All is well, however, that ends well, and I slept soundly, and rose next morning like a young giant refreshed with wine, and of course ready to resume the journey. This was once more on the stage coach, as from this point to Sandusky on Lake Erie, there was no railway. These Ohio coaches were something between a French diligence and a London omnibus, and the particular one in which we now took our seats, was neither wind nor water-tight. It was in-

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crusted with mud until its original colour could no longer be discovered. The leather aprons which were intended to cover the open pannels in bad weather, where they are secured on buttons, were so dried and shrivelled by alternate wet and heat, that they scarcely covered half the opening. Had they been of sufficient length they could not have been buttoned—the buttons were gone, and the button-holes split. The door was an inch too small on every side for the aperture it was designed to close. This, however, was not considered important, as the four panes of glass which formed the upper half were broken. During the previous night it had rained, and the vehicle having been exposed without cover to the storm, the seats were soaked with water and were now dripping like a wet sponge. The wind being high and squally, coming over the plain, which extends from the lake shore, the curtains flapped in our faces every moment, literally giving us gratis a shower bath. In all probability we should have had a plunge bath also, but for several holes in the floor which let the water escape. The prospect was none of the pleasantest, far from cheerful, but the Illinoisian seating himself in a corner, upon the top of his carpet bag, and drawing his overcoat around his person, prepared for whatever might follow. For myself, I preferred a seat by the driver.

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The other passengers having made themselves "snug," according to the advice of the driver, we dashed forward to the music of his voice, the screeching of wheels, and the flapping of the aged curtains.

Pursuing what was called our road, though the traces of a road were slight, we soon found that we were in the midst of a dense forest, with no guide but the blazes, or cut spots upon the sides of the trees. After going about fifteen miles, all such slight traces as existed of the road were lost, and to add to our embarrassment the blazes forked or diverged in opposite directions. The driver now acknowledged that he had taken the wrong road. While we were considering what plan to follow, the Illinoisian discovered a small wreath of smoke ascending above the trees in the distance, and the coach was left standing till two of our party proceeded in that direction to make inquiries. Walking a half-mile, for I was sent on this duty with an Indiana Hoosier, we soon came upon a cleared spot of ground, and the log hut of a backwoodsman. His dog gave the alarm, and a savage-looking man in his shirt-sleeves, to our no small relief, made his appearance. This man, whose amiable temper was in striking contrast to his fierce looks, took much trouble to put us in the right track, and was really indignant at an offer of money.

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"Sir," said the man of the woods, "time is no object to me. I take no account of it, save as the seasons go—the season for sowing and the season for gathering. Please keep your money and give me the news. Who'll be next President, 'Old Zack," or General Cass? I guess it will be the old hero of Buena Vista, him who took Santy Ann, and her Mexican greseers. Well, she must be a screamer to march with an army to take this 'er country."

It was difficult to satisfy the wild man of the woods on the point of the next presidency, as the coach passengers differed among themselves. Nor did any one correct the error under which he laboured as to General Santa Anna. It was obvious that he thought the Mexican leader a woman. After we had remained a reasonable time, giving him, in fair return for his services, both sides of the election question, we set off again over roots and stumps, across creeks and swamps, up hill and down hill, and by following the blazes of the trees finally returned to the main road. No sooner out of one difficulty, however, than we plunged into another. At this point one of our wheels gave way, and we were turned into the road to think of an expedient for getting on with three. The driver was not at all disconcerted, seemed quite at home in the emergency, and proceeded at once to supply the defect. Felling a small tree,

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he took from it a log ten feet long, one end of this was, with the assistance of the passengers, secured upon the front axle, and passed back so as to hold up the body of the coach sufficiently high to admit of the wheel on the opposite side turning upon its spindle. This done, the passengers were coolly informed that it would be necessary for them to make the residue of the journey, a distance of twenty-five miles, on foot. To my surprise, every one took this announcement with perfect good temper, whereupon the journey was resumed. At the end of three miles we came upon a farm-house, and here the driver borrowed a wheel from the farmer's ox-cart, which was placed upon our coach, and we found ourselves unexpectedly seated once more in the vehicle. It must be confessed, too, after our walk of three miles, it seemed decidedly more comfortable. And this, though we soon entered upon "a corderoy-road," on which the jolting is truly formidable. A corderoy-road, as all Western travellers know, consists of small trees stripped of their boughs, and laid across the road, touching one another, and without any covering of earth. As the marsh underneath is of various degrees of solidity, the whole road assumes a kind of undulating appearance.

Somewhat in this fashion we made the entire

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journey of forty miles to Sandusky, having had three upsets and one turn-over.* No lives were lost, no limbs broken, and consequently no one thought seriously of such an every-day accident. Arrived at Sandusky, we were informed that the boat from Buffalo for Detroit, in which we purposed sailing, would not be in port till the following morning. The clerk of the hotel offered us a pen, and we proceeded, in accordance with the custom of the country, to register our names, abodes, and destinations. The knight of the carpet-bag, taking the pen, wrote his name thus: *Buckner S. Morris*, Chicago, Illinois. Thus for the first time I became acquainted with the name of my travelling companion, as he with mine.

The surface of the northern portion of Ohio is generally level, or moderately undulating, consisting of forests and prairie. A range of hills running east and west through the State, north of Columbus, forms the water shed between the streams flowing into the Gulf of Mexico and the Lakes. This northern water shed is rather marshy and none of it had, so far as I could see, been drained and brought into cultivation. The soil everywhere is of the highest fertility and easily cultivated, from

* When the stage upsets, it remains where it falls—when, in Western language, there is a turn-over, it rolls over and over again down a declivity.

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the absence of rock or stone. The climate is not severe, even in winter, being modified and softened by the immense bodies of water on the north and west. The country round about Sandusky is monotonous and uninteresting, resembling the salt marshes of the sea coast. The town itself was so new that it amounted to little more than a hamlet of scattered houses for the most part built of boards and timber. Everything about the spot looked bald, naked and raw, and there was a disagreeable angular freshness about the newly built houses. The fences round the fields in the neighbourhood were built of rails, (rifted logs) with the green, sappy bark clinging to them, the ground under tillage was still rife with trees, tall as heretofore, but shorn of their verdant tops by the process of girdling, which puts an end to vegetable life, but allows the trunk and branches to remain like so many ghosts in the wilderness: undrained swamps stagnated in the midst of corn-fields; and the roads were barely passable, except towards the centre of the town and near the port. No attention was paid to neatness and finish of any kind, and comfort, indoors or out of doors was impossible. Its chief importance arose from the harbour, where vessels navigating the lakes occasionally called. Good, firm roads however were projected, and had been commenced in town and the immediate

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neighbourhood. Some villas had already been erected, and others were rising, and while Sandusky was a comfortless place, it was obvious that she only awaited her share of the immense bodies emigrating west, to become a place of no small consequence. The monotonous character of the surrounding scenery, the existence during a certain portion of the year of intermittent fevers and ague, and the necessity for drainage, deterred many from stopping here, who would otherwise have been glad to cut short a western journey.

While there, for the steamer not arriving at the appointed time, we were detained two days, I walked much in the neighbourhood. On one occasion I entered the neat, comfortable house of a mechanic. Here I saw a tall handsome German, of about twenty-five years of age, trembling and shuddering with the chill which precedes the fever in the ague. He was a miserable, woe-begone looking object, or rather a fine object under distressing circumstances. In half an hour when I returned to the house, his chill had passed and his face was flushed with fever. He informed me that he had been induced to leave an excellent situation in Pennsylvania, in ignorance of the real state of things in Ohio. That he believed from the pictures drawn of it, that it was the true *El Dorado*, and had found himself a dupe,

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with the ague for his pains. He did not, however, intend to return, but on the opening of the next spring, when his family would join him, to proceed further west, and when he had secured a healthy situation to "squat" as a frontiersman, sportsman and farmer. "The want of health was," he said, "the only difficulty in the way of the early improvement and rapid progress of this portion of Ohio."

"You will not find," he continued, "precious stones or metals here, but innumerable dangers, discomforts and toil; but these are inseparable from a new country, and if surmounted by industry any man can accumulate a fortune. The soil is of extraordinary fertility, and the facilities for market by the lake are all that could be desired."

I quite agreed with the young German, and saw at once that he possessed the judgment and perseverance which insure success. In the course of our conversation, he informed me that he was a native of Dresden in Saxony —that his name was Otto Paul, and that he had received a liberal education, but was so infatuated by a desire for travel, and by a fondness for hunting and shooting, and was of such an adventurous disposition that he had determined to emigrate to America. Before taking this step, he married a girl to whom he had been long attached. Sailing from Bremen

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they landed at Baltimore. Here he remained two years teaching in a public school, during which time his wife became the mother of two children; he then removed to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where his wife and children continued. In the spring they would join him, as also a brother who was expected from Europe, and the party would then proceed together to the far west. Their means were small, but he had sufficient to make himself comfortable, and should make the soil contribute the rest. The history of this young man is that of thousands of others who have sought homes on the western prairies of America.

Note.—The State of Ohio which we had thus traversed from north to south, partly by train and partly over the worst of roads, contained in 1867 nine hundred and twenty-one miles of railway, three thousand one hundred miles of turnpike and plank road, sixty-seven thousand miles of common roads, and two canals entirely across the State, nearly five hundred miles long, the first connecting Cincinnati and Toledo; the other starting at the mouth of the Scioto, and ending at Cleveland. The population which was under one million in 1848, had risen in 1867 to two millions five hundred thousand, and the value of the real and personal property of the State was £221,221,184 sterling, and there were within the State limits eleven million five hundred thousand acres of unimproved land, either in the condition of forests or commons. The manufacturing establishments of the State, produced goods of the value of £25,000,000 sterling.

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CHAPTER IX.

A Lake Steamer and bridal party—I am invited to lecture—Arrival at Detroit—Sketch of General Cass—Hull's surrender—Burke's speech on the conciliation of America—Progress of the West due to the Yankee race—A Political Speech in Detroit—A hero of the Mexican war—Mob law—The white fish.

On Thursday the 24th of August, 1848, Mr. Morris and I sailed in the Buffalo steam-packet for Detroit. This vessel differing essentially from the river boats to which I had been accustomed, was constructed on the model of ocean steamers, and of similar strength. This is very necessary, since the navigation of these lakes is both difficult and dangerous. Besides, the storms which occur on them are no less severe than those upon the Atlantic. The furniture, decorations, and general "fitting up" of this particular boat were superb, and though like many others, even sailors, I am never so comfortable at sea as on land, I could not fail to contrast my position, surrounded by so much luxury, with what it had recently been in the Black Jack forests of Ohio.

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The company was large, and composed, not including two hundred emigrants who were in the steerage, of many fashionable tourists *en route* for Mackinaw and Lake Superior, for the Beever Islands, Milwaukie, and Chicago. Among these tourists was a wedding party, consisting of the groom, bride, and bridesmaids, and a few venerable-looking chaperones. The bride was a pretty New England girl, with flaxen hair and brown eyes, but with rather large feet, which caused Mr. Morris to say, "She is very pretty, but she upsets completely the ordinary system of measurement, by proving that two feet make a yard."

A band of musicians had been engaged for the trip, and a happier and more jolly party I have rarely been thrown with. Both Mr. Morris and myself had recourse to our boxes in search of fresher, if not more gaudy attire than we had affected when in the interior.

Among the entertainments which had been improvised for passing the time aboard, was a series of lectures. Different passengers were invited to lecture, and thus one occurred almost every evening. I do not know why their eyes were turned to me as a fit person to enter this field; most probably lecturers were scarce, or Mr. Morris may have directed their attention to me in order to escape him-

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self. Be this as it may, the morning after setting sail I was invited by three gentlemen, who called themselves the "Lecture Committee," on behalf of the company, to give a discourse or lecture on any subject which might be agreeable to myself. To this polite invitation I replied that I had never delivered a lecture, and was wholly unqualified and unprepared for such a task. They insisted, however, with such earnestness, not to say pertinacity, that I agreed, if they would consent to defer the pleasure of hearing me for a week, to endeavour to comply with their request, by preparing something worthy of their attention.

From Sandusky we first sailed to Toledo, a rising town, at the extremity of Lake Erie and the terminus of the Canal, connecting the waters of the Lake with those of the Ohio at Cincinnati. Toledo was already a thriving business place, and promised to become yet more so. The passengers were here liberally supplied with copies of the leading newspaper called *The Toledo Blade*, a paper of which it has been said, that there was little of the famous temper and sharpness of the real Toledo about it. A delay of a few hours, discharging freight and passengers, and on our gallant ship proceeded to Detroit, where we arrived in the middle of the night, the appearance of

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the town from the water, brilliantly lighted as it was, being particularly good.

Detroit was an ill-built, rambling town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, situated on the Straits connecting Lakes Erie, St. Clair, and Huron, and separating Canada and the United States.* The associations of the place are none of the pleasantest to an American, for it was here that the United States' troops, under General Hull, surrendered during the war of 1812, to an inferior force of British and Canadians. It must be mentioned, however, in justice to the gallant American troops, who were so mortified and outraged at this proceeding, that it was done by General Hull without consulting his officers, and to their infinite indignation and disgust, also that the American general, who had done good service in the Revolutionary war, from his great age was unquestionably bordering on,

> "Second childishness and mere oblivion,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

The Government had placed him in this command merely because of his revolutionary services, and these had really been valuable. During the War of Independence, General Hull, then a young man, had shown both spirit and enterprise, and it is sad to think that he should

* Detroit in 1865 had a population of 55,000.

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have been retained in command after his faculties had failed, and should thus have clouded over the evening of his days and tarnished the fame of his country.

As the home of General Lewis Cass, who was at this moment the democratic candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to General Zachary Taylor, Detroit was attracting the public attention in no small degree. All eyes were turned to it. Thousands were visiting it to offer the General kind wishes, or to entice him into the expression of opinions, which might be used to damage his election. Between the crowds of friends and enemies hastening to the place, the summer tourists and the mere idlers, who came from curiosity, Detroit was decidedly lively, the theatre and music halls doing a stunning business.

An accident to the machinery of our boat caused a delay of three days. This no one seemed to regret; for said one of the passengers bound for Mackinaw, however long our detention, it is at the company's expense. It is not probable therefore, continued the spokesman, that unnecessary time will be spent putting the boat to rights. I certainly did not regret the delay, as it gave me an opportunity to deliver some letters of introduction which caused me to be most kindly received. Two particularly agreeable parties

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which I attended, were got up in a style of elegance I certainly never expected to find in this remote part of the country. What particularly struck and pleased me, was the unreserve and innocent freedom of manners which existed in the society of Detroit, and which everywhere, I may say, constitutes one of the highest charms of polished social intercourse. Many cases of what is called flirtation came under my eyes, and I could but regard them favourably. By flirtation I mean, as has been well said, that sedulous and exclusive attention paid to one person above all others, and which may by that person not be unkindly received. Without being called attachment, it often borders so closely upon it, that mere proximity and frequency of intercourse tend to sustain a lambent fire beneath, which may be fanned into flame, or be allowed to expire, according as circumstances, upon further acquaintance, prove suitable or otherwise. This degree of incipient interest sometimes felt by one, sometimes shared by both, will often admit of ample expression, not only without evil consequences to the young parties themselves, but with eminent advantage both to them and to society. For nothing but good can possibly spring out of a well regulated exercise of some of the purest and most generous feelings of our nature.

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One of my newly made friends, a Mr. L—— and himself a connection of General Cass, suggested to me that almost every stranger on a visit to Detroit called upon the General, and said if I was disposed to do so, the General would consider it a compliment, and he, as one of his personal and political friends and a connection of the family, would take pleasure in giving me an introduction. It gave me much satisfaction to accept his polite offer. Accordingly, early one morning we called—a visit at an unseasonable hour was rendered necessary by my engagements—and found the General expecting us. At the time, he was in his library, knee deep, so to speak, in letters from all parts of the country, which he had been three hours engaged, with the assistance of two secretaries, in endeavouring to answer. He gave me a hearty welcome, and we conversed with him more than an hour.

General Cass was at this time a remarkable looking man, short but of corpulent stature, with an expressive and boldly wrought countenance exhibiting great decision and firmness in lineaments. The whole face partook more of severity than mildness, though in disposition he was really most kind and generous. He was a man of fine abilities and great mental activity, with more than common skill and eloquence as a political debater.

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In early life he served in the army with distinction, and was present upon the occasion, to which I have referred, of the surrender of Detroit by General Hull, and protested energetically against what he considered the disgraceful conduct of his commanding officer. When he ascertained that the surrender had been determined upon, such was his disgust and indignation, that he snapped the blade of his sword casting the pieces in the river.

Shortly after the war he was appointed Governor of the territory of Michigan, and on the conclusion of his term of service, to Congress. From Congress he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France, and on his return to the United States was elected to the Senate, Michigan having in 1837 been admitted into the Union as a state. In every position he displayed discretion, industry, and no ordinary ability. During this long series of years, no one had ever suspected his fidelity to the democratic party, and now, alike as a reward for the purity of his political principles and his Roman devotion to the interests of his country, he was rewarded with the nomination for the Presidency.

When as a pioneer General Cass first visited Detroit, he understood the advantageous commercial position of the place, and foreseeing her future importance, lost no time in securing,

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at a trifling cost, a large part of the land on which the city now stands. The enhanced value of the property had of itself made him one of the wealthiest of Western men. His original outlay was 30,000 dollars, and his property was now valued at 3,000,000 dollars. The General was by birth a New Englander, as was the principal portion of the population of Michigan and, indeed, of the North-west. Everywhere one saw the evidences of the indefatigable industry, enterprise and far-seeing sagacity of this remarkable race, of whom the celebrated Edmund Burke spoke in these splendid terms of eulogium in his speech on the Conciliation of America.

"Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them amongst the tumbling mountains, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of Polar cold, that they are at the Antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor

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is the equinoctial more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea that is not vexed by their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this most perilous mode of hard industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still as it were in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."

The extraordinary progress of the West is not merely the result of its soil of exuberant fertility, its mineral resources, navigable streams and healthful climate—these might have counted for nothing, as they have so often done, but for the intelligent, enterprising race who have flocked out West from the Atlantic States, more particularly from New England. These Yankees who have wrung a subsistance from the flinty soil of New England, and from their fisheries, and who now find the return unsatisfactory, are turning their country into a vast centre of manufacturing industry, annually building up new Manchesters, Sheffields and Birminghams.

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They are on the march, too, to subdue the West, and in a few generations, this now, in many parts, howling wilderness, will be turned into a haunt of civilization and refinement.

During our interview, General Cass referred to what is called the "Monroe doctrine," and the manifest destiny of the United States, and expressed the opinion that the United States would swallow up Mexico.

At this point, somewhat surprised at the extravagance, as I then thought, of his views, I said,

"Not the whole of it, General?"

"Yes," he replied, "the whole of it, and it will not affect her digestion either. Her maw will not only contain Mexico, but Cuba and all the islands in the Atlantic and Pacific which naturally belong to this continent. It is our destiny to spread over the whole of North America, and to absorb the adjacent islands, and the sooner it is done, the better it will be for us, for the afflicted and miserably governed people of Mexico, and for the world."

The conversation continued for some time, after this manner, when the General, who knew I was from Virginia, with the prescience of an old politician, who felt that his views might be reported, and come back like bread cast upon the waters after many days, made

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numerous complimentary remarks about the Old Dominion.

"In my youth," said he, "I passed several years, and they were the happiest years of my life, in Western Virginia. I became much attached to both the people and country. Had not the exigencies of the service thrown me further West during the Indian wars, and my duties finally brought me to this place, I should in all probability have settled in your beautiful climate, and found a happy home among your noble people—the inhabitants of our Old Mother, for we regard Virginia as the Mother of States, as well as statesmen, and what is of more importance to me, as you'll allow, at this moment, as the stronghold, the Gibraltar of the democratic party. Tell our friends there what we think of them, and what we expect on the 7th of November."

After this eulogium, I was not slow in promising to report his views whether before or after the election, and gave him my opinion, which was to the effect that the State would cast her electoral vote for the democratic candidate, and this she did.

Though he was much better aware of this fact than myself, or rather more deeply versed in the knowledge which brought me to this conclusion, he was not the less pleased to hear what I said, to have assurance made doubly sure.

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On rising to take leave, the General inquired where I lodged, saying he would have much pleasure in calling. The next day he left his card, while I was out, with a note inviting me to join a party of gentlemen at dinner the next day. The departure of the boat prevented my accepting this polite invitation.

General Cass was not only a statesman of sagacity and cleverness, but a soldier of indomitable courage; indeed, in all military matters, he might be truly said not to know what fear was. In the general relations of life and society, in spite of the narrowness of his early education, and the unfavourable circumstances of his life on the frontier, the simplicity, good sense, and native refinement of his character preserved him alike from the vulgarity of a coarse assurance, and from the baseness of timidity. In no company did his manner ever lose its modesty and dignity. Accustomed all his early life to the rudeness of camps and to intercourse with savages, he never lost his delicacy or refinement. When quite a young man he married, and though his wife was now no more, he was surrounded by an interesting family of children and grandchildren; one of his daughters, Miss Cass, doing the honours of the establishment. His only son, Major Lewis Cass, had just returned from the campaign against the City of Mexico, where he had

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served with credit, having been present in many of the terrible victories which characterized the march of the American army from Vera Cruz to the capital of the Montezumas. I had quite recently seen two great party leaders, Clay and Crittenden, in their homes, and I now saw their northern rival, and the impressions produced by all three, surrounded by their families and friends, were of the most pleasant character. Though differing widely in their political views, I felt satisfied that all were honest and sincere, and that the country would continue to prosper, whichever was placed at the head of affairs.

The night before leaving Detroit, I dropped into the Court House, where there was a political meeting. It seems that before my arrival, one of the speakers had referred to a want of patriotism on the part of one of the rising politicians who was present from the country, This young gentleman was engaged in a personal vindication, and before quitting the room, expressed himself as follows :—

"Fellow-citizens, my competitor has told you of the services he rendered in the late war. I will follow his example and tell you mine. He basely insinuates that I was deaf to the voice of honour in this crisis. The truth is, I acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war

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summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defence of the nation, I, fellow-citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit that glows in every American's bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the plains of Mexico."

Leaving the hall, where this lively style of oratory was progressing, our attention was attracted by a kind of "guerilla" discussion between two outsiders, surrounded by their admirers. One of these men, it seems, was defending state rights doctrines, and warming in the cause, finally expressed himself in favour of slavery.

"What is that you say?" broke in a Michigander."

"Why," replied the first person, "that I not only don't oppose, but am in favour of slavery—think it the best thing for the nigger, the master, and the unhealthy climate of the South."

"Then take that for your reward," said the Michigander, who hurled a stone at his head. A yell was now raised, and the mob seized the advocate of slavery, and proceeded to cuff, kick, and beat him shamefully—in fact, were only prevented from murdering him on the spot by the intercession of Mr. Morris, myself, and a few chance passers. After great trouble we succeeded in getting the bruised and bleed-

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ing victim away. As for police, none were to be found. And this, I inquired of Mr. Morris, is what you call a free country?—a country in which a man dare not express an opinion which is unpopular, without the prospect of a bloody nose and broken head.

"The less you say on that subject, the better," responded Mr. Morris, "for you know a Yankee who went to the South and spoke against slavery, would soon be rode out of the country on a rail, clothed in a coat of tar and feathers, that is to say, if he escaped a hempen noose."

"But," said I, "there is a great difference between the two cases. If a man came South and indulged publicly in that kind of conversation, it would dissatisfy and excite ignorant slaves, and lead to insurrection and bloodshed —in the cause of peace and safety it cannot be allowed, any more than it could be tolerated for a man to teach treason, or preach immorality."

"The truth is," said Mr. Morris, "Out West we do pretty much as we please, and so do you down South. I am not going to discuss the question with you—our's is a country of free thought, free speech, and the free fight, further, this deponent saith not."

Thus our evening terminated, but the closing scene of the mob, and subsequent discussion with

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Mr. Morris, gave rise in my mind to a no very pleasant train of thought.

Before leaving Detroit I must not neglect to mention, that it was here that I first became acquainted with that delicious fish, known as the white fish, and which I have since eaten upon all the waters from Erie to Winnipeg. Among epicures it is greatly esteemed, ranking higher than the lake salmon which is quite equal in flavour to that of the Severn.

The white fish is peculiar to the waters of this high latitude. Its flesh is of the purest white, and it is of remarkable richness and delicacy of flavour. It is also a very prolific fish, and gives the chief value to the fisheries of the northern lakes, which are among the most important in the country. Gentlemen who had long lived in the north-west and were familiar with its habits, informed me that like all autumn spawning fish, this is short lived and of rapid growth. The first year after being hatched the fish are too small to be stopped by a net. Between the twelfth and sixteenth month it attains its full growth, weighing from eight to ten pounds, the season after attaining its maturity—when three years old, it dies. There are various kinds of white fish, differing in size, shape and general appearance, according to locality, and it is worthy of remark that the different varieties,

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families or tribes do not cross, but keep themselves separate and distinct one from the other. They always frequent the same spawning grounds, and it is asserted never spawn oftener than once, namely, in the autumn of the second year. During the summer of the third year, the old ones retire into deep water to die. It is the opinion of scientific men, as well as of the lake fishermen, and this is a subject of real congratulation, that no system of fishing now in use, or likely to be adopted, will ever have the effect of exhausting, or of materially diminishing the white fish in these waters. The other fish which I remember as belonging to the lakes and waters of Michigan are salmon, pickerel, siskiwit, trout, bass, herrings and muskinonge.

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CHAPTER X.

Mr. Morris and I leave Detroit—Lake Huron—The Luxury of travel on the Lakes—I lecture on National Boundaries—Ambitious designs of the French in America—La Salle's visit to the Lower Mississippi—He names the country after Louis XIV—English successes—American progress—The Ashburton treaty—Destiny of Canada—Origin of National Boundaries—The Anglo-Saxon race.

THE damage to our steamer having been repaired, we set sail from Detroit, Wednesday, August 30th, 1848. I was extremely unwilling to leave a place which I liked better and better every day. I had spent many pleasant hours and met many kind people in Detroit, but my object was to travel, not remain stationary in any spot however agreeable. Accordingly I resumed my place on the steamer, which shooting into the channel, gallantly stemmed the current and soon passed into Lake St. Clair. Hence we proceeded up a very short but very pretty river bearing the same name, and leaving it, entered Lake Huron. The water was exceedingly clear and bright in this as it is in all of the lakes and rivers of this latitude; and the scenery on the shore

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which is heavily wooded, very attractive. This lake, of which that called Lake Michigan may be considered as a part, is the second in extent among these great inland fresh water seas.

The shores of Lake Huron were almost uninhabited except by roving tribes of savages, and the country, except an occasional log cabin, in which some pioneer had established himself, in a wild state. The evening after going aboard the steamer—the company which was as large as before reaching Detroit, the number of those who left us there having been fully made up by others who joined the boat—I was again waited upon by the 'Lecture Committee,' as it was styled, and requested to redeem the pledge I had given before reaching Detroit. I was not unprepared for this contingency, having availed myself of a little leisure at Detroit and a few books to prepare a brief discourse.

At eight o'clock the same evening—the saloon having been brilliantly lighted, and the chairs and sofas arranged for the accommodation of the company—the ominous sound of the gong was heard—and the passengers assembled for what was styled the evening's entertainment. At the head of the principal dining-table an arm-chair was placed, and this Mr. Morris, out of compliment to whose age, and probably because he had suggested my lecturing, was

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invited to occupy as presiding officer. By his side sat, in the capacity of vice-president or chairman, a large, portly-paunched, dark-complexioned, gin-blossomed, heavy-faced man of about fifty. He was an unpromising object to the view, but evidently a Western gentleman of much shrewd sense, no small experience, and considerable taste for intellectual pursuits.

Mr. Morris consented in the most good-natured way and opened the meeting with what newspaper reporters would say, "a few felicitous remarks," when I arose holding a crumpled M.S. in my hand, and proceeded not without considerable embarrassment, as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I hope, I have not selected too serious and heavy a theme for the remarks which your Lecture Committee have paid me an undeserved compliment in exacting from me. The theme is NATIONAL BOUNDARIES. It has the virtue of being at any rate pertinent to our present position in one of those noble lakes that help to form the barrier between our great country, and the British Canadian possessions. If it lacks amusing elements, I trust it will not force upon you reflections too profound for a time of mental and bodily relaxation like the present.

"I need not remind you that this barrier question, lately fought out with the weapons of diplomacy, was in earlier times the subject of long and fierce contest, waged with swords instead of words. The English, when they began to colonize Virginia, intended to become masters of every portion of this vast continent northward of the Mexican territories of Spain; and I may add, without any undue State pride, that under the original charter, granted by James I., Virginia possessed all the north-western terri-

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tory lying between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, which with wanton liberality she transferred to the United States' Government by the ordinance of 1787. Soon after the first British settlement, the French having gained a footing in Nova Scotia, and on the shores of the St. Lawrence, both east and west of Quebec, began to entertain a like ambitious project. Their West Indian Company founded, after the model of the English East India Company, by Louis XIV, at the instigation of his bold minister Colbert, was designed to take possession of all the land from Canada to Florida, and of other districts as well, 'so far,' its grasping charter declares, 'as the said company may be able to penetrate, whether the countries may now appertain to France, as being or having been occupied by Frenchmen, or in so far as the said company shall establish itself by exterminating or conquering the natives or colonists of such European nations as are not our allies.' This ambitious company was short lived, but much of its spirit survived among the French Canadians, and the soldiers who were sent out from France to fight their battles. In 1678, one of the boldest of them, La Salle, entered on an organised scheme for establishing French authority in the districts south and west of the St. Lawrence. With a pioneer party of thirty armed men he penetrated to the Mississippi, and then passed down its course to the Gulf of Mexico. All the noble country he thus traversed, he claimed as the property of France, and called Louisiana, in honour of his sovereign, Louis XIV. La Salle intended to do much more than take formal possession. He proposed, after his return to Quebec, to go back with a sufficient force to establish a French strong-hold in Florida or its neighbourhood, which, connected with Canada by roads and settlements along the Mississippi, would limit the English Americans to the coast lines of the Atlantic into the waves of which it was hoped they would ultimately be driven, according to the policy of 'extermination or conquest,' which was to bring all America under the dominion of France. The bubble was not long in bursting. Our forefathers, few in number

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and thinly spread over the narrow space between Virginia and New England, had no intention of allowing themselves to be either exterminated or conquered. They collected their forces, made good use of the friendly alliances that they had formed with the Indian tribes, and entered heart and soul into the contest which was to last for a century and to end in the utter overthrow of French authority, even in those northern districts in which, had it been content to remain, it might have had a permanent dominion.

"I hope, ladies and gentlemen, I have not said too much about the origin of that strife, I shall not trouble you with subsequent details. I need not remind you of the steady opposition which our forefathers offered to the encroachments of the French on the South side of the St. Lawrence, and the noble lakes linked to it; of the bold expeditions of retaliation which they sent into Canada and Nova Scotia, of the varying fortunes that attended the strife, hardly intermitted throughout a century. French ambition served us in good stead then. It brought the scattered colonies into unity, and thus helped on the organization of the United States. It took them into new territories, where traders went with the soldiers, and farmers quickly followed. Thus, the Eastern and Southern colonies branched out into colonies of their own, and all began to vie with one another in friendly rivalry for the advancement of our country's common weal. As France was driven back from the boundaries set for its dominion in Canada, young America occupied the ground, and each of the forts garrisoned by our hardy volunteers of three, four, and five generations ago—was not Washington one of them?—became a centre of other enterprise than that of war. As France receded, the colonists of the United States advanced; and, if they were sometimes, for a while, driven back by the military skill of their adversaries, they returned with renewed vigour to claim their own. Their persevering energy and heroic fortitude is something of which we, their descendants, have reason to be proud.

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"The human tide, however, was hindered by unlooked for circumstances from crossing these waters on which we now float. The great triumph of 1759, by which Canada passed from French into English hands was in part achieved by our grandfathers, and was achieved wholly for their benefit; but the War of Independence, which they were shortly afterwards forced to wage with England, severed them from her new possessions, and the boundary line which was thought to be erased, was drawn once more, and more strictly, and at greater length than had been contemplated in former times. Within the memory of all of us, in the recent marking of the ancient barrier by a straight line across the map from the Lake of the Woods to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, in accordance with the Treaty of 1783, debateable ground of nearly 100 miles breadth, with an entire area of more than 10,000 square miles was left. It was still unsettled at the peace of 1814, and was then referred to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands, who after seventeen years' delay, proposed to give two-thirds of the disputed territory to the United States, and one-third to England. That suggestion was not adopted, and the difficulty was not removed till 1848, when the Treaty of Washington was negotiated by our Government with Lord Ashburton, who, as head of the house of Baring brothers, was both by marriage and by property nearly as much American as English. His private friendships aided his official functions, and to the discontent of many, we surrendered half of the 10,000 square miles which we regarded as the property of the United States, giving us an equivalent by an addition to the State of Maine. But even if surrender is final as to that which we have lost, we can afford to spare that 'slice' of territory out of our vast possessions.

"I have thus in a few sentences reminded you, ladies and gentlemen, of the progress of the boundary question as to what was formerly French and is now British North America, a question that underlies an important section of our national history. But these remarks are only intended to serve as a lengthy text to the brief dis-

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course which I purpose now offering you. What is the moral of that text? That all the strife and ill-feeling that arose in former times out of this boundary question, though good came from them in other ways, were in themselves useless, seeing that all the efforts which were made to construct a barrier between French America, and English America have only resulted in drawing an artificial line between two offshoots of the Anglo-Saxon race. Even these noble lakes and the mighty St. Lawrence were powerless in guarding Canada as a French possession, and they will be equally powerless in preventing the union of British North America and the United States, when the happy time arrives for that good work. National boundaries, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, are becoming obsolete. They are interesting relics of antiquity which still have a strange vitality, but which the onward march of civilization will altogether eradicate.

"If we ask how they have arisen, the inquiry will take us back into the earliest birth-time of humanity, or rather into those dark ages of man's history in which he had very little humanity to boast of. Whether all men sprang from one stock, as some modern philosophers deny, and the garden walls of Eden were the first and only national boundary, or whether they are of different and diverse origin, it is clear that there was a time when the thinly peopled earth was in the possession of rival tribes, each one of which, if it knew anything at all of its neighbours, knew them only to hate them. As long as each nomad tribe could find clear ground enough to nourish its herds, it was at peace with all other tribes, because it was ignorant of even their existence. But if any rival tribe encroached upon its territory, or, if seeking for better pasture-land, it interfered with the possessions of other territories, war of course ensued; and, as mankind increased in numbers and made further progress in the arts of civilization, warfare became more frequent and more vindictive. When all the world was pastoral and there was ample space for every wandering herdsman, there was little need and not much provo-

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cation for strife; but as the more intelligent races learnt to settle down in suitable localities, instead of for ever wandering about, to follow agricultural instead of pastoral pursuits, and to set up houses and towns instead of tents, it is not strange that other races, too barbarous to effect the same sort of improvement for themselves, or unable to find fit ground on which to do it, should have attempted to dispossess the prosperous owners, and make the cultivated lands their own. Thus war and civilization went side by side; and this was the state of things that once prevailed in every portion of the world whose dim, primeval history is known to us. It has prevailed in modern times, and even still prevails in regions from which ancient savage, or semi-barbarous life has not yet been expelled. As each advancing community became more civilized, it had to hold its own, or try to do so, against invaders more or less intelligent, and as nations grew up, national boundaries were gradually fixed to be enlarged or contracted, sunk deeper, or blotted out as the various nations became more or less powerful, and were able, or unable to assert their national rights against all opponents. How many myriads of little nations may have once existed, it is impossible even to guess. History tells vaguely of countless numbers which sprang up and disappeared, sometimes because they were too worthless to live, sometimes because of their very worth which rendered them feeble in days when strength of brain was no match for strength of muscle.

"But often strength of brain and strength of muscle went together, and the few nationalities that survived and grew, did so by virtue of a power that has caused the world to advance from barbarism to civilization. The most marvellous instance of all is, that of the great and many-branching race from which, according to Sir William Jones and the German philologist, we are sprung. In the far off ages of the world, that race was a group of herdsmen living somewhere in the central wilds of Asia. How it wrought out its first progress we know not, but in very ancient times it had made for itself a home

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in those fair regions between the Himalayas and the Caspian Sea, where it grew not only in intelligence, but so rapidly in numbers that the first national boundaries had to be vastly overstepped. One branch of colonists went south and became the parent of the great Hindoo family—now enervated and depraved, but still showing traces of the vigour and refinement of thought that made it the marvel of contemporary antiquity, and are reflected in what is still extant of their noble Sanskrit literature. Other branches stretched westward, crossed from Asia into Europe, and one after another made all of its best provinces their own, each tide to some extent driving out its predecessors until all the most habitable countries were occupied by nations between which wide differences and many jealousies existed, but all of them exhibiting a strength and energy far superior to any thing possessed by the earlier dwellers on the soil.

"The Celts and the Goths, the Scandinavians and the Teutons made themselves masters of more than half of Europe. The Greeks and the Romans became occupants of smaller territories, but so flourished in their new homes that they were able to exert an influence more powerful than any that could come by mere numerical force. Puny Athens became an intellectual giant, whose sway was all the more potent in that it overleapt national boundaries without destroying them, and for the first time showed how nations might at the same time have a separate existence within their own contracted areas and be members of a broader commonwealth in which mind was master. The Greek supremacy was even strongest, when in all those lower sorts of power which generally give strength to nations it was weakest. Athens was mistress of the world even when Roman soldiers garrisoned the Areopagus. But in Rome also there was a vigour of brain, which uniting with the strength of muscle that characterized its citizens, enabled it to spread far and wide those sterner influences which built up the Empire of the Cæsars. Here again national boundaries were overstepped without being demolished, and a score of nations were allowed to maintain, in part

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at least, their independent existence, while at the same time they were the vassals of him who was seated in the Capitol.

"I need not trouble you with trite comments on the causes of the disruption of the Roman Empire, or with indications of the ways, evident to all, in which the Empire helped on the cause of civilization while it was omnipotent, and helped on the same cause yet more when, being broken up, it left so many fragments destined to possess a vitality made up of the old civilization imparted by Rome and of the new civilization begotten in each community. Strange to say, the strongest vitality of all was possessed by the most remote and apparently most unimportant of all the ancient possessions of Rome. In the little island of Britain a tough and complex race was slowly fashioned out of several branches from the ancient Semitic stock. Its aborigines had been driven out by Celtic immigrants whose rude ways of life were revolutionized by Roman education, and among them came Teutonic and Scandinavian immigrants, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, who, after long strife with the earlier tenants of the island and with one another, merged into a vigorous little nation which, apparently confined within very narrow limits by those waters which were thought to be the most immoveable of all national boundaries, was destined to extend its sway with unrivalled energy and success, and to develope an Empire that should surpass those of both Greece and Rome, because combining the elements of strength possessed by both with other elements unknown to the ancient world. The broad Atlantic proved only a pathway for the passage of successive parties of colonists who, if they have already grown into a great nation independent of the English Government, are none the less Anglo-Saxon for that; and the United States is only the eldest of many off-shoots from the Anglo-Saxon stock which must eventually, like them, I imagine, become separate nations too, retaining all that is best and worthiest in the parent institutions, and aiming to outvie them under the new conditions of their existence. The Empire of Greece was intellectual. The Empire of Rome

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was military. The Anglo-Saxon Empire is being constructed out of the very substance of the parent race itself, apparently capable of unlimited expansion and of equally vigorous growth in all the various climes to which it is transplanted The first showed that national boundaries are no barrier to the dominion of mind. The second showed that national boundaries cannot hinder many distinct communities from being brought into subjection to one central power. The third is showing that national boundaries can offer no resistance to the migration and reproduction of a race itself.

"And yet national boundaries still exist, and in other parts of the world exert an influence that to us in America seems strange indeed. Look at the artificial barriers set up between France and Switzerland on the one side, and between Germany and Switzerland on the other. The French-Swiss differ widely in race, in language and institutions from the German-Swiss, but they form one compact little nation. In spite of all their divergencies there is a strong bond of union between them all. Neither religion, nor traditions, nor social customs can hinder them from being one people; but cross the line on either side and you find that identities of race, of language and of religion are of no avail, and that sympathies and kinships that can cross the ocean and make men like brethren of the same household, though they are nearly at one another's antipodes, have no existence between men who, but for the artificial power of that barrier, could stand on either side of it and shake hands. Here it may be said that jealousies naturally existing between a monarchical and a republican people are the cause of this divergence. But no such cause exists between many of the small German states for instance, which are as closely allied in mode of government, as they are in race, language and creed; yet the boundary line is to them also an efficient barrier. Laws, customs, and everything are alike, yet the pigmy countries are effectually divided by their imaginary boundary lines as they could be by an impassable wall, mountain high. The whole appearance of Europe split up into

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half a hundred little nations which have maintained their local traditions and petty jealousies for centuries is a strange subject of contemplation to us on this side of the Atlantic, who feel that whether we hail from Virginia or New England, the far west or even Canada, we are brethren proud of our local habits and histories, yet prouder of our continent, and willing to join hands and hearts to further the common American good.

"I need not remind you at any length of the injurious effects of those small spites and differences which exist only in fancy. But let us hope that the progress of civilization will speedily eradicate them. Self-interest, if nothing else, must break them down. These petty nations are like members of a family, each of whom shuts himself in his chamber, prepares his own food, and makes his own clothes, thus bringing on himself a crowd of unnecessary drudgeries, spoiling his own chances of healthy enjoyment, and crippling the whole household. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' Europe, broken into a heap of disjointed fragments can have no vigorous existence, no real progress. Between thirty and forty years ago, one great, but wildly ambitious man, Napoleon Buonaparte, very nearly brought its western half under his control. He was thwarted in his project by the union of his enemies and the power of England. Who shall say that his nephew, who has just been placed at the head of the French nation, may not attempt the same project with more success? Unless the nations of Europe are wise enough to abandon their national jealousies, some power, at any rate, will eventually rise up which will merge, under a common yoke of tyranny, races which might league themselves in a bond of permanent independence. And if it be so, they will only reasonably suffer for their folly in learning no lessons of wisdom from histories such as those of Ginghis Khan and Tamarlane.

"But let us wish for them a better future. And am I not right, ladies and gentlemen, in saying that it can only be done by breaking through, or at any rate by

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reducing to a wholesome insignificance, those relics of antique barbarism—national boundaries. Nations and separate communities must exist. In this world of ours there are so many variations of climate and of all the physical conditions of life, that it is only to be expected, and, unless we are lovers of a dull and souless uniformity, it is devoutly to be wished, that men, the creatures of circumstance, will differ as their homes differ. But their differences need only be so great as to conduce to the harmony and strength of the whole. A thousand years ago, and during many generations, the little island of England was divided into seven distinct kingdoms which were constantly at war with one another, and which spent in wanton strife all the energy that was needed to advance the welfare of the whole people; and that welfare was not promoted until the seven kingdoms were merged into one nation, but then the nation began to manifest a strength which the most sanguine prophet could not have anticipated. From it, two and a half centuries ago, successive streams of colonization began to skim the surface of the Atlantic and settle in this noble continent of ours. The colonies, made up of Cavaliers and Roundheads, of Catholics and Puritans, Quakers and Episcopalians, differed no less widely from one another than did the old constituents of the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy. They differ still, but thank God they never allowed their differences to stand in the way of the common interests of the whole community. They united for mutual assistance and protection, and found the truth of the old proverb, that 'union is strength.' Had they not done so, they never could have withstood the encroachments of the French from Canada; they never could have held out against the tyranny of England; they never could have united themselves in the great independent Republic of the United States, in which we are still Virginians, New Englanders, Pennsylvanians, Carolinians, but above all Americans. What we have done the older States of the world must do also, if they wish to compete with us in the race of prosperity. The world has had enough of wars over pigmy nationalities

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and for artificial national boundaries. The time must come, as an English poet has lately said,

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,
Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."*

"The slumber will not be stupid sleep, but will yield refreshment to the races of men. A new and yet more earnest activity will succeed to the old. In place of all this miserable strife by which the world has been afflicted, and which has had for its chief aim the jealous restriction of each nation's powers in order that no one may master his neighbours, we shall have a strife which will only be honourable competition in ways of civilization, whereby all must be alike benefitted. What grievous hinderances to progress are these national boundaries! Wherever they are maintained intact, they are clustered over with prejudices and jealousies which cripple the resources and hamper the progress of all who dwell within their limits. They refuse to avail themselves of the benefits possessed by their neighbours, just as the savage declines to adopt the clothing of the white, preferring what is recommended to him by the traditions of his fathers. They will not go beyond their narrow limits, and thus gain the enlarged experience and practical wisdom that come by travel.

"If it is to be the condition of life in the Old World that the many shall be kept under for the aggrandisement of the few, then kings and oligarths are wise in fostering the narrow-mindedness of their subjects, seeing that if it makes them poorer men, it is the only way in which they can be induced to continue subjects. But if we are learning that the world is made for all its inhabitants, and that no form of government, and no rule of society is to be tolerated which does not tend to bring about "the greatest happiness to the greatest number" —and surely this lesson which has been taught us in

* Tennyson.

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the New World is being learnt at last in the Old—these national boundaries must be broken down, even if kings and potentates fall too. Perhaps this upheaval of European society, of which all are now hearing so much, means a speedy and wide-spread revolution which will give new life and healthier spirit to the people across the Atlantic. Perhaps, on the other hand, it may only lead, as I have already suggested, to the bringing of all the scattered nationalities under one uniform and galling yoke. But even if it be so, that cannot last long; and it seems as if any change that can help to overturn the weakening prejudices that now have voice, must be good in the end.

"The world has made so much progress hitherto, that we need not be very bold enthusiasts to believe in the speedy consummation of this crowning work of civilization, the blending of all men in one vast commonwealth, in which all will strive to help themselves by helping others. Then, indeed, may swords be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks."

At this point (not having quite finished my discourse) observing, as I thought, signs of impatience in the countenances of some of my audience, which had hitherto honoured me with an amount of attention that I could hardly have anticipated, I determined to rest content with what I had said, and to leave the last cantos of my "song unsung." Resuming my seat, I was somewhat surprised at the hearty congratulations tendered me by the company that gathered round my chair. In fact, there was so much warmth in these felicitations, that I was half inclined to believe that, as many of them were given in gratitude at my stopping, as in satisfaction with what I had said.

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CHAPTER XI.

Arrival at Mackinaw—Indians and Half-breeds—Tent Life —The American Fur Company—A Frontier Official—Futile efforts to educate the Indians—The island in its social aspects —Pic-nics—Sail for the Sault de Ste. Marie—Evening with an officer of the army—Anecdote of a Yankee trader—Lake Superior—La Pointe, Fond-du-Lac.

During the afternoon of the next day, we reached the Island of Mackinaw, of which the chief town bears the same name. Here Mr. Morris and I left the steamer, intending after exploring the island to proceed to the Sault de Ste. Marie and Lake Superior. Not without regret did we part with the gay and pleasant bridal party, among whom there were many agreeable people.

Mackinaw was a miserable fishing village, composed almost exclusively of timber houses, many of which were occupied by Indians, half-breeds and a low class of whites. In the vicinity of the lake shore there were also many half-naked Indians, living in tents. Some of these tents were constructed of cotton cloth and others of wood, covered with reeds.

Driven from the neighbouring shores by the

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musquitoes, black gnats and other venomous insects, the savages took refuge here, where there are no insects of any kind. At Mackinaw the Indians supported themselves by fishing, until the cold season made it possible to return to their homes on the northern peninsula. The squaws were industrious, and contributed no small part to the maintenance of the tribes by working moccasins, bead bracelets and other ornaments. Not an hour passed during our sojourn that I did not see some of the Indian men in a beastly condition of intoxication. Fatal bottle! what manifold curses have been poured out of that narrow neck! Many of the whites residing on the island were attracted in earlier times by the prospect of trading in furs, and had remained from choice. One of these I particularly remember, Mr. King, the postmaster of the post or station, for Mackinaw contained a garrison of United States' troops. Mr. King was originally a tall, lean, bony New Englander, six feet four inches high, but living in the fine climate of Mackinaw, he had covered his bones with such masses of flesh, that I fancied Daniel Lambert could scarcely have been more ponderous. He was a genial, happy fellow, and gave me much information of the country and Indians. His excellent physical condition was attributed by himself to the white fish and game on which he principally

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lived. He lauded the climate too for its healthfulness, for its elastic properties, saying nothing would induce him to exchange it for a more genial one—such a one, said he one day, turning to Mr. Morris, "as that of Chicago, where you are infested with insects, and vermin, and are from time to time decimated by the cholera, which I believe you consider one of your trifling complaints."

Mr. Morris, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Illinois and its rising city, did not at all enjoy Mr. King's occasional flings, and retorted with considerable asperity.

"That it was all well enough for Mr. King, who was in the condition of the fox in the fable, who had lost his tail, to admire Mackinaw with its icy breezes, everlasting snows, drunken Indians and red herrings; but for himself, after 'Old Kentuck, its hog and hominey,' there was nothing to compare with Illinois and her garden city. Cholera," said he, "we never have. The reports to that effect are merely weak inventions of our enemies."

"Well, I don't know what you call it," said Mr. King, "it may be indigestion, cramps in the stomach, or mere flatulency, but whatever it is, it is a deadly enemy to human life. There is only one good thing about it, it kills quickly. I imagine it makes little difference to its victims, whether it be cholera, or cramps—it is

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all the same to them—when they feel it coming on, they prepare their wills, and 'bid adieu to earthly friends.'"

After this fashion they kept up a friendly contest whenever they met.

Mr. King, notwithstanding his size, was an active man and early riser, and, moreover, distributed his own mail. When the post was opened and the letters handed to those at the office, he took the remaining packets in his hat, and proceeded to deliver them through the village. This was not a formidable task, as the population scarcely exceeded three hundred, and the proportion who could read and write was lamentably small. The fine school system of Detroit had not yet been extended to these hyperborean regions.*

* In early days good schools existed at the Straits of Mackinaw exclusively for the education of the Indians, and the plan of education was admirably adapted to make converts of them. These schools were established between the years 1637 and 1721 by French Catholic missionaries, and never did any class of labourers show more humane, unselfish and indomitable zeal and energy to elevate and christianize the aborigines, nor did any people ever have better opportunities of improving themselves. Their minds were captivated by the ceremonies of their religious festivals and almost daily mass. Supported largely by contributions from abroad, there was scarcely any need on their part of toiling for their subsistence. In Canada they dwelt in a village of bark huts; and on the American side of the water, in houses whose frames were a rude work, with spaces between the posts and the studs filled with clay, both far better than their usual skin-covered huts.

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In winter when snow covered the earth from four to forty feet deep, Mr. King exercised in a "dog cart," I mean a sledge, or sleigh, drawn by large dogs, and thus distributed the mail, whenever a post reached these high latitudes, which was sometimes not for months. When it did come, it was brought by government couriers across fields of snow and ice.

I became very well acquainted with Mr. King, who was an inmate of the same hotel with myself, and enjoyed his conversation much. One day I inquired why he did not lessen his duties by employing a boy to deliver the mail.

"Sir, I once resorted to this expedient," said Mr. King, "and after having tried a half dozen,

The boys were taught to read, write, chant, and work slightly at some trade; and the girls, in addition to reading and writing, were instructed in sewing, kniting and embroidering. But these schools, on which so many hopes rested, gave no signs of success. All the missionary efforts to civilize these barbarous tribes failed, and among the numerous Indian tribes of this country, there is not found to-day in any dialect the single trace of a grammar, vocabulary, catechism or prayer-book!

The efforts of the United States' Government, and of the Episcopal Missionary Society, through their agent, the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who became afterwards somewhat famous in America as the pretended Dauphin of France (Louis XVII), also failed, and almost every effort to educate either the full or the mixed blood, or half-breeds, has been abandoned. All American philanthropists have therefore, however, reluctantly been compelled to turn their thoughts to more feasible plans for effecting good.

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was so fatigued with the experiment, that I advertised for a new one with the following qualifications—believe me I did not voluntarily insert the notice—it was extorted from me by the state of affairs.

"'Wanted at this office a boy to deliver the post, whenever one arrives. No limits as to salary, and the said boy is to consider that the said office exists for his special convenience. If he don't feel well, or wishes to go fishing, or play marbles, or see match games of base ball, or to go shopping with his girl, or visit his cousins, the mail will remain in the office waiting his sovereign pleasure. Anybody in Mackinaw who presumes to criticise his conduct is to be arrested for contempt. All the boys he knows are to have free run of the post-office. The post-master's time is to be exclusively at the aforesaid boy's disposal. Salary to be drawn a year in advance. A boy possessing these qualifications will please report to Mr. King, United States' Postmaster, Mackinaw, Michigan, where he may be found, and at what time Mr. King and a deputation from his office may have the honour of calling and presenting their testimonials of good character.'"

The Island of Mackinaw is about ten miles in circumference, a considerable portion is cleared, and cultivated in grain, grass, and

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vegetables. The grass, indigenous to the soil, is similar to the blue grass of Kentucky, and I no where saw out West richer milk or sweeter butter. A road had been constructed about half around the island on the eastern side, which communicated with another, running north from the village, through the heart of the little territory, thus enabling the officers and their families, and such strangers as might be on the island during the summer, to say nothing of Mr. King and his dog-cart, to take exercise. This road, following the indentures of the coast, now near the sands and again hid among the trees, and when turning to the interior passing through green fields and pasture lands, was one of the most charming features about Mackinaw. Every afternoon, a dozen or more vehicles were seen moving over this course, drawn by that unsurpassed animal, the product of judicious American crossing, the *Morgan horse*. Horse-racing was the chief amusement in which white and red men, and men of mixed colour all engaged. Some of the fastest horses were owned by half-breeds, and at a trotting match, which occurred during my visit, "Whalebone," a 2.40 trotter, belonging to an Indian, won the Cup.

Another pleasant custom prevailed — the young people, of whom there were large num-

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bers in Mackinaw, driven from the country further south by apprehensions of cholera, were in the habit of making daily pic-nic excursions to the country and on the coast. Joining one of these parties, I passed decidedly a pleasant day. Nicer and more agreeable companions than these fair young belles and their gallant beaux, it would have been difficult to find, and we all entered upon our innocent amusements with a will—a kind of consciousness that such pleasure cannot last, that the golden opportunity must be seized—

> "To taste the feast by nature spread,
> Ere youth and all its joys are fled."

Visiting the Northern and Southern peninsula, we saw on both, Indian villages not quite deserted, although considerably thinned by the musquitoes. The old men, women and children whom we met, treated us with savage hospitality, of which we yet retain a kindly recollection.

The Indians are an affectionate, kind-hearted people in their native state, and it is a deplorable fact that they have become corrupted, demoralized, and vitiated, instead of being improved by their contact with the whites, who arrogate to themselves such vast superiority. I have rarely been more impressed with any sight, than with that of these children of the

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forest, assembling in their almost child-like simplicity at the Roman Catholic Church in Mackinaw, to engage in meek and lowly worship of our blessed Redeemer. At an early day, French Catholic missionaries penetrated into this remote region, preaching the gospel of Christ. Their labours have not been altogether unfruitful, and a portion, at least, of the Indians on the border have been christianized.

The limits of our visit having been reached, we prepared to leave and not without regret. Both Morris and myself had been interested and much amused by our residence there, in watching the social status of this little island community. It would seem that the result of isolating and throwing a small community like this upon itself, has the effect of intensifying all the varied passions and follies of mankind, and rendering them more prominent in their individual development. The coarse and vulgar man appears to feed on his own vulgar thoughts and feelings, and to become more insufferable and obnoxious—the libeller and scandal-bearer more false, personal, and malicious—the dishonest man more dishonest, and crafty—while that most absurd of all human animals, 'the little stuck-up great man,' whether in office or not, shows himself off in colours more laughingly ridiculous than elsewhere. He displays himself as a living example of the poor little

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frog trying to ape the size, strut, and bearing of the bull; mistaking from his vanity his puny whine for the roaring of that animal, and so rendering himself an object of universal contempt. Great are the chances that no gentleman can accost such a man in the street, knock at his door for any legitimate purpose, or have any intercourse with him or those under his control, without witnessing some brutal impertinence, some ridiculous assumption of importance indicative of his snobbish vulgarity. But, as in every other community, there are some most agreeable people in Mackinaw, untainted by these human vices and follies. Thinking of them and of the happy hours we had spent there, we left the island with no small regret. Indeed, it is a general rule which everywhere holds good, that if one be kindly disposed to his fellow-men and desirous of promoting their happiness and welfare to the extent of his means and abilities, go where he may, he will meet with kindred minds. Let him mix with these for a time, and whenever called to separate from them it must be with no small sacrifice of feeling. Thus it was with me. I had made many acquaintances, who had gradually assumed the character and intimacy of friends, and it was with sincere regret that I bid them adieu. There was, however, no alternative.

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A small fishing boat having been chartered for our voyage, we left Mackinaw, Saturday, September 9th, and sailed over the sparkling waters of Lake Huron, and up the Ste. Marie. I thought the little island never looked so beautiful as when we were leaving it. Pleasant memories were revived of the joys I had tasted, the kind offices shown us by those I had learnt to esteem during our brief stay. This rendered my regret at leaving the more poignant; but thus it ever is. We never appreciate fully any enjoyment or blessing, until they are about to be snatched from us. Then to heighten our sorrow, they usually start up before us arrayed in their most interesting dress. While I stood upon deck thus ruminating, the packet made her way in the clear stream, and the island grew less and less to our vision, until it faded away altogether. We were now pursuing our northward course up the Ste. Marie, the scenery on which is extremely beautiful, and the water so transparent that the stones and pebbles could be distinctly seen at the bottom. So clear were the waters, that I could count the pebbles at the bottom where it was twenty feet deep and even distinguish their various colours. The bottoms of the Ste. Marie and of Lake Huron, were in fact a mosaic ground of the most beautiful description, strewed with countless pieces of agate, red, blue, green,

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purple, yellow, white, black, the shades of each brought out with peculiar brightness through the crystal waves.

The country on both sides and the islands, were heavily timbered, and entirely uninhabited. The only portions not heavily wooded were certain natural parks, called oak openings, or stretches of level country covered with grass, and a scattered growth of trees intersected with prairies and dense timber. Contrary winds detained us, and we camped on the banks the first night, and after no small labour, fighting against adverse winds and currents, arrived next day at the falls of the Ste. Marie.

The river between the lakes by which the surplus water of Superior is discharged, falls at the rapids twenty feet in from four to five hundred yards, making it a hazardous passage for boats. On one of the jutting rocks of this rapid a Yankee pedlar was once wrecked. His adventure, or rather misadventure, gave rise at the time to a good deal of amusement and comment, and the story, having grown, as they are prone to do, and been improved and embellished, is now told in connection with other localities.

This adventurous Yankee was returning from a successful trading excursion to the miners of the eastern shore of Lake Superior,

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with the remains of his stores, and a quantity of furs. Though advised of the danger of attempting to pass through the troubled waters with his canoe loaded down to the water's edge, with furs and miscellaneous wares, he persisted, saying he had knocked against too many snags to be stopped by such a poor apology for a Niagara. He entered the chute at the north of the rapid, singing at the top of his voice,

Hail Columbia, happy land!

when his boat was cloven in twain, his wares disappeared in the waves, and he providentially caught on a rock, gallantly completed the couplet with a rhyme that may be pardoned for its badness, but not for its profanity,

If I ain't ruined I'll be d—d.

The settlement at the Sault consisted of a few families, the wives of traders and half-breeds, and into the hands of these the accommodation of the public had fallen. We took up our quarters with one of these publicans, occupying a small wooden hotel, which was filled to overflowing, as was always the case in the summer, by traders and miners, tourists and emigrants. A more stuffy and disagreeable place could scarcely be imagined. We remained in it only long enough to swallow our

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food, and then sought the open air. Fortunately, the weather was all that could be desired, and there was no obstacle to excursions on either side of the Ste. Marie, or on the lower shores of the lake. In our pedestrian excursions we found, as in the neighbourhood of Mackinaw, a few representatives of the savage tribes, some of their fine dogs, and the peculiar description of sleighs which they use in making winter journeys.

A United States' garrison was stationed at the Sault. We were introduced to one of the officers, Captain B——, who invited us to lunch in his quarters, an invitation which we had much pleasure in accepting. His house was constructed of wooden logs and planks, plastered on both sides and white-washed on the inside, the walls betraying all the irregularities of the logs. The roof was constructed of split timber called 'clap-boards'—in one corner of his room was a bed consisting of a hair mattrass, spread upon a wooden frame two feet high. In the centre stood a small deal table, and upon a shelf, above which was suspended a looking-glass, were displayed his comb, brush and pot of pomatum, a metallic soap box and pair of Rogers' best razors. On the walls were hung his sword, belt and epaulettes, fowling piece, game bag, powder horn and fishing tackle; and over the mantel-piece the likeness

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of a beautiful girl, sitting alone at a window with a pensive and melancholy expression. It was left to conjecture who might be the original of this picture. Several subalterns completed our party at luncheon, after which we spent the afternoon at *eucre*—a popular Western game of cards, into the mysteries of which I was becoming initiated. An engagement at the hotel prevented my dining and ending the day in the society of these fine young fellows, all of whom were graduates of West Point.

From the Sault we proceeded to La Pointe in one of the only two vessels upon Lake Superior—the first a brig, belonging to the American Fur Company, and the other a smaller brig owned by an Ohio firm. Both vessels were then at the Sault to take in Company supplies for winter use, and Government stores for the annual payment to the Chippewas.

La Pointe was the chief post or factory of the American Fur Company, and from it supplies were forwarded to all the inferior agencies. It was attracting public attention for the additional reason that, it was thought that a railway would, at no distant day, be constructed hence to the Mississippi.

A word as to the country *en passant*. Gently undulating and mounting in abrupt cliffs, the scenery of the shores was both bold and picturesque. Rising from the water as it receded,

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the country gradually becomes an elevated table-land. These break into hills and mountains two thousand feet high, and form the dividing ridge between the waters tributary to Lakes Superior and Michigan. Among the most striking and romantic views on the shores of Lake Superior are what are called the "painted rocks," about sixty miles from the Sault de Ste. Marie; a formation composed of parti-coloured sandstones, worn by the attrition of the waters into fancied resemblances to ruined temples and castles.

The principal island of the lake is Isle Royale, which is rich in minerals, prominent among which is copper, and the copper mines on the southern shore of the lake are supposed to be the richest in the world. I saw several blocks of almost pure copper taken from a mine at the mouth of the Ontonagon river, and it is not purer here than elsewhere in these regions. Iron, tin, salt and other minerals have also been discovered in this section, which is destined to become in course of time the most important mineral region in the United States.

The extent and richness of these mines filled me with astonishment, and the knowledge I had now acquired of the west and north-west created in my mind the greatest enthusiasm as to the future wealth and power of my country. United and wisely governed, I believed she

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would surpass all other countries and become a more opulent and mighty empire than any which had ever existed. To these opinions I still adhere. Time and experience have only served to confirm me in their justice. The Roman Cato after declaring his belief in the immortality of the soul, added, that if this were an error, it was an error which he loved. And now declaring my belief in the grand future of America, I may say in the same spirit, if this be an error it is an error which I love; if it be a fault, it is a fault which I shall be slow to renounce; if it be an illusion, it is one under which I labour in common with millions in Europe and America.

Note.—Michigan was settled by the French in 1670, and was part of the territory ceded by Virginia to the general government in 1787. It was admitted into the Union in 1837, the population being about 100,000; in 1850 it was 397,654; in 1860, 751,960; and in 1865 it was estimated at 1,000,000.

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CHAPTER XII.

Biographical sketch of the Chippewa chief, Pogoneshik—Interview with and sketch of his son, Pogoneshik junior, the Cœur de Lion of the Chippewas.

PAUSING for a moment in our journey, and turning from the grave statistical details with which the last chapter was closed, it may not be uninteresting if I detail at this point the exciting, though somewhat revolting careers, of two of the most noted and blood-thirsty savages known to the annals of the north-west.

Hearing that the son of the celebrated Chippewa chief Pogoneshik* or Hole-in-the-Day, was near La Pointe, both my travelling companion and myself expressed a wish to see him. He was an object of no small curiosity, being little less famous than his father. We accordingly applied, as directed, to Mr. Warren, who had long known both father and son, who promised to ascertain his *locus in quo*, and arrange the preliminaries of an interview.

* The real meaning of Pogoneshik is *a puncture through the sky, through which the light streams down*, a name given to the chief in illustration of superior intelligence.

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Meanwhile Mr. Morris gave me an account of the elder Pogoneshik, who died the year previous, aged about forty-six.* He was, said my informant, a splendid specimen of manhood though under six feet high, well proportioned, and bearing himself, when sober, with grace and dignity, and a native of this territory if not of this very spot. When quite a boy he was on the war path, and remarkable for his enterprising spirit and reckless courage. Having in a single-handed contest with a Sioux, who are the hereditary foes of the Chippewas, overcome and slain his adversary, taking off his scalp and cutting out his heart, he was permitted to wear a feather in his hair in accordance with Indian usage, to take his seat in council among the braves, and to enjoy all the other privileges of a chief, one of which was on attaining his sixteenth year to marry as many wives as he pleased. In council he quickly became distinguished for his wisdom, eloquence and judgment.

He soon became a favourite with the young men of his tribe by reason of his exploits in the war path, the chase and in personal feats and encounters, and exercised great influence

* From the records of the Historical Society of Wisconsin much of the information on which these sketches are based has been obtained. They have enabled me to supply the defects in Mr. M.'s narrative.

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over them. He was fond of popularity and distinction, a savage demagogue, and moulded the minds of his admirers and adherents as he desired by his superior tact and talents. It was the possession of these qualities, indeed, which caused him to be accepted and followed as chief, for he was not so by hereditary right. The legal chief was Brusha, who was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, but lacked those daring and bold traits of character which are so captivating to the Indian mind, and while he was respected and deferred to, as a counsellor, the nation looked to Pogoneshik and followed him in war. In dress Pogoneshik was very plain, having little of the Indian fondness for finery and tinsel. His freedom from this universal passion of his people, indicated of itself a superiority and earnestness of character. He was taciturn in his temperament, seldom conversing in public except upon matters of general interest, and then in a sober dignified way.

He was a natural orator. When he began to speak, says one who often heard him, he was very deliberate, and his voice was calm, and his manners mild and gentle as a woman's; but as he continued, his animation and energy increased, until he finally poured forth a torrent of eloquence, such as I had never heard before. As his chest heaved and his eyes glowed with

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the fever of his thoughts, his right arm bare and extended, and his mantle like the Roman toga, hanging over the other shoulder and around his body, he looked the personification of eloquence itself. His control over his uncultivated brethren of the forest was complete, and it was to me a matter of very great interest to watch the effect produced upon them by the varying nature of his remarks: at one time, while engaged, perhaps in the simple narrative of facts and incidents connected with his subject, they would quietly sit and listen with an occasional murmur of approval of the truth of what he was saying; but when it suited his purpose to appeal to their passions, he would rouse himself up to all the fire and impetuosity of his nature, and while his eye flashed, and his features changed with the changing emotions which glowed within his own breast, these passions and emotions ran like an electric shock through his auditors, until unable longer to restrain themselves, they would literally leap from their seats, and in a frenzy of excitement, fill the air with their savage yells.

Pogoneshik was the only man in the nation whose influence was feared by the traders and government officers. Although he was not inimical to the United States, yet he was very jealous of the honour and rights of his own

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nation. They courted his favour, but he met them with coldness and reserve; they offered him presents, but, as a general thing, he declined to receive them. There was one avenue, however, through which they found access to him, and that was the Indian's innate and unconquerable love of ardent spirits; and through it he was ruined.

During his life he particularly distinguished himself on eight occasions. In a fight at St. Peters he was almost mortally wounded—a bullet passing through his right breast and coming out near the spine. On this occasion, his daughter was killed; and from this time can be dated the blood-thirstiness with which he ever after pursued his enemies. With only two braves he once crossed the Mississippi, and fired a large Sioux village, and then escaped the general chase by the Sioux warriors and recrossed the river under a shower of bullets. Sampson like at another time, he put to flight a whole camp by a sudden attack upon them with a wooden (canoe) paddle, with which he dealt death right and left. At another time, he led a night attack on the Sioux at Poplar Grove and again at Crow river, and on both occasions great slaughter occurred and many inhuman acts of cruelty were perpetrated. At Round prairie while reconnoitring the camp of his enemies he cut off three boys, who were slid-

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ing on the ice, in full view of their friends, and not able to bear them off as prisoners stabbed them to death. Shortly after this, when travelling on foot with a mounted comrade they were attacked by seven Sioux, four of whom were slain, when the other three drew off.

The following is the manner in which he became an agent and reliable friend of the American government. After the war of 1812-15, the British government, in recognition of the services rendered them by the Indians during that contest, annually distributed presents to the north-western tribes at the Sault de Ste. Marie and other points on the frontier.

The United States' government, anticipating trouble from these tribes in the event of another war, instructed General Cass, in 1820, to break up this system of giving presents on American soil, and, if possible, to secure the good-will of the Indians. General Cass accordingly, about this time, proceeded to these waters with a detachment of troops, voyageurs, interpreters and domestics with a supply of provisions and presents for the Indians. When he arrived in his bark canoes at the Sault, he found a large body of Chippewas collected to receive the British presents, and the British flag flying. Cass, who had not been in an amiable humour with the English since the surrender of Hull at Detroit, no sooner saw

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the flag than he advanced towards it in front of his own men and in full view of the Indians, and hauled it down and trampled upon it, at the same time hoisting the Stars and Stripes in defiance of the Indians who stood fully armed to defend it. He immediately called upon all who were friendly to the United States to come forward.

This was an occasion suited to the genius, temperament and feelings of "Hole-in-the-day." With characteristic impetuosity and bravery he placed himself by the side of Cass, and called aloud to his friends to join him. His call was answered by a hundred others. The Indian chief, Pogoneshik, then challenged to single combat any one of the opposite side who was disposed to maintain the British claim to the soil. No one came forward, and the victory was won. But for this daring exploit of Cass and the support of his red-skin lieutenant, it is thought that the whole party would have been murdered, for the savages were as ten to one against them. The British agents, on their arrival, were forced to land upon the Canadian shore, and there distribute their presents to only such as followed them.

The Indian chief was now decorated by a United States' medal, loaded with presents, and became a kind of government employé in all transactions having reference to these red-men.

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From this time he carried on active warfare against the Sioux, and became a terror to them. In 1825 the Government directed Cass to again visit the north-west and assemble the Indian tribes, the Sioux, Chippewas, Winnebadges, Monomonees, Sanks and Foxes to settle the boundary lines between them, the fruitful cause of these wars. This was easily done between all, except the Sioux and Chippewas. The claim of the former extended over a large portion of the territory occupied from time to time for hunting by the Chippewas. Cass asked the Sioux upon what ground they claimed this territory.

"By possession and occupation," said the chief, "from our ancestors who have held it through all time."

"What have you to say to that?" inquired General Cass turning to the Chippewas.

"My father!" replied Pogoneshik, "we claim it upon the same ground the English claim Canada, and the Americans the United States, by right of conquest. We have driven the Sioux from the country by force of arms and now occupy it; they cannot dispossess us —dare not make the attempt."

"That is false!" shrieked a Sioux, who started up from his blanket, brandishing his tomahawk, and uttering a wild war-whoop.

All sprang to their feet, but by the exertions

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of the whites, a general battle was averted, but only for a time. Though General Cass settled, as it was supposed, the boundaries between them, these powerful tribes, despite all the efforts of the Government, continued their hostilities till 1837, when the United States' Authorities succeeded in having a treaty of peace signed between the belligerents, at the same time extorting a promise from each tribe that they would confine themselves to their own hunting-grounds. In the spring of 1838, however, Pogoneshik advanced, with his son and some warriors, into the neutral territory, where he found a lodge of Sioux. This lodge consisted of eleven persons, and Pogoneshik professed friendship for them—whereupon they invited him and his party to lodge and eat with them. To this he consented, though, savage-like, he thirsted for their blood, despite these friendly acts and the treaty made by Cass. Consequently he made his plans to massacre the entire party. He ordered that each of his men should lie down by a Sioux, and at a given signal from him, each was to draw a knife, and thrust it into the heart of the Sioux next him. In this plan his little son, though only eleven years of age, was placed by the side of a girl two years his senior. His father, when directing the affair, said to his son, "If you are afraid, say

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so—I will not beat, only disinherit you."

"Afraid! I, afraid!" said the boy, "I neither fear you nor them, neither the sight of blood nor death itself!"

The old chief was so delighted with the reply, that he threw his arms around and kissed him.

The same evening, after smoking and feasting with the Sioux, they lay down for the night. At the given signal, about two in the morning, the nine knives were drawn, and nine Sioux stabbed to the heart, including the little girl who was murdered by the boy. This was the commencement of the career of the Pogoneshik whom we were to visit next day.

A single Sioux woman escaped, who communicated the intelligence to her people. The news spread like wild-fire, and far and near the Sioux took up the tomahawk, thirsting for revenge. War began and continued almost down to the period of my visit to Fond-du-lac.

In 1843 a government agent sought, in an interview with the tribe, to secure the release of a Sioux woman who was their prisoner, who thus describes the interview:

"The council was in a thicket on an island. The underbrush had been cut and piled in the centre, and fifty braves were seated on the ground in a circle. I inquired of the interpreter (says the narrator) which was the great

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chief, and he pointed to the dirtiest, most scowling and savage-looking man in the crowd, who was lying on the pile of brush in the centre. He was the person to be conciliated and won over. All the others had agreed to the release of the prisoner; he alone stood out.

"As they resumed business, a dead silence ensued, all waiting for his final answer. At length he rose up with impetuosity, as if shot out of a gun. His blanket, innocent of soap and water since he had owned it, was drawn over his left shoulder and around his body; his right arm swinging in the air, his eyes flashing like lightning, his brow scowled as if a thundergust had settled on it, and his long hair literally snapping in the air from the quick motion of his head. I thought of Hercules, with every hair a serpent, and every serpent hissing. He came forward, as is their custom, and shook hands with the agent and all the whites present, and then stepping back a short distance, orator like, to give himself room for motion, said to the agent:

"'My father! I do not retain this prisoner from any ill-will to you, nor to our great father in Washington, nor to those around me—all of whom ask or consent to the surrender, but because I hate the Sioux. They have killed my relatives, and I'll have revenge. You call

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me chief, and so I am, by nature as well as by office, and I challenge any man to dispute my title. If I am a chief, then my word is law. If my word is not law, 'twere better to place this medal (showing that given him by General Cass at the instance of the U. S. Government) upon an old squaw.'

"He then threw himself upon his seat of brush, and all were silent—none dared to dispute his authority, or even to offer him advice. All foreboded the worst evils. This tacit acquiescence in his authority seemed to mollify even his savage breast—in a few moments he rose again, more calmly, and said:

"'My father! for your sake; and for the sake of those around me, both Red and White, I'll give up the prisoner, and deliver her myself at the United States' fort.'"

So the matter was settled.

In 1843 this great chief, who is represented by all parties as a man who exhibited the skill of a general with the wisdom of a statesman, at the head of five thousand of his followers, met the authorities of the U. S. Government at Fond-du-lac, and made a sale and transfer to them of all the copper mining regions of Lake Superior.

His people dying out, his lands sold, stripped of every earthly possession and surrounded in the land of his nativity by a gibing and irreve-

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rent race, who called the chief, brute, savage—in his despair he took to "fire water," which blunted his sense of degradation, and hurried him on, as he said, with gladness to the happy hunting ground of his people beyond the skies.

Shortly after this event in 1847, when partly intoxicated, and travelling in a waggon near St. Anthony's, he was thrown from it and killed.

Immediately upon the occurrence of this event, Pogoneshik junior, who had become even more famous since the massacre of the Sioux girl, than his father, being, so to speak, the *Cid*, or *Cœur de Lion* of the Chippewas, from whose battle-axe whole armies of Sioux fled as before an irresistible fate, assumed the supreme authority as head of the Chippewa nation.

He was born in 1827, and early gave indications of possessing unbounded ambition and reckless courage. From ten years of age he was on the war path, and was famous for his daring, his cruelty, and as a negotiator with the whites. In all of the treaties negotiated between the Chippewas and whites in reference to the territories he was engaged, and by long practice had become a cunning and unscrupulous intriguer, skilled in all the mysteries of Indian diplomacy. He was in some respects

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one of the most extraordinary characters in Indian history.

He played a conspicuous part in the council held at Fond-du-lac in 1847, shortly after the death of his father. At this period all the country lying between Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi was owned by the Chippewas, one tribe of whom resided on the Mississippi and the other on the shores of Lake Superior. But few were present from the Mississippi tribe, at the head of which stood Pogoneshik junior, their chief, while the Lake Superior tribe assembled in great force.

Several conversations occurred between the whites and the Lake Superior tribe before the arrival of the delegation from the Mississippi. In these the Superior Indians represented that Pogoneshik was not their chief, that he was a mere boy, twenty years of age, and if he were present would not be allowed to speak on the grave matters which brought them together. They therefore urged the authorities to proceed with business and conclude a treaty with them. The American commissioners, however, were too skilled in diplomacy and too well acquainted with the wily character of the Indians to give into this view of the case, and deferred treating until all parties were represented.

In a few days, Pogoneshik jun. and his delega-

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tion were upon the ground, and the council was reopened with due form and ceremony, including the passing of the calumet. All the chiefs and the white agents being assembled, Pogoneshik rose and was conducted by two of his braves to the seat of honour—no one daring to gainsay his right. He now made a speech which drew from his Indian auditors repeated marks of approbation. It was somewhat amusing to the white agents to witness the change which had come "o'er the spirit of their (the Lake Superior Chippewas) dreams" after the personal appearance of Pogoneshik, and was conclusive evidence of his bravery and commanding influence. Old chiefs, who had sneered at him when absent, now that he was present gave in to him, and allowed him to conduct, at his will and pleasure, negotiations involving millions of acres of land, and the dearest rights of their nation. They were now the most submissive and obedient of subjects. These negotiations concluded and signed by the Indian chiefs and white agents, Pogoneshik who had retired during these ceremonies, returned attended by two chiefs, and caused these words to be appended to the treaty:

"Fathers: The country our great father sent you to purchase belongs to me. It was once my father's. He took it from the Sioux.

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He, by his bravery, made himself the head-chief of the Chippewa nation. I am a greater man than my father was, for I am as brave as he was, and on my mother's side I am hereditary head-chief of the nation. The land you want belongs to me. If I say sell, our great father (the President of the United States) will have it. If I say not sell, he will do without it. These Indians that you see behind me have nothing to say about it.

"I approve of this treaty, and consent to the same.

"POGONESHIK, or Hole-in-the-Day,

"Fond-du-lac, August 3rd, 1847."

At this time he was nineteen years of age, a tall, well-proportioned, powerful man, bearing himself with the ease and dignity of a Roman senator. Notwithstanding his ferocity, he was so mild and courteous in his behaviour that he was commonly called by the frontiersmen, "a gentle-mannered cut-throat." He was fond of show and display, and instead of living in a wigwam, built himself a handsome house at a cost of £1,200, surrounded himself with blooded stock and led a semi-civilized life. He felt, however, after his cession of territory that the fate of his nation was sealed, and as his father before him, took more or less to fire-water.

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When Mr. Warren conducted us to his resting place near Fond-du-lac we found him in the house of a half-breed by the name of Gagnier, attended by a few of his braves, and surrounded by his wives of whom he already had seven. His countenance was noble and thoughtful, but the expression one of sadness. He politely rose as we entered, and advancing, shook hands and invited us to be seated. Then lighting his pipe and ordering whiskey, he took a whiff and passed it around. He spoke both English and French with sufficient accuracy and distinctness to make himself perfectly understood. He was remarkable for the calmness and dignity of his manners and bearing. During our desultory conversation, he said he would not have ceded his territory to the whites, but saw the destruction of the red men was inevitable. Why should he seek to obstruct the course of events put in motion and kept in motion by the Great Spirit? Whatever the mission on which the red men were sent to this earth it was nearly accomplished, the time close at hand when they must go to happier hunting-grounds beyond the skies. When asked why they did not strive to become civilized. He said it was as impossible for them to live the tame life of the whites, as to wash the colour out of their skins and become pale faces. Our skins are different, our minds and

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hearts different. "A cat," said he, "cannot become a dog, nor an Indian a pale face, what we are the Great Spirit made us, whatever we are to become he will be with us. Let us be content, we could not change our fate if we would, if we could we would not probably improve it." After this manner he conversed for some time, filling us with admiration at the justness and beauty of his sentiments and the rare eloquence with which he expressed himself. When we rose to leave, he made each of us a present of a small souvenir, which he begged we would preserve for his sake. Mine was a highly ornamented bag of elk skin, the kind huntsmen use for carrying their bullets.

This celebrated man, who inherited so many of the fine qualities of his father, as well as his faults, was murdered by a party of Pillager Indians near St. Cloud, Wisconsin, 1868. The Indians concealed themselves in a thicket on the road-side leading from the Indian Agency, near Crow Wing, where they knew Pogoneshik was on a visit, and by which road he must return. Here they awaited the return of the chief. Just after he had passed their ambush, they stepped forth to the rear behind the phaeton in which he was driving, and fired upon him from double-barrelled guns. The shots took effect in his head and neck. He never spoke, but with a groan, fell from the

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phaeton dead. One of the party then discharged a load of buck-shot through his heart, and another stabbed him several times with a bayonet. The body was then robbed and cast into a ditch. The party now proceeded to his house, which they pillaged of guns, saddles, shawls, blankets, &c. They attempted no violence to any of his wives, but his favourite, who was a white woman. One of the chiefs interposed successfully, and protected her. Pogoneshik was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Crow Wing, with the United States' flag floating over his grave. By his white wife he left one daughter, who was educated at the Catholic school, St. Paul's, Minnesota. She is a young woman of great beauty and accomplishments, inheriting the good, none of the bad qualities of her father or grandfather.

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CHAPTER XIII.

We leave La Pointe and journey on foot through the forest —Bark boats—Paddling our own canoe—A deserted Indian village—Hospitality of an old warrior—A White Settlement—M. Juneau—Interesting facts—Native honesty of the red men—Geological Character and Flora of the Plains—Resources and general aspect of the country south of Lake Superior—The Indian women—Injurious effect of white traders—Reflections.

NEITHER my travelling companion nor myself being disposed to return upon our steps, we determined to cross the country from La Pointe to the head waters of the Mississippi, and thence make our way to St. Paul's, at St. Anthony's Falls. Consulting Mr. Lyman, who had been many years a resident trader with the Indians, and Dr. Borup, a Dane, at the head of the American Fur Company's operations at this point, and a gentleman of great intelligence and cultivation, we ascertained that it was only a matter of a few days, and a little "roughing it."

Upon the recommendation of Monsieur Kanaguassé, a half-breed resident of La Pointe, we employed two savage guides, Seguin and La-

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roche, who agreed likewise to transport our baggage. A supply of biscuit and salt beef was provided for at least half the journey, to which stock Monsieur Kanaguassé obligingly added, as a present to myself, some dried venison tongues and jars of honey. For ourselves, we procured each a pair of buck-skin trousers, a hunting-shirt, and moccasins—a good rifle, with a supply of ammunition, and on the 15th of September, 1848, set forth from Fond-du-lac, preceded by the savages carrying on their backs a birch bark canoe, in which we purposed descending the St. Croix. We designed crossing the territory of Wisconsin, so called from the word meaning in the Chippewa language, "the gathering of waters," to a point on the St. Croix, distant about one hundred and sixty miles.

After we had quitted the lake, we crossed a moderately undulating country in a south-easterly direction, by a kind of Indian path, overhung by trees, and obstructed by ravines and rocks, for about ten miles, when the Indians complained that their load being heavier than they anticipated, it was impossible to proceed further that day. As we were considerably fatigued, we did not object to halt for the night. Preparations were accordingly made for pitching our tent upon the banks of a small stream. A spring near our

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camping-ground was cleaned out, and opening a small channel for the escape of the muddy discharge, it soon became bright and clear, and we found the water excellent. Here, in the midst of a dense forest, our fires were lighted, and these were necessary, as well on account of the coldness of the nights as to keep off the musquitoes and horse-flies, both of which tormented us in a horrible manner.

During this day's march we saw little game, but from that small quantity secured a couple of squirrels of which Seguin made good soup, seasoned with herbs gathered on the wayside. Upon the dried branches and leaves of the trees we slept at this point better than could have been expected considering the musquitoes, and the bark of the wolves who howled around us throughout the night, and whose fierce notes were far from being music to our ears. Next morning we were so disfigured by musquitoe bites, that we could scarcely recognise one another. We were, therefore, glad to break camp at daybreak, and proceed on our way, after a hurried breakfast of hot coffee and dried beef. The country became more hilly as we advanced, all traces of our path were lost, and we were guided only by the moss which grows always upon one side of the trees, and by certain other land marks which the Indians recognised, but which, of course, were unin-

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telligible to us. The difficulty of getting through the trees, the undergrowth or brush, over fallen logs and ravines, was such, and the savages complained so loudly, that we slung our rifles across our backs and spent, at least, half the day in giving them assistance. Our object was of course to hasten our arrival at the river, where our labours would be at an end, especially as the appearance of the sky indicated a change of weather. Towards three o'clock we came upon an elevated table-land, more free of timber than any we had yet seen, and for several hours made good progress. On this plain, which was covered with a coarse description of grass, with occasional clumps of trees, we saw many pigeons and some wild turkeys, and in the distance deer, but these disappeared on our approach. Laroche now went ahead of us some distance, and selected a camping ground near a flowing stream, while we repacked some of our luggage. No difficulty was experienced in following him by marks he left upon the trees, or the grass which from time to time he bent down on his wayside. When we overtook him, he had already prepared a camping ground and lighted a fire, which the increasing cold made almost indispensable. By bending down and crossing the tops of four young trees, he formed a frame to support a canvas, and on this we

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spread our tent cover, and built up the sides with brush, apprehending a wet night and high wind. A small trench was then opened around the tent, the earth being thrown to the inner side, that the rain, if it should fall, might pass away.

These preparations completed, we sat down much fatigued, after what we estimated as a march of fifteen miles, to make a supper from our stores of dried provisions and fresh fish. Of fish we had plenty, Seguin having caught them, notwithstanding his other employments, in a copper boiler. The stream was, indeed, so alive with them, he had but to lift them out of the water in his kettle as with a net. After supper we lit our pipes, and formed a square party in the tent. While smoking, our guides sank into a sort of Sybarite dreamy torpor over the perfume of their tobacco, and took no heed of the rain which began to fall in torrents. The great source of enjoyment among the Indians is the pipe; rarely is he seen unaccompanied with this necessary appendage, whether on the war path, in the pursuit of game, or the quiet of his wigwam. The chilliness of the air, and thick volumes of smoke which arose from our pipes and the fire, which was large enough to roast an ox, had the effect of driving away the musquitoes, and we soon threw ourselves upon our

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blankets, elated with the prospects of undisturbed sleep. The rain which commenced early in the night never ceased, and on the following morning continued to descend in such torrents that we determined to remain in camp, especially as we were footsore, and a day's rest far from undesirable.

At breakfast we again had fish, and the manner in which they were cooked by Seguin was something new. Instead of frying them with bacon, as he had the first, they were suspended before the fire, from the upper end of a twig, which was run through the entire body, and the lower end of which was stuck into the ground. It was a simple but effectual manner of roasting them, and I certainly never ate fish with greater relish, if I ever ate any that was better cooked, which I doubt.

About mid-day the rain ceased and the sun sent forth bright and cheerful rays, but as the clouds were not entirely dispersed and the grass very wet, we did not change our plans. During the forenoon the Indians opened and repacked their luggage, repaired their moccasins and made ready to resume the journey next morning. Luckily the weather continued to improve, and on the morning of the 18th we set forth once more, keeping in the general direction taken since leaving the lake, and made over a rough, broken country, twenty

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miles to the wigwams of a deserted village. We first thought we should take entire possession of this place, but soon heard the furious barking of a dog. This brought out a superannuated savage, venerable in his age and appearance, followed by two children. He spoke French tolerably well, and had often been at Fond-du-lac and the Saulte de Ste. Marie. Tall and powerfully built, he was the most savage looking of savages, yet so firm and dignified in his bearing that we could not fail to admire him. He wore moccasins, deer-skin leggings reaching to his thighs, a print shirt and cap with grey eagle feathers and across his shoulders a scarlet mackinaw blanket.

He informed us that his people had abandoned the place for the summer, on account of the musquitoes, that he, indisposed from his great age to move, had remained with his daughter and grandchildren. His daughter, who was a widow, supported the family by fishing and cultivating maize and potatoes on a spot of cleared ground. Conducting us to his rude wigwam, he placed it at our service, and when his daughter returned, she put before us an ample repast, consisting of young 'roasting ears' (maize), fried venison, potatoes and milk. Before the chief's blazing fire we soon felt thoroughly comfortable, and spent the evening

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drinking toddy amidst clouds of tobacco smoke; we found the hospitable old red-skin very partial to toddy, and made him a present, and I felt sure he would prize none more highly, of a couple of bottles of Jamaica rum, as some small return for his barbaric attentions. Several hours having been spent in social conversation, we rose to make our preparations for sleep. Examining the house to see that there was no entry, except by the front door, we secured this, and placing our knapsacks under our heads, we lay down with no small satisfaction, at the prospect of enjoying a night of refreshing slumber. The old chief made no objection to our precautions, and retired in a condition of comfortable inebriation, with his daughter and grandchildren, to an inner room.

No wayfarers could have experienced greater hospitality than we while in this rude hut, and we saw enough to convince us that, while ignorance and depravity may impel some individuals to disgrace the Indian race by their crimes, yet these dark-skinned children of the forest possess the foundation of all the social virtues—humanity. And that when God said "Let us make man in our image," he declared the unity of the race as clearly as afterwards, when he said "God that made the world, and all things therein, hath made of one blood all nations of men."

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On the next morning, the 19th, we bid our Indian entertainers adieu, and I was glad to discover that none of them were the worse for the unusual indulgences of the previous evening. Our guides having taken their observations, we set forth and pursued our journey from day to day, without unusual incident till the afternoon of the 24th when we found ourselves, as we had anticipated, upon the right bank of the river St. Croix.

Launching our canoe, we proceeded down the river to an Indian settlement, north of the 45th degree of latitude, near the present town of St. Croix. At this place we were not a little surprised to find, not only Indians, but some whites. The latter, drawn to the country by the prospect of trading with the natives, had remained to become permanent parts of the border community. Instead, however, of adopting the savage mode of life, and gradually relapsing into barbarism themselves, they were, by their example, apparently making considerable impression upon those who are ordinarily considered the most impracticable of subjects for civilization. One of these whites, M. Juneau, a man of about seventy, with a venerable white beard, dressed in a hunting shirt and moccasins, had built a substantial two story wooden house, with some out-buildings, which were surrounded by a strong en-

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closure. In one of his fields we saw some horses, cows and sheep. As soon as our arrival was known, this excellent man and hardy pioneer came forth to meet us, and insisted so warmly that we should make his home our head-quarters, that we had no alternative than to comply. We had not been long in his mansion before the resident Indians gathered about the place, some from curiosity, others to sell maple sugar, trinkets and the like, and some to offer themselves as guides for our continued journey. Following the advice of M. Juneau, we here paid Laroche and Seguin, who were delighted at receiving full wages for a portion of the journey, and bidding us adieu, left on their return.

From this point we determined to make the the rest of the way by land to St. Anthony's falls, M. Juneau generously offering to furnish both horses and a guide in the person of one of his sons. The change to M. Juneau's comfortable house and engaging society was so delightful, after the rough life of the woods, that we imagined our experience of wild life would satisfy us for the remainder of our days. M. Juneau's wife, sons and daughters, all of whom were pleasing and companionable, exerted themselves to make us comfortable, and we were really so. This gentleman represented the soil, as indeed we could see, and the

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climate as excellent, and fancied there would be considerable emigration to it the following year. Parties of hunters and engineers crossed further south every season. His first visit to the country, he informed us, was in 1839, and he had settled on his present place in 1842, fetching his family from Michigan, which he declared was less healthy, and in many ways less desirable for emigrants. Either he, or one of his sons, made an annual visit to St. Louis, where he sold his crop, including maple sugar, such furs as he had obtained from the Indians, and purchased a supply of blankets, ammunition, cutlery, clothing, tobacco, spirits and other wares and merchandize to barter with the natives. During his residence here he had cleared a hundred and fifty acres of land and girdled the trees upon five hundred acres more, a portion of which had been cropped successfully. He hoped to sell his land to emigrants at a price that would enable him to establish his children comfortably, and he had a family, by two wives, of thirteen sons and five daughters.

During the whole period of his residence on the St. Croix, he had lived amicably with the Indians, which was justly attributable to his fair dealing and christian teachings. He expressed his belief that so long as the savages are uncontaminated by association with the vicious class of whites, who often find their

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way to the frontier, they are honest, generous, and hospitable. As yet, he had not been able to build a church, but he read and expounded a portion of the scriptures to them on Sundays, when they assembled under the trees of his grove, if the weather permitted, and if not, in one of his out-houses. Pursuing this course, he had brought many to a knowledge of our Holy religion, and to their dependence for eternal happiness upon the merits and sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Such as had adopted christianity, abandoned their idols and their singular rites of worship, including that strange usage of interring with a warrior his rifle, tomahawk, and horse.

The Indians in this tribe were less demoralized, and their habits better than probably in any portion of the north-west. I had ocular evidence of the fact that this tribe was composed of an unusually fine race. The men were large, well-formed, active and intelligent, and many of the women striking beauties, who might well have served Praxiteles for a model. Both men and women seemed to enjoy robust health. I observed no diseased objects, nor beggars of any description among them. The men are expert fishermen, and indefatigable hunters—are fond of games and amusements, and celebrated before M. Juneau's instructions to the contrary, as many of them who were

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deaf to his voice continued to do, with much pomp, the worship of their idols.

Their customs were similar to those of almost all other savage tribes on the North American continent, and offer another proof that man everywhere is originally the same, and that from society and civilization alone proceed differences of character. Among them superstition holds the place of religion, bodily strength that of mental vigour, and witchcraft that of science. As soon as born the children are plunged into cold water; the whole of their education tends to make them strong and dauntless. Their food, of the coarsest kind, consists of maize cakes baked in the ashes, fish and game taken from the streams and forests. Their huts are made of the simplest materials, without chimneys or windows. They paint their faces and shave their heads except a tuft of hair on the top of the head which is ornamented with a peacock feather; speak a rough, harsh language and are fond of war, the chase and of dancing. Their dress is remarkable for its simplicity, consisting in winter of leather trowsers, a hunting shirt, something like a Roman tunic and moccasins in which they walked with more ease and less injury to the feet than any other covering. Interiorly, they wore a kind of cotton shirt, and over all, when the severity of the weather made it necessary, a

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buffalo robe or blanket with a hole in the centre through which they pass the head. All wore arms as a precaution against the attacks of hostile tribes.

The whole country through which we had passed, since leaving Fond-du-lac and indeed Mackinaw, displays an inexhaustible field for the research of the naturalist—nowhere could the objects of his inquiry be more varied and multiplied, and I often felt the force of the remark that the study of nature and a habit of observation refines and elevates our feelings. It is a source certainly of interesting amusement and excitement, prevents idle or vicious propensities, and exalts the mind to a love of virtue, and a more intimate knowledge of the goodness of God.

Its agricultural value, which near the lake is impaired by swamps and marshes, increased as did also the growth of timber, as we travelled south, and on the St. Croix there are fine forests of oak of different varieties, hickory, elm, ash, poplar interspersed with spruce, hemlock and other trees. When the trees are girdled, and much more so when they are cleared entirely from the ground, the earth covers itself with a luxuriant growth of grass, and around the settlement, the romantic beauties of scenery, enlivened by occasional cultivation, were displayed in the highest perfection. Nature, it

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must be confessed, has been bountiful in all her gifts to the north-west, for such is the felicity of soil and climate, that productions of the vegetable kingdom, very distinct in their nature, and generally found in far distant regions, grow here side by side. It is not merely what might be expected, the country of wheat and oats, but also of tobacco and sorghum, M. Juneau growing all he required of both for his family and dependants on his own grounds. Many of the Indian women grew a supply of tobacco for their use, and displayed in more ways than one a spirit of rare intelligence and genius. This must be regarded as something extraordinary when we consider the isolation in which they lived, for such retirement is almost always productive of narrowness of mind. But as we were informed by the amiable and excellent family of the pioneer, they are remarkable for their honesty and adherence to truth, so long as they keep from the military stations and the society of white sutlers and traders. These unprincipled men who wander into the Indian country, are, for the most part, from early education and constant habit, accomplished cheats, who always enjoy greater satisfaction from securing their unjust ends by fraud and deceit, than by a straightforward course, thus illustrating the difference between low cunning

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and true wisdom, to their own degradation (in the first place) in the eyes of the Indians, and ultimately to the corruption of the red-men themselves. From his acquaintance with them, he was satisfied that in their native state, though proud and haughty, with an inherent sense of superiority to strangers, they were gentle and kind to those whom they had reason to regard as friends, and with proper attention might be highly civilized. This account was different from any I had ever heard of the red-men, at variance with the popular theory; and does not seem to have been verified by experiment.

How vividly I recall, now after the lapse of one-and-twenty years, the incidents and scenes of my visit to this moral oasis in the desert of aboriginal ignorance, superstition and barbarism. With what pleasure I think of the kind friends met there, the happy days spent in their society! How inferior are the joys of the present to the bare remembrance of them!

Note.—Wisconsin formed of the territory through which we were passing, was admitted into the Union in 1848, and by the census of 1860 had a population of 775,881, and its chief town Milwaukie 45,000. And Minesota, of which St. Paul's is the capital, was admitted into the Union in 1857, and in 1860 had a population of 172,123 whites, and 25,000 Indians, and its chief town, St. Paul's, a population of 10,000.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Morning Service in the wilderness—Impressive and beautiful sight—Bid adieu to settlement on the St. Croix—An Indian chief—Journey to St. Anthony—Camping out once more—Arrival at St. Paul's—Minesota—A down easter—The country around St. Paul's—Condition and future prospects of Minesota—The Upper Mississippi—Rock island scenery—Arrival at St. Louis—Roman Catholic funeral cortège—Church Architecture.

I WAS destined before leaving the St. Croix to witness a most interesting spectacle. On Sunday morning, the 8th of October, the Indians assembled in accordance with their usual custom, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, under the wide spreading branches of a venerable tree near the mansion, in order to engage in Divine Worship. A rain suddenly coming on, M. Juneau invited them into an out-building, and here conducted service according to the usages of the Episcopal Church. I never remember to have been more impressed with our beautiful service than on this occasion. It was read with a solemnity which gave effect to every word, and with an evident feeling of devotion that sent it straight to the hearts of all who heard him. When the service is thus

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conducted by a man who feels what he reads, and reads in a tone and manner, as if conscious in whose solemn presence he is, and the important subject on which he is engaged, what a difference it makes as contrasted with the ordinary manner of clergymen now-a-days. How often it happens, alas! that clergymen hurry over the prayers, as if they would gladly have done with them, or as if they were performing an unpleasant and irksome duty. In the case of M. Juneau, filled with devotional feeling himself, he seemed to diffuse a solemn sanctity around him, and to excite a similar devotional feeling in the minds of his simple hearers.

After the service he detained them with a short address. This was a solemn appeal to those around him, such as one of the apostles of old might have urged. The simple eloquence of this venerable man brought tears into the eyes of all who heard him. I shall not soon forget that day, or the service in which I engaged. It was what a religious service ought to be, but what I regret to say we very seldom hear. M. Juneau's religion was the religion of peace, goodwill, and benevolence. He was at this time an old man, tall, somewhat stout, with the appearance of a highly-bred gentleman. His countenance beamed with kindness. No bad

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passion had disturbed it, and it bore no signs but of christian purity and child-like simplicity. Such was his influence with these untutored Indians, that little red-skin children ran to meet him, for they loved him, and the aged savages blessed him as he passed,

"A man he was to all the country dear."

Alas! that many such friends of the poor Indian could not penetrate into the wilderness. Then, indeed, might we hope to see a remnant of the race preserved as civilized and christian citizens in the country of their forefathers, and by the green graves of their sires.

On Monday, the 9th of October, our preparations having been completed, we bid adieu to this excellent man and his kind household, whose attentions to us could only have proceeded from the purest spirit of benevolence. Though we had known him only a few days, we were become friends. When we shook hands at parting, it was with a feeling of regret, we are sure on both sides, and a wish that we might meet again. This wish was never gratified, he is gone long since to his fathers. I know not what are the feelings of others, but incidents of this kind are to me among the most painful which occur to the traveller. You so rarely meet a person with whom you can sympathise, and in whose

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society you at once feel yourself at home, that when you do, and he is directly snatched away, and you are carried on by tides leading in opposite directions, it cannot but awaken regret and sorrow. But who knows if the separation will be eternal? Who knows if these accidental meetings, and the friendships and good-will awakened by them, though rendered abortive by separation, so far as fellowship in this life is concerned, may not be revived in another, and result in an eternity of love and never-ending succession of community and delight.

Mounting our horses, which were as rough, wild and untrained as those of our worthy friend the Ohio doctor, we proceeded by an Indian trail, south-west from the Sioux river, towards St. Paul's. On leaving the house to set forth, we found a considerable crowd of Indians gathered to say farewell, at the head of whom came a tall and aged warrior. His face was painted, one side red, the other side green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, which was sewn on a piece of cloth the width of the wampum, being about two inches, whilst the claws of the panther or wild cat, distant from each other about a quarter of an inch, with their points inwards, formed the rim of the collar. Around his neck were

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hanging strands of wampum of various lengths, the circles enlarging as they descended. He was clothed in dressed elk skin, almost a pure white. It consisted of a jacket, the sleeves being cut to fit his finely formed arms, and so as to leave outside of the seam that ran from the shoulder back of the arm about six inches of the material, one half of which was cut in fringe; the same kind of fringe ornamented the collar of the jacket, its sides, bosom, and termination, which was cut in points. The outside seam of his leggins were ornamented with the same fringe. Blue beads were employed to vary and enrich the fringe of the leggins. On his feet he wore parti-coloured moccasins ornamented with beads. Over his shoulder a scarlet blanket, and near his breast a beautifully ornamented feather and an ornament something like a star made of porcupine quills, dyed yellow, red and blue. On his shoulders he wore a tuft of curled horse-hair dyed red, and across his breast, and bound tightly to it, his war-pipe, which was ornamented with dyed horse-hair, feathers and the bills of birds. In one hand he held the calumet and in the other a white flag. In his mien and appearance there was much dignified simplicity, and though a man high in station and commanding universal obedience and respect from his people, there was not the slightest appear-

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ance of hauteur in his demeanour, but on the contrary his manners were altogether extremely engaging. Taking leave of the fine old fellow and of his people, we stuck spurs into our horses and disappeared amidst general expressions of regret.

The estimated distance to St. Paul's was sixty miles, and we wished to make the journey, if possible, in two days. Our course was down the river, a half day, when we stopped to feed our horses with some Indian corn which we carried in a small bag. While they were eating, we took our own luncheon. After an hour's rest we set forth again, and towards night arrived at our station for the night. Here, however, we were overtaken by a disagreeable accident. My friend's horse fell in endeavouring to cross a small stream with high slippery banks, and throwing him forward over his head, broke his wrist. Fortunately he sustained no further injury, but this was no trifle as he rode a somewhat unmanageable horse. Young Juneau, who was accustomed to accidents, immediately set the bones, at which he exhibited unexpected dexterity, and while cooking our supper prepared a poultice from certain herbs, collected in the woods, which he declared would extract all soreness from the wound and enable Mr. Morris to continue his journey without serious

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pain. After supper the poultice was applied, and it resulted somewhat as Juneau predicted, and to our no small satisfaction.

The woods in these parts being infested with wild beasts of all kinds, it was necessary to form our sleeping place in the nature of an entrenched camp. Before lying down upon our arms, as a further precaution four huge fires were lit around about us, as a terror to panthers and wild cats. Juneau's dogs, however, were our principal reliance, and were the most trusty of sentinels; with these and our rifles we closed our eyes with few apprehensions as to consequences, though we had heard for some time the bark of the prairie wolves which indicated that packs of these and other savage beasts were prowling in uncomfortable proximity to our quarters for the night.

The following morning, as the first blushes of Aurora were suffusing the eastern sky, we were up, busy making preparations to continue the journey. In these we were somewhat delayed by having to attend to Mr. Morris's horse and baggage, for though not suffering so much as we expected from either his bruises or wrist, he carried his arm in a sling. Both preparations and breakfast finished, we resumed the journey, and after a fatiguing ride over a broken country, where our progress was impeded by an almost impenetrable jungle of

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brush and timber, arrived shortly after night-fall at a lone spot about five miles from the banks of the Mississippi, where we stopped for the night in the log house of an Indian trader known to our guide. Approaching the solitary house of the pioneer, under the light of the moon and in the stillness of the night, recalled some not inappropriate lines of Hobhouse,

> "The moon reposing on yon pine tree tops,
> With a soft radiance silvers all the copse;
> Nor aught is heard above, nor aught below;
> No flood to murmur, no gale to blow;
> But dove-wing'd silence, hovering o'er the scene,
> Sheds a mild grandeur, and a dead serene."

Next morning we bid adieu to our guide who left on his return, and during the afternoon arrived and took up our quarters at Cook's Hotel, St. Paul's. The weather now was very cold both at night and for several hours in the morning, and it was with no small satisfaction that we found ourselves under the shelter of a tight roof and before a blazing fire. It did not belong to our plans, however, to remain any length of time in this dreary and desolate looking town.

St. Paul's was a small settlement at the Falls of the Mississippi which had grown up around the United States' garrison, and was distinguished for nothing but its frontier appearance

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and the discomforts to which adventurous travellers, who found their way here, must submit. A sagacious down-easter, Mr. Cook, understanding the advantages of the place at the head of steam-boat navigation and foreseeing its future importance, established himself on the spot, built the house in which we were now guests, and opened an hotel. He had also 'entered' a considerable body of land, which he divided into squares, these were sub-divided into town lots, and he was selling them at a high price to such strangers as followed into the country. Mr. Cook, whose industrious wife attended to the affairs of the hotel, did little else than mark out and name new streets, avenues, squares and parks. These were staked out with small white billets of wood, and sold by their numbers as exhibited on a plot which he prepared with the assistance of a co-partner in his speculations. The future streets were marked simply by a plough furrow, and though we saw nothing but a wild waste, these enterprising speculators predicted that their city would within five years be the most populous on the Upper Mississippi. With a generous spirit, too, which did them credit, they offered us at a nominal price the choice of a few scores of corner lots in the coming emporium.

Though there were only a handful of people now in this settlement, which was on the lands

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of the Indians—did not even belong to any organized territory of the United States—the wildest and to us most impracticable schemes were daily discussed, of constructing within a few years a railway to Lake Superior across the uninhabited country over which we had just come, and to the south and west, to connect with the railways of Wisconsin and Illinois, whenever Illinois and Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri should have roads wherewith to connect.

Messrs. Cook and Company had already laid out and located three railway stations on their property around the town, and were asking an additional price for lots in these favoured localities. From the constant conversation upon the subject of the steam-horse, one would have supposed that the fiery steed was in the immediate vicinity and dashing forward to take the town. Yet at this time no railway was within seven hundred miles of St. Anthony, nor did any human being contemplate constructing one to this point, short of a half century, outside of the immediate circle of Cook and Co's. Real Estate Office. Nevertheless, the prospect of having a railway at some day, however remote, exercised no small influence on the price of town lots. In their office I listened to many edifying conversations upon the subject of the new buildings,

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which were in a twelvemonth to grace the city; and began to have confused ideas of Gothic windows, Palladian attics, Bysantine arches, Rococo facades and Tudor chimneys floating promiscuously through my mind.

It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful country than that around St. Paul's, or a more advantageous situation for a town. The water of the Mississippi is here clear as crystal, so much so, that we could see the smallest object at the bottom, and the fish playing about in whirling gambols, enjoying the existence conferred upon them by a beneficent Creator. The hills are grouped in the most picturesque and romantic manner, presenting a wild, fascinating succession of lovely scenery, and nothing in nature can be more beautiful than the variety of the hues that distinguished the trees, shrubs and plants now that the first frost had come with its alchemic enchantments. All the surrounding hills were covered with trees and shrubs tinted with all the shades of colour—gold, russet, brown, green, scarlet, pink, orange and blue. The sky was bright and the air exhilarating, and at some future period the capital of Minesota will doubtless verify the prophecies of Messrs. Cook and Co. and become a proud and famous city.

The severity of the weather, even at this early period of the autumn, caused us to hurry

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from St. Paul's. No steamers ascended the river to this point later than September, and we were fain to commit ourselves to the waters on a kind of raft. On this clumsy concern, with a steersman front and rear, we made the journey to Galena, Illinois.

The entire way down is one scene of beauty and grandeur. The whole country one charm. To be duly appreciated, it must be looked upon—it defies all description.

Galena is the centre of the lead mining operations of the north-west, and one of the oldest towns in the State. There was nothing attractive in its aspect, and I only remained long enough to bid adieu to my friend, who proceeded from this point to Chicago, and to transfer myself and baggage to a steamer trading with St. Louis. Proceeding down the river in this, we passed Nauvoo, a settlement of the Mormons, or "Latter-day Saints," which as early as 1840 had a population of about five thousand dwelling in one thousand log huts. Here a great Tabernacle, one hundred and thirty-six feet front by one hundred feet in width, with a remarkable baptistry in the basement, was in process of erection, when war ensued between them and the Gentiles, as they called the people of Illinois, and they were driven from the State across the Mississippi, to find a resting place on the great Salt Lake, Utah.

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We also passed at the mouth of the Rock river, the famous island which stands twenty feet above the highest flood ever known in the river, and which was spoken of as likely to become a point in a Suspension Bridge across the Mississippi.* We still continued our course down the river, and it was easy work, "Facilis descensus," and finally came upon that wonderful sight—the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri. This mighty commotion and battle of the waters is one of the grandest objects in nature. The water of the Missouri, from its impetuous fury and greater volume, rushes into the Mississippi cleaving the current to the opposite shore, and colouring with its mud the Mississippi for miles below. The Illinois bank is being gradually washed away by the action of the water, and not unfounded apprehensions are entertained that it may change the bed of the river many miles to the east, in which event St. Louis must bid farewell to all her greatness.

St. Louis was, at this time, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and in many respects the most prosperous town in the Mississippi valley, ranking next to Cincinnati in population, commercial activity and wealth. Origi-

* This event has occurred, and in 1869 a bridge has been erected, across which the railway trains pass, and without material obstruction to the navigation of the river.

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nally a French military post, and trading station—the capital of Upper Louisiana—it has gradually risen in importance since the cession of Louisiana by the Emperor Napoleon I. to the United States, and from its advantageous situation is destined doubtless to become the largest city in the interior of North America. From the fact that it was originally settled by French Catholics, it has retained something of a foreign aspect, and is yet the seat of a large Roman Catholic population, who have ornamented it with several handsome specimens of Church architecture. Some of its customs too, handed down from the past, and which are rapidly dying out, are peculiar, very interesting and poetical.

To one of these I was a spectator. A few days after my arrival in St. Louis, while walking across a green field in the suburbs, there came floating to the ear, through the still air, solemn sounds of human voices, or distant chanting. I could not conceive what it was, and it was too distant to make out anything beyond the blended harmony, except that the harmony was produced by the joint notes of many voices. I stopped for a moment as if entranced, and listened with the most rapt attention. There was a pause, the sound had died away, though the notes still seemed to be gliding by in a sort of lingering cadence. I

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was about to move on, thinking the solemn notes must have come through the open windows of a church, which a moment after had been closed, when again a strain, as if of infant voices, struck on the ear and almost startled me with its solemn melody. I know not what had been the subject of my thoughts immediately before the sounds first arrested my attention, because I have noticed when allowing any poetic or sacred idea in one's mind, the most trifling incident out of the ordinary course of events will seize on the imagination, and lead to some bright or melancholy dream, as the circumstances of the moment might determine. Now, these infant voices, as they softly floated through the air, seemed to me almost like the notes of angels or departed spirits, who, winging their way across the city, were chanting a chant of sorrow over the misery they witnessed on earth. I lingered and listened, and as I did so, after a short delay, I saw emerging from one of the suburban streets upon the road where I was standing, the head of a procession from which this melancholy music had proceeded. In front came a man bearing a cross, with a figure intended to represent our Saviour crucified thereon. Then came six or eight other men in a double row, followed by another man carrying a second and larger cross of the same descrip-

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tion. Then followed about twenty boys all very young and habited in white. After the company of boys came the bier, which was black and open on either side, disclosing a coffin lying on its floor, covered with a pall and drawn by horses. Following the bier were six men habited as the first, and these were succeeded by mourners walking two and two. As the procession moved on, the men in front with deep-toned, sonorous and funereal voices, chanted a solemn dirge, which was then taken up by the boys in their treble, who having kept it for a time, seemed to pass it on to the men behind, with whom it died away. I was deeply impresssd with the scene, as it slowly passed by towards the church. It was solemn, impressive and exciting! As the cortège moved on, the head of every passer by, even of the gardeners and labourers in the fields, was bared, and all looked solemn and reverentially towards the dead. It was a solemn scene, except when the voices of the boys rose up clear in some burst of melody, it sounded hopeful, almost joyful.

And why should a cortège of death be always regarded with a feeling of melancholy and dread? Does it offer no hope to the hearts of the beholders? Are there never any triumphs to be read in it? True—a living soul has departed, a human body is about to be con-

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signed to the dark tomb, to become the food of worms. But that soul! Oh! had we but the faith of christians how should we rejoice in her deliverance, her trials are all over, her victory won, and she has entered into the joy of her Lord! As thoughts of this kind passed through my mind, and as the company of boys again burst forth in a seeming strain of solemn joy, I could not but give my own words to the sounds, for I could not catch theirs, and those beautiful lines of Pope seemed to whisper in my ear:

"Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell my soul, can this be death?
The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
Oh Death, where is thy sting?

The cortège passed slowly on. I lingered till it was out of sight, the solemn and hopeful sounds of the chanters coming back continually to me, blended and apart like music from heaven, and so they passed away, leaving a solemn impression on my mind, mingled with the hope inspired by faith in the resurrection

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of the dead, and a glorious immortality. I have gazed on many a solemn funeral procession, but never on one which affected me more than did this one. Peace to the ashes of that departed sister!

Life is made up of a quick succession of the most contrary objects, and from this funeral procession I must now turn to the vigorous life and rising trade of St. Louis. And no city in the West was more distinguished for its activity than this, where a vast trade was already centered. This embraced the trade of the country on both sides of the Missouri, Mississippi, and a portion of the Illinois, and other Western rivers, and its magnitude and importance could be gathered from the boxes and bales on the quay, and the hundreds of boats lying in the river.

St. Louis was also a point in the westward journey of emigrants and traders, and the current of these was ceaseless and unbroken. Here they purchased their supplies, as did the numerous caravans or expeditions proceeding across the plains to New Mexico, Utah, and California. Speculators of every kind hovered about the hotels and public places, and were as ardent in their dreams and seductive in their manners as so many oiley Gammons. The prairies for ten miles in every direction were laid out on paper in streets, avenues,

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and parks, and while St. Louis was in reality a fine and prosperous city, it was on paper and in the imagination of its inhabitants a much grander and more opulent place still, recalling Tom Moore's lines upon the Federal city, written in his anti-republican days :

> "This famed metropolis, where fancy sees
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees."

It will be easily inferred from the crowds passing through St. Louis that it was rather disorderly, and such to a lamentable extent was in truth the case. During my brief visit, one of those fatal disputes arose which resulted in the murder of a respectable citizen. One day while sitting in the counting-house of Mr. H——, an enterprising merchant with whom I was lodging, having borne him a letter of introduction, I heard the report of a pistol in the adjoining room.

"There's another man shot!" exclaimed Mr. H——, and immediately starting from our seats, we proceeded to the next tenement. Here we found several persons attracted by the discharge of the pistol, standing around a gentleman, who was weltering in his gore. A surgeon soon appeared and caused him to be removed to his residence, but before doing so pronounced the wound fatal. This was, indeed, obvious to all. Upon inquiring, I ascertained the particulars which led to this

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assassination, and they were simply these. The men, the murderer and the murdered, had been in conversation for some time, when a trivial misunderstanding arose between them which led to high words. The owner of the house interfered, and settled the dispute. The parties continued together some time longer, several others being in the room, when one asked the company to join him in a social glass, in other words, to "liquor up." This was declined by the murdered gentleman, who politely remarked that he had already indulged too freely.

"You must liquor with us," said the other, "your refusal is an insult!"

"It is not so intended," said the gentleman. "I have no wish to drink and cannot be forced to do so by an absurd custom."

"Then damn you," said the first, "take the consequences, I always thought you a blackguard Illinoisian, now I know it," and quick as lightning, drawing his pistol, he discharged its contents into the gentleman's face, literally blowing off the upper part of his head.

For some time after this occurrence, the witnesses and others stood canvassing the affair, the general opinion being that the murdered man had courted his fate by the insult —all agreed it was an insult to refuse to drink when invited. While this sort of desultory

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comment was occurring, a negress entered the room with a pail of water and wiped up the blood with the greatest imaginable *nonchalance*. Meanwhile an officer of some kind—I presume he must have belonged to the police, if such a body existed—appeared, and said to the murderer,

"Jim, go down to the court-house, Squire W—— has just past. Get him to give you a discharge. Some of that dead fellow's friends from across the river will cause you trouble."

"Do you mean that as a threat?" responded Jim.

"Oh no," said the officer, "merely as advice. You know I am your friend, and I only wish to do the best for you in the case."

"Very well then," added Jim, "I'll go down and have it over with that old drunkard W——, d—n him! I would like to see him refuse me an honourable discharge, I'd very soon blow out his brains, if he has any."

Half an hour afterwards Mr. H—— informed me that the murderer had been examined before Justice W——, who discharged the prisoner on bail, as the criminal was technically termed in the language of the law, though in reality he had not been arrested. Thus ended the matter, so far as my knowledge extends. It gave evidence of what I regarded as a very lively state of affairs Out West.

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Mr. H—— invited me to call, in his company, upon a kind of recluse or hermit by the name of C——, who lived in retired grounds in a secluded neighbourhood.

"You'll be compensated for your trouble," said Mr. H——, "if the old man is in a good humour. He will give you a great deal of information about the place in past times, and the old inhabitants."

Accordingly we walked to Mr. C——'s, and were admitted into his grounds by an aged negress, who informed us that her master was busy. She would however announce Mr. H——. "There is no use," said she, "in telling him there be a stranger with you, for he is certain to refuse to see you if he knows this. He will not see strangers on any account."

We followed the African into the hall and saw her enter the studio. From our position we could distinctly hear him refuse to admit us, and give the servant orders to say he was ill. When the negress reported, Mr. H—— bethought himself of the expedient of saying that he should not disturb him many minutes, and that if ill, he had a young friend with him who was anxious to see Mr. C—— and would prescribe for him.

The negress with much hesitation conveyed the message, whereupon he flew into a passion

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and ordered her to send us away. Not content with this, he advanced into the hall and confronting us, exclaimed, his face flushed with anger and his eye flashing fire, "*Monsieur, je désire vivre ici à ma manière, fréquenter qui bon me semblera, faire du bien ou n'en pas faire suivant ma fantaisie. Je ne veux être fatigué par la présence de personne.*" He had scarcely finished this sentence, when Mr. H—— excused himself upon the plea that he wished to introduce a young friend, Mr. P—— from Virginia. The old man's features relaxed immediately, he assumed altogether a different face, and advancing, with many apologies, asked if I was a kinsman of J. R. P——, who had visited St. Louis about three quarters of a century before. When I replied in the affirmative, he seized me by the hand, expressed his great pleasure at our meeting and proceeded, as he conducted us into his study, to relate many anecdotes of the past. He immediately ordered in wine and refreshments, and for two hours we remained listening with deep interest to his accounts of the earlier settlers and first days of St. Louis.

"And now," said the old man, as we were about to leave, "you and Mr. H—— must dine with me to-morrow." This invitation we accepted on the spot. As we left Mr. C——, he seemed disposed to make some kind of

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apology for the life he led, ending what he was saying by quoting the familiar line of Horace, *nex vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit.*

At his dinner the next day, which passed off most pleasantly, I met a half dozen of his old friends, the most noted of these being Mr. Edward Bates, a native Virginian, but long a resident of Missouri, where he achieved an honourable success in the profession of the law. Mr. Bates was most kind and courteous, and before my departure from St. Louis made me acquainted with his family and many of his friends. Mr. Bates was a quiet unobtrusive gentleman, who took little part in politics, confining himself entirely to the duties of his profession. He was consequently little known beyond Missouri. Here his conduct at the bar, in the able, manly and straightforward discharge of his forensic duties gained for him many admirers, many warm and zealous friends, and these often sought to place him in Congress, a distinction which he uniformly declined. Mr. Bates, whom I afterwards heard speak on several occasions, was unquestionably a man of great ability, his style vigorous, effective and sincere. He delivered his opinions fearlessly without equivocation, in clear and distinct language, devoid of technical garb, and arrived at his point without circumlocution. Through his attentions I made the acquaintance of the principal members of the St. Louis bar, and

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spent some of the most pleasant hours of my sojourn in their society, and listening to their forensic encounters. The more I saw of Mr. Bates in and out of court, the better satisfied was I that he had acted wisely in eschewing political life. Much of his success was due to this circumstance, and he illustrated in his career a trite but sound remark of Dean Swift, 'It is an uncontrolled truth that no man ever made an ill-figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.' Had Mr. Bates' taste led him to seek political position, it is questionable whether his success would have been commensurate with his talents; for he was no seeker after popularity, but uniformly recalled to my mind the words of a celebrated *littérateur*, whose opinions on this point are sounder than on many others. "A wise man's kingdom is his own breast, or if he ever looks further, it will only be to the judgment of a select few who are free from prejudices. Nothing, indeed, can be a stronger presumption of falsehood than the approbation of the multitude, and Phocion always suspected himself of some blunder when he was attended with the applause of the multitude."

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CHAPTER XV.

Up the Missouri—Indian deputation—An Osage chief—German emigrants and Kentucky settlers—Scenery—Jefferson city—A camp meeting—A Western Court—A people's man and a country editor—Mr. Bates—After dinner discussion—An unexpected encounter with country cousins.

An unexpected and singularly good opportunity presenting, I determined to avail myself of it to see something of the interior of Missouri, or 'Misery,' as disappointed emigrants call the State.

Mr. Bates was about to attend a session of the Court at Jefferson, and not only invited, but urged me to accompany him, which I consented to do. Going aboard a steamer destined for Jefferson, we found the deck crowded with passengers, consisting, in addition to a few legal gentlemen, of Indians and emigrants. One of these red-men was an Osage chief, returning with a deputation of his tribe from a visit to their great father, the President of the United States. He was an interesting and striking object, was six feet high, straight as an arrow and perfect in his proportions. On the top of his head he wore a tuft of hair, (the

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rest of the head was bare) with a cord tightly tied around it in which were stuck some bright coloured feathers, selected from a peacock's tail, intermixed with the bristles of the porcupine. Like the rest of his companions, he wore a dark green toga or hunting shirt, yellow leather breeches, a little the worse for wear—no stockings, and high-laced moccasins. Near him was one of his trusted companions, a chief also, dressed in the same style, and as handsome a lad of sixteen as I ever remember to have seen, his son and successor. These three chiefs constituted a separate group. The rest of the picturesque looking deputation were smoking and soon some sleeping on the open deck, as if it were the middle of the night. Taciturn and reserved, they presented a sad picture, and no one could look on their vacant countenances without feeling that they were a melancholy and expiring race. Thus they were proceeding towards their homes, in the track of the setting sun, which, unlike their sinking fortunes, was going down to rise again.

Quite different in their countenances, but even more squalid in their poverty, was a party of savage-looking German emigrants, who had recently arrived in New York, and had been dispatched to the far West to find homes in the solitude of the prairies. The head of this party was a short, stout Bavarian, who wore a blue

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tail-coat, covered with grease, without a single button and only a remnant of one tail. A pair of ancient cazinet trousers, in tatters at the feet, patched in the rudest manner on the knees, and unpatched in unmentionable parts where they ought to have been—an ancient leather waistcoat and an apology for a pair of boots. Scarcely any of the men, women or children in this party were better dressed, but they had been supplied in New York and St. Louis with a few agricultural implements and carpenters' tools, and expected before winter to build themselves comfortable timber houses, and to get a considerable body of land prepared for a spring crop. Fortunately they were to join a party of their countrymen who had preceded them by two years and were prospering in their new home. Notwithstanding, therefore, their poverty and present distress, they were cheered by the hope of something better, and consequently unlike the poor Indians, their rough bearded faces shone through their dirt with cheerfulness. A half-dozen raw-boned Kentuckians, with iron constitutions and nerves apparently of whip cord, their wives and children, were also emigrating. A few natives of the West made up the list of passengers.

The Kentuckians were of the farmer class, and men of some means, of hard heads, and probably harder hearts, determined to succeed.

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Whittling and whistling, they passed their time in a "devil-may-care" style, which seemed to gain them admirers. It soon became evident that they would turn both German and Indian to their account. Before we had gone half the distance, two of the Germans with their families had abandoned their party and joined the Kentuckians, who promised them shelter and immediate wages. One of the Kentuckians spoke German with tolerable facility, and another managed to communicate with the Indians, and they smoked the calumet together incessantly—the calumet, too, loaded with Missouri tobacco, the most potent and, to me, the most offensive in the world. From these appearances, I did not doubt but that these children of the woods would be made in some way useful to the native-born citizens. This could not be done, however, without at the same time bettering their own condition, and advancing the common country of all.

Our steamer proceeded up the Mississippi, and entered the mouth of the Missouri, where we encountered a current of such force and impetuosity, that it was almost impossible at times to make any headway. The river was also tortuous in its course, and encumbered with both "snags" and "sawyers." Prudence was therefore very necessary. Often

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changing its channel, the river formed sand-bars in the most unexpected places, and our boat was occasionally coming on these to the no small astonishment, disgust, and perplexity of the captain. At a point in the current where on one journey the water was twenty feet deep, he would on another trip run aground, strike a sawyer, or be ripped open by a snag. The banks of the stream were high, composed of alluvial soil, and this from its soft nature was being constantly washed away, shifting the channel of the river, and carrying vast quantities of mud, trees, stumps, and a variety of rubbish into the Mississippi, and even as far as the Gulf of Mexico. As the banks gave way, acres of trees, houses, and whatever else might be upon the ground were swept off. Charged with sand and soil, the water is unusually muddy and discoloured, and hence the origin of the name "Missouri," which signifies, in the language of the aborigines, "Mud River."

The country on both sides of the Missouri is a "rolling prairie," with occasional oak openings, and of extraordinary fertility. It is entirely uninhabited, except by a few adventurous pioneers and roving tribes of savages. The boat made frequent delays to take in wood, which is collected for the use of the steamers, by labourers in the employment of

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the Company. After remaining some months to season, this wood makes a quick, strong fire, which is preferred to one altogether of coal. While the wood was being taken on board at these stopping places, and it was a tedious operation, I frequently went ashore, and ascertained that, with the exception of these labourers and their families, there were scarcely any other settlers, yet the climate and soil was good, and game plentiful. This was due simply to the vast extent of the country and the inadequate population. The Indians who remained near these spots presented a sad picture of filth and wretchedness. When observing them loitering around the grog-shops of the West, spending in spirits every cent they could earn by hunting and fishing, it was easy to understand the rapid process of extinction which is going on among them.

Our passage up the stream was interrupted occasionally by islands and groups of islands, which, beautiful objects in themselves, could but diminish the majesty of the stream. Heavily timbered, they furnished a safe refuge for water-fowl of every description; and wild ducks, geese and other birds frequently rose before us in clouds, one above the other, disappearing on the mainland. Vain would be the effort to describe the beauty and variety with which these islands are grouped, the wild luxu-

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riance of the forest growth, their clusters of magnificent shrubs, their shady inlets, the brilliant variety of colours which they now displayed, having been touched by the first autumnal frost, and the deep solitude in which they seemed excluded from all the world, and which gave them a most romantic appearance. This solitude extended to the shore on either side, and for hours, as we pursued our way, was unbroken except by the sharp report of an Indian's rifle, or a column of smoke rising from the log hut of some adventurous pioneer.

As we continued our journey, mingling with the passengers at table and on deck, I found myself becoming much interested with the Kentuckians, that they were gaining upon my confidence and esteem as much as they had done upon the Germans and Indians. Had it suited my 'book,' I should doubtless have fallen into their schemes as readily as the Indians and Germans. They exhibited so much good-nature towards each other, to myself and, in fact, everybody, were so frank in their discourse, so cheerful, so full of wit, humour and anecdote, and so easily provoked to laughter, in which they indulged with all the heartiness of children, and it was all seasoned with such sound sense and independent spirit, that I felt great interest in their society.

Notwithstanding the force of the current,

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the numerous islands, the snags, sawyers, and other obstructions, our gallant boat, under the impetus of a high pressure engine, kept steadily upon her course, and in due time we arrived at our destination, Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri, Tuesday the 24th of October, 1848.

Landing, we proceeded to the principal hotel, and found it entirely deserted. Entering the public room, and seeing no bell, or other means of announcing our arrival, we rapped loudly upon the inner doors hoping to attract attention. Disappointed in this, we proceeded to the back yard, where we encountered a superannuated negress hastening to the rescue, who invited us to re-enter the house and make ourselves at home. She apologised for the state of affairs, saying that every one belonging to the establishment was absent at a camp meeting. The hotel was flanked by two rows of one story timber rooms, and in one of these rows we were each accommodated with a separate chamber, the negress hospitably inviting us to occupy those we liked best. About the time we had indicated our choice, the landlady appeared with her daughters—there was no landlord in the case. Information had reached her of the arrival of the boat, and she rushed home at the top of her speed. This worthy widow, with the aid of her daughters, and a

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negro porter, who belonged to the establishment, stowed our luggage away, lighted jocund fires on our hearths, and, in due season, placed a Missouri dinner upon the table-d'hôte. This particular Missouri dinner consisted of boiled bacon and greens, a haunch of venison, and a wild turkey, with coffee for those who liked it, and whiskey for all.

After dinner, instead of sitting awhile, Mr. Bates and I walked to a grove near the town in order to witness the scenes presented by the religious revival. Here we found five or six hundred persons assembled in a grove and broken up into groups—each separate group listening to a discourse from an open-air preacher mounted upon a stump. At convenient distances, here and there through the wood, tents were pitched and waggons drawn up, the waggons in which the country families came with their provisions and cooking utensils, around which horses were picketed and children playing. Near each tent a fire was blazing, and at each of these fires cooking was going on under the supervision of persons detailed for this purpose, and for the benefit of the multitude who were at the moment engaged in worship. A pig was being roasted at this fire, and a turkey at that, bacon and cabbage boiling here and potatoes stewing there. After a *coup-d'œil* we approached a group composed

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of about a hundred and fifty persons, gathered around a tall, slim young man, dressed in black, wearing long hair and spectacles. He was preaching from the text, "Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters," (Is. LV., v. 1) and was doing so with effect as every one preaches who utters what he feels. He was a man of some talent, of education and, as we afterwards heard, a graduate of one of the Virginian Colleges, who had penetrated into the frontier country, not like so many others in search of gold, but in the character of a humble missionary, teaching the gospel and pointing out the way of salvation. We were so attracted by the soft, pleasant sounds of his voice, by his eloquent flow of words, by the fervid piety which pervaded his whole manner and style, and by the excellent lessons which he inculcated, that we remained listening to the end of his discourse. The exercises were closed by a hymn, sung by all standing, in strains of rapturous delight. As these seraphic sounds were ascending on high, we quietly withdrew and slowly returned to the inn, deeply impressed with what we had witnessed. The scene vividly brought to memory a line of Goldsmith, and I felt that truly many might go to such scenes "to scoff but remain to pray."

Jefferson, distant from St. Louis, one hun-

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dred and forty miles, was one of those straggling Western villages where it was difficult to say when the village terminated and the country commenced. The streets were unpaved, six inches deep with dust in the summer, and knee deep with mud in the winter. Dust, dirt, and mud, and the effects of dust, dirt and mud were everywhere perceptible. The houses were spattered with dry mud, the vehicles covered with thick layers of mud, and the people seemed for the most part to have wallowed in the mire. The session of Court attracted a considerable number of country people to the town, and these were principally collected about a miserable, naked-looking edifice made of mud in the form of brick, called the Court House, where a set of half educated muddy-headed lawyers, made a muddle in attempting to make the "wrong side appear the better cause." A rougher set of citizens, whether regarded with reference to dress, manners or physical appearance, separately or combined, could not be imagined. Bear-skin caps, Mackinaw blankets, leather leggings, old Bess rifles and hunting knives, entered into their dress and equipments. Tall, square-shouldered, broad-chested, stout men, made up of bone and gristle, they drank whiskey, chewed tobacco, and while waiting for the opening of Court, engaged in athletic sports in front of the

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temple of Thetis. These sports consisted of throwing heavy weights, jumping, wrestling, and boxing. These powerful men, thus encountering each other in trials of physical strength, recalled the athletes of old. Their general good humour, and the excellent temper with which they bore their reverses was admirable, until towards evening, when fiery liquor caused many to lose their heads.

A more cheerless, comfortless, wretched place cannot be imagined than the Court House, which, however, was soon filled after the judge took his seat. "His honour," the judge, issued, unannounced by herald, from the side door of the opposite inn, and advanced on foot, unattended, across the lawn to the building, now and again giving a nod of recognition to some old friend. He was a fat, sickly looking man of sixty, grave even to stupidity. The Court was opened with due form, and business was conducted with more energy and dispatch than could have been expected from a judge of such slow and solemn manners. None but the strongest grounds for a continuance would prevail, if parties were not present and prepared to go to trial, the cause went to trial nevertheless, and a verdict was rendered accordingly. The great constitutional principle of granting the American citizen speedy justice was no where, I am sure, more strictly adhered

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to than in this Western forum. When a question was submitted to the decision of the Court, the judge would sit as if spell-bound, apparently generating an idea, and having done this he would deliver his judgment with a curtness which indicated that he at least thought "brevity the soul of wit." From this decision there was no appeal, upon it he would allow no comment, in support of it he advanced no argument. I was told that a highly nervous gentleman of the bar, recently arrived from Connecticut, had on one occasion undertaken to defy these rules of the Court, when the judge administered a fine of five dollars. Not submitting gracefully to this infliction, the judge ordered him to be imprisoned till the following morning. The sheriff not being in the room at the moment, his honour rose from the judgment seat, and drawing a revolver from the table drawer, and whipping a bowie knife from a scabbard worn down his back, was about to execute judgment, when the sheriff appeared, and hearing the progress of the business, hurried off the refractory attorney, who, from merciful considerations of personal safety, was locked up in the county jail. Since then no one had ventured on treating the Court with contempt, and business proceeded much to the satisfaction of litigants and the community generally.

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During this term of Court, I listened to an argument upon the points growing out of a land title from Mr. Bates, which caused me, as much as anything I had previously heard, to form so high an opinion of his legal talents. The life led by the gentlemen of the wig and gown in these frontier settlements, did not appear to me at all disagreeable. The Court was not unfrequently adjourned for a buffalo hunt, and the business of the day was always despatched, that the judge and bar might spend a part of the afternoon pitching quoits. Their evenings were passed over the whist-table, or in political discussions conducted amidst clouds of tobacco smoke. In these after dinner discussions, they often indulged in roseate views of the future of the United States, and prognosticated as time developed the power, of what the Editor of the Jefferson paper, Mr. Windett (a Yankee importation), called "our Almighty country," universal dominion for her. The general form of expression with this knight of the quill, who was leading the Western mind through his Missouri organ, was,

"Yes, sir, we *air* an Almighty *people*."

By virtue of his position as Editor of the leading journal, this person was admitted into the society of the learned profession, and did little else than "puff" his favourite. In almost

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every paper his friend and protégé, who was one of the village pettifoggers named Burgess, was lauded as a model of wisdom, legal learning and forensic eloquence. By this system of puffing, he had succeeded in having his friend elected to the Missouri legislature, in which Mr. Burgess had made a considerable noise by reason of his stout lungs and restless vanity. Notwithstanding his exertions to blow young Burgess from a very small frog, into the proportions of an ox, and the ambition of the rising demagogue to become a hero, it was found no easy task. Seconding the efforts of Windett by fawning and sycophantic manners, he became, certainly, tremendously popular. In the county he was at the head of every 'movement,' and generally regarded as the coming man of Missouri and the nation. Among the wiser and more sagacious men who constituted the legislature, Burgess was looked upon in a different light. It was the general opinion of this body that all efforts to thrust greatness upon him would be futile, and that he only made himself ridiculous by his aspiring efforts, like the "ape who the higher he goes, the more he shows his tail."

To the credit of Central Missouri it must be mentioned that the business of the courts was small, a somewhat distressing circumstance for the profession, which was generally in a dilapi-

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dated condition. Even leading limbs of the law appeared rather 'seedy,' and many were said to die without effects, because they had lived without causes.

The day after my arrival in Jefferson, while sitting in the public room of the hotel, conversing with the "lawyers" as the learned judge, barristers and other persons connected with the Court, were classed under one generic term; I was somewhat startled by the following incident. A gentleman of prepossessing appearance and fine address, about fifty years of age, wearing short breeches and leather gaiters, a Mr. G——, to whom I had been previously introduced, without, however, his catching my name, came into the parlour, and said in a raised voice, addressing himself courteously to me,

"A lady in the other room wishes to see you."

As I was unconscious of having any lady acquaintance in this part of the world, I was slightly startled at what otherwise, doubtless, would have been a most interesting announcement. Quickly recovering my self-possession I remarked that I presumed that he had made some mistake and was addressing me for another.

"No," said he, "a lady in the adjoining room wishes to speak to you, if this is Mr. Peyton."

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As there was no misunderstanding this, I informed him that that was my name, but still doubted whether she referred to me. I was unconscious of having any lady acquaintance in Jefferson, and would be glad if he would explain the facts, and inform me if I was really the person to whom she wished to speak.

The gentleman whose manner and address was that of a thorough man of the world, disappeared (with rather a comical expression), which was the occasion for my legal friends indulging in no small amount of chaff at my supposed conquest among the fair ones of Jefferson. While this was progressing Mr. G—— reappeared, and said,

"Yes, sir, as Nathan said unto David 'thou art the man.' The lady wishes to see no one else and is particularly anxious to see you. Do go into the next room, she is quite nervous to shake you by the hand."

This announcement was received by the legal gentlemen with shouts of laughter. I was still disposed to hold back, but this they would not allow, nor would my gallantry. There was no alternative than to rise and offer to follow my guide, Mr. G——, who by this time was fully in the joke, joined in the laugh and to keep it up added,

"Yes, sir, the lady seems quite agitated; it's a clear case of love at first sight."

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We proceeded towards the next room, and I was introduced to a handsome, middle-aged lady, with flaxen hair, deep blue eyes, which beamed with the light of superior intelligence, a lovely complexion, and animated expressive countenance. She was dressed in black, and was altogether such an agreeable apparition as I had not expected to see in this remote quarter of the land. She arose, and advanced towards me, saying:

"I trust, dear sir, that you will pardon my liberty in requesting to see you, but when I heard your name, I could not resist the temptation. My name, too, was once Peyton, though I have been many years married to Mr. G——. My family was originally from Virginia. I am sure we must be relations. I have often heard my father's account of the family."

She then entered into an explanation of her family matters, too tedious to be detailed, and which were, for the most part, unintelligible to me, for up to this period I had never given a second thought to the subject of genealogies and pedigrees. I concurred, however, in all the conclusions to which she arrived, and these were, that we were descended from a common stock—her's being the elder branch of the family, of course, and consequently that we were cousins in probably the fortieth degree. This settled, Mr. G—— and myself shook

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hands heartily, and retired to the bar to "liquor up." Meanwhile the young G——s had arrived, and were severally introduced to their new found kinsman, and my new found relations were presented in due form to Mr. Bates and the legal gentlemen. The same evening the party was invited to take tea with the G——s, and a most pleasant evening it was. Among my country cousins, there were two as modest, pretty, and attractive girls as could anywhere be seen

During this evening it was arranged, and there was no possibility of escaping their polite importunities, that I should accompany them to their prairie home on my return journey to St. Louis, and remain, at least, a few days, as long as my engagements would admit. The incidents of my visit to these Western friends will be embraced in the next succeeding chapter, and I trust not be altogether uninteresting.

The few days I remained in Jefferson passed away agreeably in the society of my new acquaintances, whose manners, although unmarked by artificial elegance or polish, were naturally graceful and always pleasing. For the most part their minds were little cultivated by education or refined by taste, but they were, notwithstanding their profession of the law, ingenious, or at least

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appeared so, and were decidedly lively. Most of them were natives of the frontier—had seen no other life, no other country, or society; had received no education but that of the "old field school," and of course felt the greatest interest in the "ancient dominion," of which they had only heard, but had heard, it must be confessed, no little. Virginia was with them the mother country and classic ground. From it their parents had migrated, bringing wonderful accounts of the country, its heroes, sages, orators, and statesmen. Their children born in the forest or on the prairies, turned to the venerable mother of States and statesmen with more than the filial feelings of affection with which the Virginians themselves look to England, or the American-born Germans to their "fader" land.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A visit to my country cousins—A Southern planter surrounded by his slaves—Arrival of Burgess—Unhappy end of a love affair—A deer-hunt—Bid adieu to my friends and return to St. Louis.

THE promise I had made to visit the G—— family, rendered it necessary to part, at this point, with my legal friends; and it was with no small regret. Their conversation had interested me much, and I had obtained a fund of information from them as to the West.

Mr. G—— insisted upon conveying me in his own vehicle, and in accordance with his arrangements, we left Jefferson on Saturday morning, the 28th of October. Crossing the Osage river, a broad and beautiful stream, and travelling in a south-eastern direction over a natural road, traversing a rolling prairie, and passing many small water-courses, we arrived near the end of the day, having made a distance of thirty-four miles, at his

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Note.—For obvious reasons, fictitious names have been given to the characters in this chapter, and Rustyville is described just far enough from its true position on the map, to prevent betraying the private affairs of my friends.

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home on the Gasconade. At this spot he had resided the past five years, during which he had erected a substantial timber mansion, and numerous huts for his negroes. These huts were constructed of logs, the chimneys even being wicker, plastered with mud. The mansion was situated on a commanding eminence, on the left bank of the Gasconade, affording an extensive prospect of the river and country. It was surrounded by a grove of oak, walnut, sugar maple, and other forest trees, and the lawn was covered with Kentucky blue grass, and interspersed with exotic plants and flowers, many of which flourish luxuriantly in this climate. Here Mr. G—— had buried himself, the nearest place of any consequence being Jefferson, and the only spot where he could purchase his supplies or secure the services of a doctor in case of illness. Pioneers, however, rarely employ a medical man, except for surgical operations, and many of them, as, indeed, Mr. G——, are quite competent to set a bone, draw a tooth, or apply the lancet. Their wives, too, are erudite in the virtues and efficacies of herbs and plants, and easily prepare a remedy from the roots and herbs of the fields for every known disease.

Arrived at the open door of his hospitable mansion, my luggage was conveyed to a chamber. On entering this bed-room I paused

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to take a survey. The walls were neatly papered, the windows which were heavily curtained, looked out upon a picturesque succession of hills, which gradually sloped towards the water. These sloping hill-sides were at this time only slightly cultivated, but Mr. G—— anticipated that within half a dozen years, they would be converted into corn fields and tobacco plantations. The floor of my chamber was covered with a handsome Brussels carpet, and the furniture was of massive mahogany—a cheerful fire was soon blazing on the hearth, for the evening and morning air was now very sharp, and a more comfortable, desirable and scrupulously clean bed-room was never occupied by guest. The bed, on which there were a pair of sheets fragrant as thyme, and white as falling snow, was covered with a variegated or "patch-work" quilt, the handicraft of Mrs G——. Though the mansion was of timber and some of the rooms merely white-washed, and the place called by his wife "Rustyville Hall," it was furnished at an expense and with a taste which would have done no discredit to the mansions of New York or Boston. Indeed those cities and Paris had supplied the entire *meuble*. His parlour floor was covered with an elegant Turkey carpet, supplied with both piano and harp—his wife and daughters were cultivated musicians—

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sofas, heavy arm-chairs in rosewood, and what was of more interest to me, hung with family portraits, fine paintings and engravings, which had come to him as heir-looms, or which he had collected during a residence of two years abroad. His library consisted of a well selected collection of about 4,000 volumes. On the walls of the library was suspended some old armour, and the sword and pistols worn by his father during the war of the Revolution, and some more modern Indian curiosities, including a few clubs and scalping knives. In other words, here on the frontiers of civilization, almost in the very home of the red skin and the haunt of the prairie wolf, a cultivated and travelled gentleman had, from a love of adventure and a fondness for the chase, come and set down with a family in every way fitted to grace the highest society.

Mr. G——'s sons, Arthur and Reginald were Nimrods in their way, were rarely seen without handsome double-barrelled fowling pieces in their hands, mounted in silver, and kept the table supplied with game—while an old negro, who no longer young enough to take part in the active labours of the field, furnished from the river a never-failing supply of fish. Mr. G—— though suffering at times from derangement of the liver—was a vigorous, strong-bodied,

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active, indefatigable country gentleman, fond of rural sports, a capital shot and excellent horseman. He was rather above middle height, of a good military figure with a most intelligent and engaging countenance. His manners, though with a decided western dash, were those of a perfectly well-bred gentleman. Love of sport and a fondness for the frontier alone induced him to abandon his Kentucky home and settle upon the banks of the Gasconade. The change, however, would not prove fruitless in another important particular. He informed me that it would be highly advantageous to his children, who would be enriched by the advancing price of property. Roads were being constructed into the interior from the natural highways, as the rivers are aptly styled, and he hoped they would adopt the plan of macadamizing, at least the principal ones. Bridges would be built, canals excavated, the towns be improved and others built in a superior style of architecture, both the private houses and public edifices, and the manners of the people become more cultivated and refined. When these things took place, they would be able, with the assistance of a few years, to convert the whole of that region into a paradise.

Mr. G—— was a good master, and a more cheerful, contented and happier set of human beings than his domestics was never seen.

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Their work was light, and the return of the soil prodigious; a little work, therefore, went a long way, and every reasonable want that these bond-servants, of whom he owned eighty, could have, was bountifully supplied. Each negro family had a separate log-hut or cabin, with a kitchen garden attached, a pig-sty and poultry-house, and neither the aged nor the very young were required to engage in any labour. While the children were playing around these huts, I often saw the old negroes sitting near the door sunning themselves, apparently enjoying as much happiness as is alloted to human beings here below. As far as possible Mr. G—— and his establishment, white and black, lived within themselves. The plantation supplied every want. Their winter clothing was spun on the premises from the wool of their own sheep, their summer garments from the hemp and flax grown upon the estate. Their sugar was manufactured from the maple trees of the forests; in fact their bread, meat, and dress, everything that entered into their consumption, except tea and coffee, was produced on the spot. They were independent of imposts and taxation, never thought of commerce. Regular holidays were allowed the negroes, during which they engaged in different sports, and when sickness came they were carefully attended by their

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master's family. Hence for him and every member of his household they cherished the warmest friendship, and on several occasions when the Indians made raids into the settlement, the negro-men rallied with the greatest alacrity to its defence. They were supplied with arms and ammunition, and frequently on their holidays made no inconsiderable additions to their larder in the way of game. Of fish they always had a bountiful supply, secured by an ingenious contrivance of their own in the way of a dam across the stream. In this patriarchal style lived the planter and his family, white and black, and nothing could be more interesting than to witness the harmony, concord and happiness which prevailed among them. It carried one back, in imagination, to the days of the prophets of old.

The reader will readily imagine with what surprise I saw trotting up to this peaceful home on the second evening of my arrival, with a conceited, self-satisfied air, no less a personage than Mr. Burgess, the rising demagogue. Having heard Mr. Burgess's character for selfishness, indirection and insincerity in Jefferson, and being by no means prepossessed by his appearance, which was that of a cold-blooded, cunning fellow, who would scruple at nothing to gain his point, I was far from being pleased at the prospect of his society. Reflect-

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ing, however, that I might have heard false or exaggerated accounts, and that it was unjust and ungenerous to indulge in such feelings until I had formed his acquaintance, I endeavoured as far as possible to overcome my dislike. As to his appearance, had it not grown into a proverb that you should not judge by this? Accordingly, having dressed for dinner I joined the company.

Introduced to Mr. Burgess, we conversed till dinner, and spent some time together under the same roof It was apparent from the first that he was the accepted lover of the elder sister, Lilly. But the same evening, Mrs. G——, to enable me to understand better the terms on which he stood with the family, informed me of the fact. She did not allude to it with any satisfaction. Confessed that she did not fancy the young man, that this was also the case with her husband and sons. He had succeeded, however, in gaining the affections of Lilly, and they could not break her heart by opposing the marriage. That which rendered Lilly's determination more distasteful, if possible, to her brothers, was the fact that one of their young friends, whom they had known several years at college and who had since visited them in Missouri, had proposed for Lilly, and been declined in favour of Burgess, whose superior he was in every respect.

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From an acquaintance of a few days, I became satisfied that the family's estimate of Mr. Burgess was just. He was a vulgar, unprincipled fellow, and yet so deep in his arts, that it did not appear to a casual observer. To considerable intelligence of a low kind, and no small diplomatic skill, he joined a remorseless vanity, and a loose moral character. With these he combined an unrivalled power of self-control; and could play the hypocrite to perfection, pretending to feel and saying one thing, really feeling and doing another.

I confess that after my acquaintance, I concurred fully with the young G——'s in their unfavourable opinions of him, and felt satisfied that he was about to marry Lilly to advance his fortunes, and because a house and a wife were objects of his ambition; and that however he might wear the appearance of love, it really exercised slight sway over his shrivelled heart. When married, I was sure he would regard his wife as a kind of appendage which merely denoted the criterion of his taste, and the soundness of his judgment. So unfavourable, in fact, were my impressions of him, that I found it difficult to understand how he could have excited the passion of love in any one. It could only, I imagined, be due to Lilly's romantic temperament, to the softness, susceptibility of woman's heart—to that intoxica-

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tion of love, if I may so speak, which with young women of sanguine dispositions and sentimental hearts, alters the whole character.

But to return from this digression, one of the favourite Missouri modes of taking game, particularly the deer, a mode by no means peculiar to this State, but generally practised in America, is to station good shots at particular spots where the deer is likely to pass when hotly pursued. The sportsmen being stationed, the woods and prairies are then scoured with the dogs. On one occasion, when with my friends on the Gasconade, they had some of this kind of sport. Mr. G——, myself, one of his sons, and a Mr. Percival, a neighbour, were posted at stands, and the huntsmen led by Arthur G——, proceeded with the dogs to beat the haunts of the game. It so happened that I was placed on the river, near the mansion, where the deer were much in the habit of making for the water. Shortly after daybreak game was started. Nothing, however, came near me until about ten o'clock. At this time, Mr. Burgess, who professed to care little, and who really cared nothing for such sports, was enjoying a morning walk with his *fiancée* in the grounds of Rustyville. They had approached within two hundred yards of the spot where, concealed in the bush, I lay waiting for the expected game. The cry of

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the dogs was heard approaching nearer and nearer, and was fiercer and more excited than usual. Fast and quick the pack approached, coming through the bush and forests, shrubs and brambles. In a few moments the dogs were upon me, driving before them a huge black bear, apparently a cross between the cinnamon and grizzly bear, as well as a number of deer. According to custom, the deer leaped into the water. I brought a buck down just before he reached it, by a well directed shot. The bear which, in my excitement, I had improperly spared, such was my flurry, suddenly turned at the report of my rifle, and clambering over the park enclosure, rushed towards Lilly and her beau—his eyes glaring with fury, and his mouth foaming with rage. Without stopping to reload my piece, I drew my knife and rushed after the furious beast, which was now within ten feet of the lovers. At this juncture, to my infinite surprise, indignation and disgust, Burgess, instead of confronting the savage animal, seized the lower limbs of a tall shade tree, and leaving his sweetheart to take care of herself, climbed like a monkey to a secure place in its branches. Meanwhile, the bear, confounded at the disappearance of the object at which he was aiming, and startled by Lilly's screams, poor creature, she fell, with a shriek of fright and despair upon the

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ground, turned from his course, still pursued by the hounds, and disappeared over the enclosure.

Arrived on the spot a moment later, I raised the swooning girl from the ground, as Burgess, who now assured of his safety, descended from his eyrie. In a few moments, assistance having arrived from the house, the lady was revived, when casting a look of ineffable contempt and disgust upon the unworthy object of her affections, she summoned strength to say in a broken voice:

"Begone, your presence fills me with inexpressible pain. Never see me again. Let us forget we ever met."

"My dear Lilly! What can be the matter with you? Why do you speak in such terms of insult to Mr. Burgess?" interrupted Mrs. G——, who had just arrived, and heard of her daughter's fright, without knowing the part Mr. Burgess had played in the affair.

"Oh, mother!" said Lilly, bursting into tears, "you do not understand his baseness, his pusillanimity. Never! never, will I speak to the wretch again," and she proceeded, in a few words, to inform her mother of the manner in which she had been deserted by the cowardly fellow.

At this point, Mr. Burgess not seeming disposed to quit the spot, I interposed and requested him to do so. He reluctantly com-

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plied, walking towards the house. The matter was now more fully explained to those around, amid their expressions of indignation and surprise. All felt the deepest indignation, even the negroes participating to such an extent that the old 'ostler said,

"Well, when he goes, which dis nigger 'spects will be 'mediately, he am to get his own hoss. Dis nigger don't waits on no such 'pology of a man. I judge, too, he'd better take French leave afore Massa Arthur have hearn 'on his running up a gum tree, and leavin my young missus wid dat 'er Bar. Mass Arthur will clean cut his troaf I 'specks."

When we reached the house, at the request of Mrs. G——, I informed Mr. Burgess that the family would be glad if he would relieve them of his presence, and before the return of the gentlemen, who were expected every moment. Burgess sought a brief interview with Lilly for explanation, but as this was firmly refused, mounted his horse and rode off, alternately trotting quickly and galloping like a madman. The old 'ostler had at last agreed to saddle the animal, the sooner, he said, to get rid of such a "pussum" (person).

When Mr. G—— and his sons returned shortly afterwards, their delight at hearing of Burgess' discomfiture and flight was so hearty

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that they scarcely commented upon his disgraceful conduct.

"He is a thorough sneak, I always thought so, now I know it," said Arthur.

"He was entirely unworthy of Lilly and won't get her, I am delighted," said Reginald.

"He is a disgrace to human nature," said Mr. G——, "and the sooner he returns to the vile State (Maine) whence he sprung, the better."

"He is a wooden nutmeg and no one can find a grater," said Mr. Percival.

After this manner, the gentlemen disposed of Mr. Burgess' case, while the ladies treated it in Mrs. G——'s boudoir after their own fashion.

I very much regretted the occurrence of such an unpleasant incident during my visit—had hoped it would be recalled by the family at Rustyville by something of a more agreeable nature; but so it was, and as the family seemed thoroughly 'upset,' I announced my purpose of leaving the next day. Though kindly pressed to remain longer, my resolution was not altered. On the advice of Mr. G——, I determined to proceed on horseback to the mouth of the Gasconade and return down the Missouri. Taking leave of this kind family whose hospitality I shall never forget, and of which I can never think without the greatest pleasure, I proceeded towards the Missouri.

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No one could know these charming people in the seclusion of their Missouri home, without feeling that more enlightened companions, more kind-hearted hosts, more worthy representatives of Kentucky could not be found.

Mounting one of Mr. G——'s blood horses, and accompanied by his elder son and a negro groom, we set out in the direction of the Missouri, travelling by one of the bridle tracks which are here called roads, and which are so rough that we could hardly make over three miles an hour. A baggage horse with my 'traps' was driven before us for a few miles—after which he followed like a dog. We rode on over the prairies and through the bush by a winding path, which led us into the bed of torrents and sometimes on high declivities from which we could see the Gasconade glittering in the sun, until one o'clock when we stopped to rest the animals. Here we fed the horses, and face to face with them took our own food. At this point, Arthur G—— bid me adieu, turning his face homewards, while I continued with the negro guide down the river. I enjoyed the scenery so much, the ever-changing aspect of the hills and bluffs over which our course led; the variety, beauty and luxuriance of the vegetation, trees, shrubs, grass and flowers, of which there were still many in bloom, the river with its fresh fragrance,

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unceasing murmur and bright waters, that the shades of evening had already begun to close around us and we were in sight of the log hut where we were to pass the night, and yet I felt no sense of fatigue. In this highly satisfactory manner had my health and strength improved since leaving Virginia, when I was thoroughly jaded by a single day's journey, over a smooth road, in a stage coach. The log hut in which we stopped for the night was only one story high and covered with clap-boards, had an earthen floor and unglazed windows, yet it bore the name of the "Washington Hotel."

Our horses were here fed on sheaf oats, our own fare consisting of fresh pork, boiled potatoes and cabbage, with rye coffee and maize bread. After partaking of this fare, I retired to one of the only two rooms in the house besides the public room, in which all assembled to eat and drink, and found it ten feet by twelve. Here throwing myself upon a straw mattrass, supported upon a deal frame two feet high, I began ruminating among other things upon this and the numerous other strange and picturesque hotels I had encountered in my travels, and the contrast they presented to the marble palaces of Philadelphia and New York. Over head there was a loosely boarded floor, with its rude

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joists ; and in one corner of the room there was a ladder for ascending to a cock-loft. The mud plastering of the walls was covered with a single coat of thin white-wash ; and in the corner diagonally opposite to my bed, there stood a second deal bedstead for a chance guest. A deal shelf was crowded with bottles and glasses, the first of which were labelled "*Mustang liniment*," Radway's "*Ready Relief for Sufferers*," &c., and contained some of the many popular patent medicines. From a hook in the wall was suspended the remains of a looking-glass, which once square was now three-cornered. The whole room furnished a picture of rustic life, highly refreshing, but difficult to be associated with the name "*Hotel*." Lying down on my straw bed, sleep soon lulled my senses into forgetfulness. At six the next morning I was up again, and after a good breakfast of hominy, fried pork, maize bread and rye coffee, all of which, barring the coffee, was remarkably fine, resumed my journey.

During the night rain had fallen and the morning was cold, but the sky was bright and the sun rising in unclouded splendour. The air was clear and bracing, and the sky and waters and distant hills were clad in a transparent robe of azure. Here and there, upon the broad prairie, tiny white cottages were scattered, with fields of yellow corn

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ripening around them, and pastures animated by flocks of horses, cattle and sheep. The atmosphere was so pure, and the sky so serene, that every object was defined in perfect exactness of form. Wherever the path would admit of it, we kept up a steady jog trot for five hours; when ascending an eminence, I saw glittering in the distance the waters of the Missouri and Gasconade, at the point where they mingle and become one majestic stream. Striking spurs into my steed I galloped, despite the obstacles and dangers of the uneven ground, quite a mile down to the banks of the Missouri. Approaching the hut of a backwoodsman I heard from him that a boat was approaching, and soon detected it by a vapoury cloud of smoke rising above the distant trees. Such luck was beyond my expectations, and I quickly made the woods resound with cries to my negro guide to hasten forward, that I might secure my traps, and send a message to my friends before going aboard. The backwoodsman, according to a Western custom, hoisted a white flag as a signal to the steamer to call for freight and passengers.

Unfortunately for my letter-writing, and I could not allow the guide to return without a kind note to my friends, no ink was to be had

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—pens and paper I carried with me. The backwoodsman, however, quickly relieved my anxiety by fetching an oak ball, from the pink juice of which I extracted a letter somewhat *couleur de rose*. This flaming epistle was scarcely finished when the steamer came alongside, and on the following day, thanks to the electric despatch of the high pressure engine, I was once more safe and sound in St. Louis.

Note.—Missouri formed part of the ancient territory of Louisiana, and was settled, 1763, by the French. In 1821 she was admitted into the Union, and in 1860 had a population of 1,182,012. Notwithstanding the fertility of the soil and the healthfulness of the climate, there are 25,000,000 acres of uncultivated land in the State, and 6,000,000 acres subject to entry at Government price.

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CHAPTER XVII.

I leave St. Louis on my return—Alton, Illinois, on election day—The Illinois or "river of men"—Peoria—Cross the country to Springfield—Governor Edwards—Mrs. Lincoln—Governor Mattison—General Singleton—Mason Brayman—Robert S. Blackwell—News of the Whig victory—Depressing effect on the Democrats—Their views of the Crisis—Manifest destiny of America—Society in Springfield—A disappointed emigrant—His story—Severity of the weather—Heavy fall of snow—Incidents of my journey North—Arrival in Chicago.

On Monday the 6th of November I stepped aboard a small steamer trading up the Illinois, or "River of Men," and soon saw St. Louis fading out of view. I was not sorry to get away. The Presidential election was to occur next day, and a large town or city is far from pleasant during the scenes usually witnessed on such an occasion.

Our first halt was made at Alton, about three miles above the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi, an Illinoisian town of probably 2,000 inhabitants. Here we saw innumerable election flags, with all kinds of devices, floating in the breeze, and crowds of politicians indulging in a last harangue upon the topics of the day. Prairie farmers, pig-drivers,

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huntsmen, Indians, half-breeds, and labourers were assembled to hear the stump orator's last appeal, and to indulge in a preliminary glass previous to the "big drunk," as the Indians call it, with which so large a part of the population out West close the important event of the Presidential election.

The captain of our boat, who was a go-a-head man, gave us no further time to witness these popular demonstrations than what was absolutely necessary to get on board his freight and passengers, when with bragging puffs of smoke and loud shrieks our engine once more moved the boat, and on we proceeded up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois, into which we entered, and up which we continued to Peoria, a thriving town of 5,000 inhabitants. Here I left the steamer, and hiring a horse, went sixty-three miles to Springfield, the capital of the State, situated on the Sangamon river. At this place, which is also a flourishing town of about 2,500 inhabitants, I had the pleasure to meet one of the former Governors of Illinois, Mr. Edwards, brother-in-law of the late President Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln was not in Springfield at this time—was absent upon professional business, and I thus failed to meet in his Western home the future President.

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Among the prominent lawyers and politicians residing in Springfield, or its vicinity, I remember to have met Joel A. Mattison, General Singleton, one of the favourite political stump orators of the State, Mr. Mason Brayman, author of a valuable digest of the laws of the State, and solicitor of the Illinois Central Railway, and Robert S. Blackwell, of Jacksonville, a promising young lawyer, and unlike the majority of those around me, a native of the State.

There was little in and about Springfield to interest or amuse a stranger, consequently my visit was not protracted, especially as the weather was now very cold, and I was anxious to return south.

During an evening I passed at Governor Edwards', I heard much political conversation, and many lamentations over the election news, which was coming in, and which indicated the defeat of the Democratic candidate. The general opinion was, that the country would make little or no progress under a Whig Administration—that all kinds of suicidal measures would be forced upon the people; and the only consolation they derived from the defeat—some comfort they extracted from it—was, that it would make the success of their party more certain four years later. Advanced democratic ideas prevailed with

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many of these gentlemen, as well as upon the subject of the "manifest destiny" of the United States, which some of them declared, under the Monroe doctrine, would give them all North America with the West Indies. More than this, they believed that, while it would not suit their convenience to annex South America, it would become the obvious duty of the Government to take all Republican States on that continent under its protection.

When these results were accomplished, their mission would be fairly begun, a long stride be taken towards the regeneration and disenthralment of the people throughout the world. Under the bright example of the American people and with their protection, tyranny would everywhere cease, and man enjoy the rights to which God and nature entitled him. Such relics of barbarism as had come down from feodal times, including the divine right of kings, the law of primogeniture and the accumulation of large landed possessions in the hands of a few, the creation of hereditary titles and the like, should cease; all dynastic wars and the cause of them be at an end, and man take that dignified position for which he was designed by his Creator, a position of perfect political equality with all other men, in a community where the only distinc-

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tions would be those arising from honour and merit, talent and cultivation, or what, in a word, the Romans called, virtue and valour.

In regard to the domestic questions between the North and South arising out of their different institutions, they expressed more conservative views than I expected and than were usual with the Northern people, particularly the Yankees. Among these Western gentlemen larger and more national views prevailed, and they distinctly declared that any evils were preferable to those of war among the States, Mr. Blackwell quoting in this connection the celebrated remark of Lucan, *Omnibus hostes, reddite nos populis, civile avertite bellum.**

"As for your Southern negroes," said Mr. Mattison, "we wish to have nothing to do with them—manage them to suit yourselves. I regard a negro as an inferior type of man; our Government was made for white men, not for Africans, and we have no idea of allowing any question which may arise concerning negroes to destroy this Government, or the good feeling which ought to exist between all parts of our country. Say this to your friends in the Old Dominion, from which so many of us are proud to be descended, and wherever she leads we are ready to follow."

* Make us the enemies of every nation, avert from us civil war.

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After this manner, the conversation continued for several hours, and we parted with pleasant impressions upon our minds.

Among the people of Springfield there was much genuine hospitality, and a republican simplicity of manners and habits which was very pleasing. Visiting cards had scarcely been introduced, and the formal call was little in vogue. The Springfield dinners were so fine that they deserve to be specially mentioned. It is almost as much an institution with them as the English, and was served in the old English style. Every dish was placed upon the table and the tables groaned with the profusion —venison, wild turkeys, grouse, (prairie chickens) partridges, hare and other game was so plentiful, that I am sure it must have constituted the larger part of the animal food of the better portion of the inhabitants. And what will probably surprise some of my cockney readers, I do not think there was a single table on which, at this particular time, there was not a dish of bear's meat, which Western epicures professed to enjoy, but which I fancied those around me used gingerly—I certainly did. The meat of the bear is dark of colour, coarse grained, and very fat, the flavour being wild and decidedly gamy. The Indians have a way of frying it in the molasses or syrup of the sugar maple tree. Some persons fancy that

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thus prepared it is preferable to bear *au naturel*.

At these dinners, and, indeed, in the society of Springfield, there was little form or ceremony, and it is due to candour that I should say, that I did not meet a single vulgar or ill-bred person. This is no small compliment, when the period of my visit is considered. It only proves, however, that we must not imagine that genuine politeness and true gentlemen are found only in high society, and in the atmosphere of Courts. I have subsequently passed much time in fashionable communities, and have seen much to disappoint and disgust. I went to Springfield on the prairies, and through the Far West to study nature rather than man. If on setting forth any one had spoken to me of *bon-ton* out West, I should have smiled at the idea. I now feel that one may go to the West to laugh at the people, but remain to enjoy their society. True, there were no state officials in these Western places to preserve the formal etiquette of the community, and to issue codified laws of courtly behaviour, yet instinct nature, and the training which all youths receive in America, through the public schools and colleges, give the better portion of the people the manners and habits of good society. About these Western gentlemen there was a hearty, but dignified, and

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sometimes courtly, manner which one would have expected to find only among the hereditary grandees of an ancient monarchy, and none, not the slightest trace of that subserviency, those smiles and flattery, by dint of which an under-bred person, with the aid of money, sometimes pushes his way into the highest circles. On the contrary, there was a dignity and simplicity that recalled the heroes of antiquity, and made so pleasant and unexpected an impression upon me, that I was no longer surprised at the importance attached to good manners by such great men as Lord Bacon, who, by the by, has devoted an essay to manners, and reminds us, that as a precious stone must be of very high value to do without a setting, a man must be a very great one to dispense with social observances. Dr. Johnson probably thought himself one of these unset gems, when he made such a speech as, "sir, you're a fool;" or at Aberdeen, "yes, sir, Scotland is what I expected; I expected a savage country, and savage people, and I have found them."

The evening before leaving Springfield, I spent quietly at my hotel with a young man by the name of Dillon, who had left his family and friends in Delaware, and migrated to the West, under the impression that he would secure a seat in Congress and make a fortune

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within a few years. Disappointed in these too sanguine, if not unreasonable expectations, as so many others have been, he was acerbated in temper, and bitter in his remarks upon the West, his Western relations in particular, and the world in general. These kinsfolk, not knowing the character of their Delaware cousin, had invited him to try his fortunes in the great West. He had essayed, and failed. Now, he said, it was their false statements which had induced him to leave his native place, where he had every prospect of doing well. Since coming to the West, he had been done for in various ways, had been prostrated by fever and ague, had been robbed in business, been jilted by his sweetheart, was, in fact, suffering from a complication of ills, mental and physical. He was indeed brought so low in both mind, body and estate, that he had no strength to work, no will to do, and no disposition to die. To all appearance, therefore, he had resolved to take it out in talking, Since his business failures, his kind friends had given him the cold shoulder.

"Rather a poor gift," I suggested, "to a needy man."

"Yes; but not quite so poor as another present," rejoined he, "which I have received at their hands—namely, a bad name. After, and ever since my bankruptcy, they have sought

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in every possible way, to fix that event, (caused by my partner's villany) upon me, as due to my want of sense, want of energy and want of reasonable care and diligence. They have been unwilling to allow that it might have been a misfortune, that it might have been due to the treachery and dishonesty of others, that it might have proceeded from unforeseen and not probable contingencies, none of these possibilities have they given me the benefit of, but in the most cool and cold-blooded manner imaginable, they persist in declaring that it could only have been caused by my indolence, my want of judgment, my wreckless disposition to speculate, my utter incompetency to get on in the world. Yet I never speculated in my transactions of any kind, observed every caution, went to my work early and late; though I did not thrive, was always early to bed and early to rise.

"You may depend upon it," pursued Mr. Dillon, "of all people in the world, relations are those that abuse you best. Never did that celebrated master of the human heart and distinguished writer and satirist, Thackeray, say a truer thing than when he remarked." Here he read from a volume which he was reading when I entered the room. "'No people are so ready to give a man a bad name as his own kinsfolk; and having made him that present,

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they are ever most unwilling to take it back again. If they give him nothing else in the days of his difficulty, he may be sure of their pity, and that he is held up as an example to his young cousins to avoid. If he loses his money, they call him a poor fellow and point morals out of him. If he falls among thieves, the respectable Pharisees of his race turn their heads aside, leave him penniless and bleeding. They slap him on the back kindly enough when he returns, after shipwreck, with money in his pocket. How naturally Joseph's brothers made salaams to him and admired him, and did him honour, when they found the poor outcast a prime minister and worth ever so much money.'"

Here Mr. Dillon closed the volume as if he had exhausted this branch of his subject, and wandering from his relations, delivered his views upon the subject of the western country and people, whom he pronounced in short as the most insensible, unkind, selfish and dishonest population in existence. There was no sympathy in them, not a drop of the milk of human kindness in their composition, they thought of nothing but accumulation; were a money grubbing herd. "In fact," said Mr. Dillon, "a community of moral hyenas, from whose foul and festering tongues drop gall and aquafortis. Why, sir, it has not been long since I saw an advertisement of one of them in

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the 'State Journal,' (Springfield newspaper) contradicting a rumour of his marriage thus. 'The report of my marriage is groundless, and I shall continue to live on the European plan.' Could you have supposed such conduct possible in a civilized community? And," continued Mr. Dillon, "I visited a camp meeting some time since, where many converts were to be baptized. The clergyman advanced with an old man into the water. Stopping to ask the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful looking chap with an eye like a blaze of lightning, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on remarked:

"'I don't want to interfere with this yer business, but I want to say that man is an old sinner you have got hold of, and I know one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, you will have to anchor him in deep water over night.' And I have no doubt," said Mr. Dillon, "the hunter was right. All the waters of Jordan would not wash out their sins. As to their meanness I need only tell you what recently occurred to me. I called yesterday upon a grocer in this place who was once a friend of mine, I was very thirsty and asked for a glass of cider. Thinking I wished to sponge upon him, he said,

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"'Unfortunately my porter has carried off the key of the cellar.'

"'Never mind,' said I, 'one of my keys will open it.'

"'No it won't,' said the grocer, 'for the stupid porter carried off the cellar too.'

"These," continued the unfortunate gentleman, "are fair specimens of the western people, will give you an idea of the kind of community you'll cast your lot in, if you should ever leave the Old Dominion, which heaven forbid, and come to this God forsaken country—a flat, wet, unhealthy country which must be the grave-yard of at least four generations, and four industrious generations too who have spent their lives in draining the swamps, burning up the half decomposed vegetable matter, cultivating the fields, opening canals, building good roads and houses, and thus purifying the air and accumulating comforts, before it will be a fit habitation for a gentleman and a Christian. Now it is a country of colds and rheumatisms and all the other *isms* of the land, including abolitionism, fanatism, radicalism and isms in manners, morals, religion and politics. A country of pocks and fevers, of scab and itch, large pox and small pox, low fevers and high fevers, of renegades and blackguards, and the worst fate we can wish a man here, is that he may have the itch; yes, sir, the prairie itch, and

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then be too weak to scratch himself. D—n the country and the people." Here Mr. Dillon paused for want of breath, and I determined in an instant to avail myself of the stop to take up the discourse, and inflict him with one of my speeches, in fair retaliation for his own.

"Sir," said I, "I have no idea of surrendering old Virginia, have too great an affection for her soil and people, nothing but health or business will ever cause me to abandon her. Now, after the lapse of only a few months, I look back to her with some of the same yearnings you feel after your native Delaware."

Mr. Dillon interrupted me at this point, to explain that he was really a native of New Jersey though Delaware had always had the credit of giving him birth. After some further discussion, the question before us came to be patriotism and the effect of education upon it, when I delivered myself nearly as follows:

"I think it is now pretty well admitted that one of the earliest passions which discloses itself in the course of a liberal education is patriotism. No one can have studied the histories of Greece and Rome without being impressed with the fact, that in their moral systems, love of country stood before every other virtue. And that our admiration for the illustrious men of antiquity, as derived from

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ancient authors is excited by qualities which most ennobles a man. All of us may recall a period when a flame of enthusiastic rapture was enkindled in our breasts by the lofty sentences of their orators and poets, and by such stories as those of the Curtii and Decii. When reading the lofty sentences of ancient poets and orators inculcating devoted attachment to country, we have felt capable of any sacrifice in imitation of the heroes of antiquity, who have sacrificed everything for their country. The encouragement of this feeling in youth is supposed to be particularly advantageous, since it teaches us to disregard self, and to make sacrifices to principle. The only limits, indeed, to the exercise of such a feeling, and there are limits to it, are the bounds of passion. Strict guard must be kept lest this commendable feeling or sentiment becomes a passion, and we lose sight of the just limits within which it should be restrained and thus encroach upon equally sacred duties.

The Romans considered the liberty and glory of their country paramount to all considerations of general justice and benevolence. They designated all who were not Roman citizens as barbarians, and regarded them as their natural enemies. This power gained such an ascendancy over their imaginations, for imagination is much more concerned in these matters than

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reason, that they cordially detested much the larger part of mankind. Better principles ought to have taken the place of these national prejudices, but from the want of Christian teachings and proper education of the mind and heart the Romans were always under the influence of these associations. That there are determinate principles which should regulate an attachment to country, is not to be doubted."

"My dear sir," interposed Mr. Dillon at this point, who was becoming very much bored, "say no more on the subject. I am quite convinced of the justness of your views. They are the sentiments of my life time."

I would not allow myself, however, to be disposed of in this summary way. Determined to avail myself of the opportunity I now had of "keeping the floor," I proceeded to dilate upon that patriotism of an enlarged and enlightened mind which causes us to glow with all the exalted notions of honour, affection and glory, as contradistinguished from the love of country as felt by the vulgar and unreflecting, which is nothing more than selfish vanity, because it is their party and country. Upon the education and generous thinking necessary to constitute a real patriot, who exults not only in his country's success, but is willing to contribute every exertion to promote that success, and who, if occasion demands, would cheer-

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fully die to serve or save it; as contradistinguished from the vulgar love of country, which causes the individual to exult heartily, insolently in his country's success, but in the moment of disaster, instead of preserving the calm dignity of an elevated mind, sinks into despair, —such are "base in kind" and born to be slaves

> "'If e'er our country should expire,
> What man existence could desire?
> The life we live is freedom's breath,
> If that should cease, then welcome death.
> But—'"

"My dear sir," again interposed Mr. Dillon, "you are becoming pathetic, have some regard for my feelings. Do not harrow up my soul. Unlike you, I cannot return to my native State."

Not to be done out of my speech, Mr. Dillon had made his, upon another subject, it is true, I must have mine, I continued to the end, and was in no hurry to reach it. I shall not, however, inflict my kind reader, as I did Mr. Dillon, by reporting it *in hec verbe.*

In this manner our evening passed, and it was far from being the dullest in my recollection.

During the night snow fell to the depth of eighteen inches, an unusual occurrence at any season in Springfield, and I determined to

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return to the river in a sleigh. Arrangements for doing this were soon made by my landlord, and I set off at ten o'clock. The track was unbroken, which greatly increased the labour for the horses. Notwithstanding this fact, however, at three o'clock we had made thirty miles. Ascertaining at this point that I could secure from a farmer by the name of Sears a relay of horses, I remained only long enough to dine and at four was again *en route*, arriving at ten o'clock p.m., after a drive of thirty-three miles more, at Peoria. This was no inconsiderable distance to have made through the snow in a day.

The thermometer stood at five degrees Fahr. below zero, and ice was fast accumulating in the river. I determined, therefore, to adhere to my sleigh until arriving at Chicago. During the night, however, the wind changed to the south, and the following morning the mercury had risen to thirty-six Fahr. The snow was melting, and a boat being ready to leave for Peru, I was glad to take passage and proceed up the river. Our progress was somewhat retarded by floating ice, but we made eight miles an hour and during the night arrived at the village of Peru. The captain fearing that his further progress might be prevented by increased cold and ice, if he remained till the next morning, continued the journey after an hour's delay.

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Next morning we reached a point beyond which the boat did not attempt to proceed. Accordingly I went ashore, and though the mercury had now sunk to fifteen degrees below zero, and a furious nor-wester was blowing—the most cutting and merciless wind known to this country or probably any other—set out in less than an hour in a sleigh for Chicago. The track having been well broken, and being firm and smooth we travelled at the rate of eight miles an hour, and drew up about six o'clock in the evening at the hotel of a man by the name of Bull, forty miles from Ottawa.

Mr. Bull's hotel was a frame building with only three rooms, and standing upon the bleak and timberless prairie, looked wretchedly cheerless and miserable. Entering the house, however, I found the temperature almost oppressive, the heat being produced by a closed stove, plied with coals taken from a surface vein passing through his garden. To counteract the effects of the heat, I divested myself of fur over-coat, gloves and cap, and taking a glass of warm whiskey and milk, settled myself in a corner while Mrs. Bull and her daughters prepared supper in the adjoining room, which was called the kitchen. Mr. Bull now emerged with two free and independent citizens from the basement story, and the parties quietly settled themselves in the neigh-

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bourhood of the stove and proceeded to discuss the Presidential election. None of the party saluted nor took the slightest notice of my presence, nor in their vituperation and abuse of their political adversaries did not seem to care what might be my sentiments. These two free and independent citizens would in any other country but America have been called servants, but here they were styled 'helps,' and considered that they were conferring a very great favour upon Mr. Bull by assisting in his farming operations at thirty dollars each a month, their employer finding bed and board. I had not been long in the room, when I found that, notwithstanding the stove which was now nearly at a white heat, a certain sensation of chillness was creeping over me from having laid aside my furs. Rising to take a turn around the chamber, I inquired for my sleigh-driver. Mr. Bull now deigned to speak and said he was attending to his horses, and in the course of a few minutes he made his appearance. The free and independent citizens had pointed out the stable and the corn, and then left him to take care of his own cattle. The sleigh-driver, who was owner of the horses, knew the customs of the country too well to expect any assistance, and had proceeded with characteristic energy to groom his own stud. He now took a seat with the others, and helping himself to a quid of

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tobacco—they were all chewing—proceeded to give his views on the political affairs of the country.

A warm discussion arose between the *parti carré*, for the sleigh-driver turned out to be a Whig, and this was kept up until supper, which was announced in this wise—Mrs. Bull, calling from the kitchen to her lesser half, said—

"John!" (no response). "You John B-u-l-l! stop that nonsense about old Zack Tailer, and come to your supper. What does Giniril Tailer care for such chaw-bacons as you! The hominey's spilin'. Fetch in the gem'man what drove the sleigh, and tell that 'er young 'un his supper's waiting."

Mr. Bull turned his red eyes and heavy countenance upon me, and pronounced, with a growl, a single, but magic word—

"Supper!"

The party then rose and proceeded to the table, "that 'er young 'un" at the head of the file. The two ploughmen quietly took the seats of honour, to the right and left of Mr. and Mrs. Bull, a distinction I was glad to accord them, while I entered in earnest upon venison steak, fried hominy, and hot coffee, flanked by the Misses Bull, who were not bad company.

Before supper was over, our party was in-

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creased by what I suppose I ought to call Mr. Bull's calves, in the form of three stalwart sons, varying in age from sixteen to twenty-two. These young men had been all day, notwithstanding the weather, working in a piece of wood, getting out fencing timber to enclose ground for a spring crop.

During the winter months, the boys, as old Bull called these young giants, expected to prepare, and in spring to put up sufficient fencing to enclose several hundred acres of land, all of which they intended to plant in Indian corn, and they estimated the crop at much more than they could gather, but after securing a supply for bread, horses, pigs, poultry, &c., they intended turning in a herd of bullocks to feed upon it, and when these were fat, to drive them to Chicago, where there were already a few butchers engaged in salting and packing beef for export. By this plan on the year's operations, these boys expected each to clear "a pile of tin," and with this to operate on, they would be prepared to commence the world as the heads of families. The eldest son had already prepared the timber for a log hut, which was to be erected in the spring, when he was to be married to Nancy Elphinstone, the daughter of a squatter, or prairie farmer, living a half mile distant. Mrs. Bull informed me that Nannie was a

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strong, industrious young woman, who would attend to Jim's house and business in the best manner, and make him a capital wife. That she could cook, wash, sew, knit, milk, churn, do any and everything required of a Western wife, and didn't want much help either. Jim, at any rate, seemed well pleased at the prospect of possessing her, and remained in the kitchen, where I also preferred stopping. Mr. Bull, sen., the sleigh-driver, and the two free and independent voters now retired to the public room or parlour, or whatever it may have been called. In the kitchen I sat listening to the conversation of Mrs. Bull and her children, while the three young men swallowed the food before them with the avidity of persons ravenous through extreme hunger. Their work, they said, gave them an appetite, the cold another, and the last was voracious. Before going to bed, Mrs. Bull prepared for all a strengthening draught, consisting of whiskey, maple syrup, nutmeg, and boiling water, the whole dashed with rum. It was a nice draught—no thin, miserable stuff, but a warm, generous fluid. I required no pressing invitation to partake of it. Soon after indulging in a glass, a pleasant glow was diffused through the system, and a slight flush appeared upon the countenance, a blush lighting up the nose of even Mrs. Bull. This seductive draught

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soon opened all the sources of their eloquence, and I enjoyed a further hour listening to their domestic stories. Soon these gleams of the inward life disappeared, and my eye-lids becoming heavy, I retired to my bed-room, which I shared with Jim Bull, jun., and his brothers, and fell to sleep.

So soporific was Mrs. Bull's brew, that I did not awake till the beams of the sun, now rising from the horizon, burst through the window-curtains. Looking around, I missed the young men. They had long since gone to their rail-splitting—an hour later I was *en route* for the shores of Lake Michigan, travelling over the smooth snow at the rate of eight miles an hour, after as fine a pair of Morgan trotters as any country could produce. The sky was bright and clear, but the cold severe. Nevertheless I did not suffer, thanks to our fur wraps. The purity, the elasticity of the atmosphere was exceedingly invigorating, and I felt no regret, notwithstanding the discomforts of such houses as I had just left, that I had taken the Northern route, instead of going, as my St. Louis friends advised, by way of the Cumberland river to Nashville, and thence by Knoxville to Virginia. The country over which we were now flying was level, with slight bluffs on the water-courses, and occasionally gently-sloping hills, sparsely settled by a hardy, robust

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class of pioneers, principally from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. We rarely stopped at any of the wayside huts, but kept steadily on our way, and towards four o'clock, after a halt of only one hour, drew up in front of a public-house, kept by a Mr. Mix, where we passed the night, and on the next day reached Chicago, November the 21st, 1848, by two o'clock, and took lodgings at the American Hotel, kept by a Mr. Rossiter of New York, and situated at the corner of Lake Street and Wabash Avenue.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The weather moderates—The snow disappearing—Meet my travelling companion, Morris, again—Thomas Shirley—Norman B. Judd—Mr. Arnold—Mr. Tracy Smith Collings—The City of Chicago—Improvements—Speculation in town lots—Colonel J. B. Russell—William B. Ogdon—McCormick and his grain-reaper—George Smith and the Atlantic Bank—Wild-cat currency—Mr. Rossiter of the American Hotel on 'shin plasters'—Honourable Stephen A. Douglas—Colonel E. Dick Taylor—Colonel Hamilton—Dr. Duck—Mr. Stephenson—Surveying land on the ice—General Pierce tenders me a high office under the United States' Government—Dr. Brainard—Mr. Rice and the Chicago Theatre—George M——.—Mr. Dion Boucicault and Miss Agnes Robertson—Chicago belles and erroneous views as to the permanency of their charms.

The morning after my arrival in Chicago (November 22nd.) the weather had moderated, and the snow was rapidly disappearing, in the course of two days none remained upon the ground. To my surprise, I found my friend, Mr. Morris a boarder in the American Hotel, and he now informed me of the cause, namely, the death of his wife early the past summer. Since then he had given up his house and lived in the hotel—his two little daughters having been placed at a boarding-school in the city.

Among other persons lodging in the hotel

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was a friend of Mr. Morris, and he soon became and continues one of my most cherished friends, T. S——, a noble young Virginian. Mr. S—— after completing his education at the university of Virginia, the year previous to my entrance as a student, removed to Chicago, and was now a rising lawyer. He was thoroughly educated and better grounded in the principles of his profession than probably any of the then Chicago bar, and this, the people were sagacious enough to see, as was apparent from his large and increasing practice. Mr. S—— was six feet four inches high, with large blue eyes, Grecian features, dignified by a frank and manly expression. He was noble and generous, above a mean thought or action, and altogether a character and a fine one. Our friendship was wholly disinterested and sincere, and led to my passing two years in Chicago, and they were two of the happiest of my life. To this day he continues a resident of the place, and has realized the expectations of his early friends, standing confessedly at the head of the profession.

With Mr. Morris, who afterwards became Judge of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Cook county, of which Chicago is the principal town, I walked this morning to the Court House, where an important case was 'on trial,' and was introduced

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to the bar generally, of whom I remember as among the leaders, Mr. Norman B. Todd, recently Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the North German Confederation; Mr. Arnold, who has since risen to be Judge of the Circuit; Mr. Tracy distinguished as a debater and eloquent speaker; Mr. Smith Williams, Mr. Collings and Mr. James Beck junior. I was also introduced to the Clerk of the Court, Mr. Zimmerman, a native of Virginia, and in every way a worthy representative of the 'Old Dominion.' With all these gentlemen I became more or less acquainted, and from some received much hospitality.

In the afternoon Mr Shirley called with his 'trap' and a pair of Morgan horses to drive me about the city, and point out the sights of Chicago. The city is situated on both sides of the Chicago river, a sluggish, slimy stream, too lazy to clean itself, and on both sides of its north and south branches, upon a level piece of ground, half dry and half wet, resembling a salt marsh, and contained a population of 20,000. There was no pavement, no macadamized streets, no drainage, and the three thousand houses in which the people lived, were almost entirely small timber buildings, painted white, and this white much defaced by mud. I now recall but a single exception to this rule, in a red brick, two story residence

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in the north division, surrounded by turf, and the grounds ornamented with trees and shrubbery, which was built and occupied by J. B. Russell, formerly an officer in the army. Colonel Russell had married a Miss Peyton of Alexandria, a distant relative, as I do not doubt, of my own, though we could never trace the connection. I formed a pleasant acquaintance with them. The city was not yet lighted with gas, and the gardens were open fields where I often saw horses, cows and animals of inferior dignity, sunning themselves, instead of what I expected to see, shrubs and flowers. To render the streets and side walks passable, they were covered with deal boards from house to house, the boards resting upon cross sills of heavy timber. This kind of track is called "the plank road." Under these planks the water was standing on the surface over three-fourths of the city, and as the sewers from the houses were emptied under them, a frightful odour was emitted in summer, causing fevers and other diseases, foreign to the climate. This was notably the case during the summer of 1854, when the cholera visited the place, destroying the population at the rate of one hundred and fifty a day. It not unfrequently happened that from the settling or rolling of a sleeper, that a loose plank would give way under the weight of a passing

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cab, when the foul water would spurt into the air high as the windows.*

On the outskirts of the town where this kind of road terminated, the highways were impassible, except in winter when frozen, or in summer when dry and pulverized into the finest and most penetrating of dust. At all other seasons they were little less than quagmires. As may be imagined, the communication with the interior was principally carried on in canoes and batteaux. Of architectural display there was none. The houses were built hurriedly to accommodate a considerable trade centering here, and were devoid of both comforts and conveniences. Every one in the place seemed in a hurry, and a kind of restless activity prevailed which I had seen no where else in the West, except in Cincinnati. A central point in the western route of emigrants, it was even

* To correct this state of affairs, the authorities have since, at an enormous cost, covered the entire city, four feet deep with sand, thus driving out the water and making a dry spot of what was once a swamp. They have also constructed fine stone drains, leading into the country south of the city, and thence communicating with the waters of the Illinois river, by which they are borne south to the Mississippi. At this moment, I believe, they are cutting a canal to convey through the city the waters of the lake—the lake being higher than the bed of the Illinois river—and thus, while making a canal connecting Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, they will provide the means of thoroughly draining the city, and keeping it clean by this rapid current of pure water. Chicago has thus been turned into a healthy spot.

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at this inclement season animated by passing parties. In summer, I understood emigrant parties went through daily. Those whom I now saw, were wild, rough, almost savage looking men from North Germany, Denmark and Sweden—their faces covered with grizzly beards, and their teeth clenched upon a pipe stem. They were followed by stout, well-formed, able-bodied wives and healthy children. Neither cold nor storm stopped them in their journey to the promised land, on the frontiers of which they had now arrived. In most instances they followed friends who had prepared a resting place for them.

Chicago was already becoming a place of considerable importance for manufactures. Steam mills were busy in every part of the city preparing lumber for buildings which were contracted to be erected by the thousand the next season. Large establishments were engaged in manufacturing agricultural implements of every description for the farmers who flocked to the country every spring. A single establishment, that of McCormick, employed several hundred hands, and during each season completed from fifteen hundred to two thousand grain-reapers and grass-mowers. Blacksmith, wagon and coachmaker's shops were busy preparing for a spring demand, which, with all their energy, they could not supply.

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Brickmakers had discovered on the lake shore, near the city and a short distance in the interior, excellent beds of clay, and were manufacturing, even at this time, millions of brick by a patent process, which the frost did not hinder, or delay. Hundreds of workmen were also engaged in quarrying stone and marble on the banks of the projected canal; and the Illinois Central Railway employed large bodies of men in driving piles, and constructing a track and depôt on the beech. Real estate agents were mapping out the surrounding territory for ten and fifteen miles in the interior, giving fancy names to the future avenues, streets, squares and parks. A brisk traffic existed in the sale of corner lots, and men with nothing but their wits, had been known to succeed in a single season in making a fortune—sometimes, certainly, it was only on paper.

This process was somewhat in this wise—A. sells a lot to B. for 10,000 dollars, B. sells to C. for 20,000 dollars, no money passing, C. writes to his friend D. in New York of the rapid rise in the price. The property had gone in a very short time from 10,000 dollars to 20,000 dollars and would double within ninety days, such was the *rush* of capitalists to the West, and the peculiar situation of this property, adjoining the Depôt, (on paper) of the "North

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Bend and Southern Turn Great Central Railway and Trans-Continental Transportation Company." D. immediately takes the property at 25,000 dollars, and writes to his friend E. in Boston concerning that wonderful Western place Chicago, relating how property has risen in value and regretting that he is not able to hold on to a very desirable and highly valuable piece of real estate he owns in that city worth 50,000 dollars, but for which he is willing to take 40,000 dollars, to such extremities is he brought by his necessities. Now E. who is a live Yankee, up alike to business and snuff, sees through the matter, "smells a rat" and of course holds back. The whole affair is about to collapse and result in the bankruptcy of A. B. C. and D.; but D. who is an irrepressible New Yorker, fertile in expedients and full of resources, knows that the Southeners "bleed freely," and accordingly before consenting to "go under" determines to try an expedient, and drops a note to his Virginian friend Mr. Old Porte giving him the same story. The old Virginian, Mr. Porte, who has lived in the country on his hereditary acres, like the patriarchs of old, surrounded by his family, bond and free, and his flocks of cattle and sheep, as did Father Abraham, is immediately penetrated with gratitude at the great generosity and kindness of his friend, that absent but ever faith-

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ful friend D., who is willing on the score of ancient friendship, to make a sacrifice of 10,000 dollars and to accept on his account 40,000 dollars for a property low at 50,000 dollars, and Mr. Old Porte comprehending how advantageous it will be to his children, of whom, as is somewhat common in the Old Dominion, he has a good round baker's dozen, immediately writes to express his gratitude and to accept the property on the proposed terms. Exit Mr. Old Porte on his way rejoicing. He reaches his banker to make arrangements to meet the payments, after having cogitated somewhat as follows :—

"Egad, those New Yorkers are capital fellows, no Yankee about them, descended from the old Dutch settlers, fine race the Knickerbockers. Why cannot the North and South understand each other better? we might live together like brothers. D—n it I don't think the Yankees quite so bad as people represent. Allowances must be made for the way they are brought up, the devil's not so black as he is painted, we must not forget that they are brothers, must try to eradicate prejudice and get up a national feeling."

Arrived at the Bank he completes the transaction, and encloses to Mr. D. one-fourth of 40,000 dollars, which being divided between A. B. C. and D. sets up these enterprising

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gentlemen, who starting a "wild cat" bank, soon come to the enjoyment of things hoped for.

The probable sequel of such a transaction may be stated in a few words. Mr. Old Porte punctually meets his payments as they fall due, and is constantly kept under the impression that any small extravagance he may indulge among his fellow Virginians, keeping up social life after the style of his ancestors, is a bagatelle to be a hundred-fold made up to his family by the rapid enhancement in the value of his Chicago property. In a few years, Mr. Old Porte is in the course of nature gathered to his fathers, and his estate put in process of settlement. Among other assets to be reduced to cash, are his Chicago 'lots,' which disposed of at auction fetch in round numbers, we will suppose seven thousand dollars, which "outsiders" think a wonderful evidence of the progress of the city. Mr. X. Y. Z—— having bought the same five years previously for five hundred dollars and sold it for six hundred dollars. The outside Yankees hearing the estate of the late Mr. Old Porte of Virginia derives the benefit of the rise, will probably say,

"What humbugs those Virginians are, they are always talking about Yankee greed, yet they come all the way to the north-west in

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search of plunder, hunting for opportunities to make money by gambling speculations. A tree is known by its fruit. Let F. F. V's* talk as they please of us as a money grubbing race, we know what they are. Let us thank God, we are not as they."

Now this little imaginary transaction is but the truth and substance as to thousands of real transactions which were then, and have been constantly since taking place in Chicago, making the fortunes of some and ruining the estates of others.

Wishing to change a few American (gold) eagles, for I had provided myself with this kind of solid currency for my Western tour, my friend Shirley accompanied me to a timber-shed, or shanty, bespattered with mud and defaced by the sun and storm, where the great banking establishment of those days was conducted by George Smith and Co. When there, placing my eagles upon the counter, Mr. Willard, the manager, a lean, yellow, thick-skinned, but shrewd man of business from the East, though I hardly think he could be classed among the wise men, returned me notes of the denomination of one, two, three and four dollars, which read as follows :

"The Bank of Atlanta, Georgia, promises

* A Northern slang phrase, signifying "First Families of Virginia."

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to pay the bearer on demand, one dollar, when five is presented at their banking-house at Atlanta.

"GEORGE SMITH, President.
"WILLARD, Cashier."

I objected most decidedly to receiving this currency, because Atlanta was by the usual route of travel nearly two thousand miles distant; because when the notes were presented, the bank of Atlanta might pay them in the currency of another 'wild cat' bank, probably conducted by Tom Mackenzie in Texas or New Mexico, and because they would only pay them in particular amounts of five dollars, a sum, I said ironically, which a judicious man was not likely to accumulate in his hands of this kind of currency. Stating these objections, both Messrs. Willard and Shirley smiled at my ignorance and inexperience, my "old fogyism," and explained that these notes were as current in Chicago and the State of Illinois as gold; and much more plentiful, thought I to myself. Nevertheless, on their assurances I accepted them, with a mental reservation, however, that I would divest myself of the trash before my departure.

We now left the bank for a ramble about the "Garden City," as Chicago was then and is now called, from the fact that the houses were very small and the gardens enormous.

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The gardens in the west division in fact having no enclosures, might be supposed to extend indefinitely westward, as Judge Douglas wished, with regard to the Missouri compromise line to the Pacific. Returning to the hotel, Mr. Rossiter informed me that my bank notes (and my pocket was stuffed with them) were called "wild cat money," and such institutions as that at Atlanta "Wild Cat Banks;" but he said the circulating medium of the United States was so far below the actual wants of the people, that they were compelled to resort to such systems of credit to get on rapidly and improve the country, and as long as farmers would take the money (as they now did) there would be no difficulty.

"Why, sir," said Mr. Rossiter, looking around his establishment with pride, "this hotel was built with that kind of stuff, and what is true of 'The American,' is very nearly true of every other house in Chicago. I will take 'wild cats' for your bill, my butcher takes them of me, and the farmer from him, and so we go, making it pleasant all round. I only take care," continued Mr. Rossiter, "to invest what I may have at the end of a given time in corner lots. Then I'll be prepared, I guess, for the deluge, or crash, when it comes, and sooner or later it must come, as sure as the light of day. Mr. Smith has already in circu-

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lation six millions of his wild cat currency, and in order to be prepared for contingencies—to be out of the way of a hempen collar and Chicago lamp-post, when people are ruined by his financiering devices—he remains in New York and carries on his operations through Mr. Willard and his 'lambs,' as the clerks are called. On this kind of worthless currency, based on Mr. Smith's supposed wealth and our wants, we are creating a great city, building up all kind of industrial establishments, and covering the lake with vessels—so that suffer who may when the inevitable hour of reckoning arrives, the country will be the gainer. Jack Rossiter will try, when this day of reckoning comes, to have 'clean hands' and a fair record, and I would advise you, on leaving Illinois, to do likewise—wash your hands of Smith and Co. A man who meddles, my dear sir, with wild cat banks is on a slippery spot, and that spot the edge of a precipice."

It required no persuasion to make me follow the sensible advice of my host, and when I afterwards stepped on the steamer which was to bear me across the lake on my return, I divested myself of the last note—which had come into my possession in the way of change—a note of small denomination, by presenting it to the hotel-porter as a gratuity for what one was not then likely to get from Western

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'helps,' a little common civility. Pat was delighted to receive the shin plaster, and gave 'yer 'onour' many thanks."*

While Mr. Rossiter was holding forth upon the delicate nature of Western credit, two gentlemen were announced, my host disappeared, and upon being introduced, I found the gentlemen were Mr. William B. Ogden, one of the earliest settlers in Chicago, and now one of the solid men, having through his industry, enterprise and good judgment, amassed a fortune of several millions. A solid fortune with none of the *fera natura*, or wild cat genus about it; but the whole represented by real estate in Chicago and Cook County. His friend, whom he introduced was the Honourable Stephen A. Douglas, a distinguished senator from Illinois, whose fame was every day rising, but who had not reached the point attained by Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, or General Cass.

I was much struck with the personal appearance, the manners and conversation of Judge Douglas, and shall have more to say of him hereafter. Mr. Ogden informed me that he had heard of my proposed visit to Chicago from Hon. James B. Murray, formerly Mayor of New York city, and of my arrival from Mr.

* In justice to Mr. Smith, who is now one of the wealthiest New Yorkers, I must say that he honourably redeemed all of his paper circulation, and that no one has occasion to regret his financial operations.

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Scammon of Chicago, and had called to ask me to join a party at dinner the next day, an invitation which I had much pleasure in accepting. The day following, upon arriving at Mr. Ogden's fine frame and timber building in the north division of the city, I found that he was a bachelor living in a sumptuous establishment, and entertaining *en prince*. The dinner party consisted of Judge Douglas, Mr. Morris, Colonels E. D. Taylor, J. B. Russel and R. J. Hamilton, Mr. Mahlon D. Ogden, brother of the host, Honourable N. B. Judd, Mr. MacCogg, Mr. Shirley, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Lisle Smith, Mr. Butterfield of the General Land Office, Mr. Stephenson, an English gentleman of fortune, who had purchased an estate in Illinois, and become a naturalized citizen, Mr. Elston, subsequently Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General for Illinois, and Captain Williams, formerly of the British Army, who had retired from the service, purchased an estate of twelve hundred acres on the Rock River, and was now successfully applying science to practical agriculture on the prairies of Illinois. During and after the dinner much interesting conversation took place. Judge Douglas taking the lead in this, and expressing himself very warmly upon the politics of the day. With scarcely an exception, all the party was composed of persons who held the same general

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views. Morris and Ogden were Whigs, but of a mild type, and as their party had just been successful, they were disposed to be very tolerant. I have been particular to record the names of all the guests present on this occasion, for with every one of that party I formed personal relations, in after years, of a pleasant character; with some of them warm friendships; and have a melancholy pleasure in reading over the list now when nearly all have gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

During the conversation which took place at Mr. Ogden's, I incidentally expressed a wish to see a portion of the country on the lake shore south of the city, and extending as far as Michigan city in Indiana. A section which, as I understood from Mr. Morris, presented some singular physical peculiarities. At this time having been accustomed to using the level and of examining lands with reference to drainage, &c., I was of the opinion that an inspection of the section referred to without the level would enable me to determine the question of the feasibility of draining it, and of course of its value. When the party was over, Judge Douglas invited Mr. Shirley and myself to take seats in his carriage, as he should drive home by way of "The American." We accepted the offer, and Mr. Shirley's conveyance, in which

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I had gone to the dinner, returned empty. During this drive Judge Douglas referred to the particular section which I had expressed a desire to see, and the question of the drainage, and said if my time would admit of it, he should be glad to take me on a visit to it, and have my opinion on the practicability of turning it into dry land. It gave me pleasure to accept his invitation and offer my services to solve if possible the question which possessed so much interest to him, and I said there could be no better opportunity than the present for making the examination, as the country being frozen we could traverse the swamp on foot. Accordingly, therefore, arrangements were made by Judge Douglas to leave with me early the next morning. About ten o'clock next day he called, and we drove to his cottage in the suburbs of the southern division of the city. Here we stopped for a short time, and he produced a decanter of capital sherry and some biscuits, whereupon we talked away as if we had been friends for a half century. Two men in the employment of the Judge joined us at the cottage, and we drove in his trap to a point about twelve miles south of the city and five into the interior. Here we were upon a frozen lake or swamp, with alternate ridges of sand, this was the section to which he referred. It was not supposed possible to drain this

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swamp, and consequently the land was considered valueless. We spent the residue of the day making our *reconnaissance*, and ascertained that while, apparently, a dead level and a hopeless swamp, it was in reality an inclined plain, with its lower sections, on the sandy bluffs of Lake Michigan, susceptible, at an inconsiderable cost comparatively, of being thoroughly drained. This concluded, we returned to the Judge's cottage, where we spent the night. Next morning Judge Douglas informed me of his purpose to purchase a large portion of this apparent waste. By draining it, he believed it would yield a fortune to himself and children. At the same time he offered me a share in the enterprise, which I declined, while warmly thanking him for his great liberality.

From this time we became intimate friends, and he showed me the sincerity of his friendship in many ways.*

* In 1854, during the Administration of General Franklin Pierce, one of the few surviving Presidents of the United States, His Excellency tendered me the position, as I am sure, through the influence of Judge Douglas, of United States' District Attorney for the territory of Utah, a territory in which the laws had been defied, and where the President had determined to dispatch an army corps to support the Civil Administration, as he subsequently did. This army corps was placed under command of the late lamented General Albert Sidney Johnson, who fell upon the plains of Shiloh. It was a very critical period with the country, when the Mormons pre-

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This evening I dined with Dr. Brainard, a professor in Rush Medical College, Chicago, and among those whom I had not previously met, there were present Dr. J. Hermann Byrd, Dr. Davis, also a professor in Rush College, Colonel William H. Davis, Thomas Hayne, Francis Clark, and J. W. Waughop, formerly of Virginia, but now a prosperous lawyer who was *bona fide* making the fortune which Mr. Old Porte so long supposed he was laying up for his children. From the conversation of these gentlemen I acquired much information, and became more and more alive to the wonderful energy of the people, many of whom were New Englanders. They seemed determined to build here, where one was so much required for the purposes of trade, the finest City of the West. The obstacles to their enterprise presented by the nature of the soil, by the insignificant character of the river, which is small, tortuous

cipitated an issue with the Government, and the Administration was long in determining what course to pursue with Brigham Young. It was at this moment that Mr. Pierce offered this position to my acceptance. When I declined the honour, he tendered me a Federal Judgeship in one of the territories, and, subsequently, the position of Secretary of Legation to Sardinia. For private and personal reasons, these distinctions were declined, but I was none the less grateful to my friend for the warm feelings which induced him to bring my name before the President, in connection with these high stations, nor to General Pierce, one of the wisest and purest chief magistrates under whom we ever lived, for his generous confidence in myself.

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in its course and obstructed by shoals and sand bars; by the want of any other harbour than the mouth of this miserable stream, and the further obstacle presented by the severity of the climate, they were determined to overcome and found a city which should become famous not only throughout the West, but the world.

From Dr. Brainard's Mr. Shirley drove me to the Chicago Theatre, where Hamlet was played that night—a promising young Western actor, named Perry, taking the principal part. The Theatre was then owned by the manager, Mr. Rice, who was a good actor and a pleasant man. The house was well attended, and the play a decided success. During the performance Mr. Shirley conducted me to the green-room where we spent a short time with Mr. Rice, Mrs. Rice, Miss Hart and Miss Mitchell—one of the most admired of the Western stars. After the performance, we accepted an invitation and went to Mr. Rice's residence in Wabash Avenue, where a number of his friends and some of the principal members of the company were assembled for supper. Here the evening passed rapidly amidst the sparkle of wit, humour and champagne. Among the striking gentlemen present was Mr. George M——. One of the fast men of Chicago, Mr. M——, though defective in one of his feet which made it necessary

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to walk with a cane, was a handsome and imposing person; full of genius and accomplishments, but he had squandered his time and money on actors and actresses, and made consequently little figure at the bar. By slow degrees he had fallen into this kind of society and cared for no other.

From his luxurious tastes and habits, which caused him to dress in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, to furnish his apartment without reference to expense, and ornament it with statues, paintings, and objects of art and curiosity, he acquired a considerable notoriety in Chicago, and was sometimes called "Epicurean George." His horses had trotted themselves into ribbons airing actresses, and his supper-table was always conspicuous for the absence of those he styled the "sober-sided." Actors, actresses, singers, even ballet dancers, and all who cultivated the lighter accomplishments surrounded the board and were the favourite guests—to these who constituted his regular company, Epicurean George always, when it was possible, added a distinguished politician, writer, or stranger, and it was through this rule that I, a stranger, found myself enjoying his hospitalities by the side of Judge Douglas, and surrounded by the atmosphere of the stage. It was supposed at this time that his heart had been won by the

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extraordinary beauty, the modest simplicity and attractive talents of a farmer's daughter, a Miss C——, who had left the seclusion of the country against the wishes of her parents, and gone to Boston, where she had received some training as an actress, and was now in the West on what is called a "starring tour through the provinces." She was an inmate of Mr. Rice's house, and had formed so warm a friendship for them, that she spoke of remaining in Chicago, and becoming a permanent member of Mr. Rice's troupe.

Of course I do not know what may have been the real intentions of Epicurean George, but if they were to take Miss C—— to wife, he was cruelly disappointed. One of the merchant princes of the "garden city," fascinated by her marvellous beauty, made an offer of his hand, and some years subsequent to this period led the fair creature to the altar. I think this event occurred about the time of Mr. Dion Boucicault and his wife Agnes Robertson's visit to Chicago, both of whom I saw there (when on a second visit to the city in 1853-54), and for whose talents and accomplishments I formed a very high opinion. Mr. Boucicault had previously made the acquaintance of a friend of mine in Philadelphia, and brought a letter of introduction from him to myself.

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Mr. M——'s disappointment, however, sat lightly upon him. His heart nursed no sorrow, it is doubtful whether it even felt any serious regret, after the first pang of disappointment. His temperament was mercurial, his energies elastic, his fancy wandering, his vanity large, and he was not the person to hug a grief. On the contrary, he received the announcement of the engagement of Mr. E—— and Miss C—— with perfect *nonchalance*, tendered his congratulations in the usual way, and invited them to dinner. Epicurean George was a man of the world, full of practical philosophy, and though not inhabiting a tub, was probably a more contented man than Diogenes.

It so happened that after several years' absence from Chicago, during which I made the tour of Europe, I was again in the "garden city," and at the time of Miss C——'s marriage, and a guest at the wedding-breakfast. Living at this time *en garçon*, I took the liberty of frequenting, like Epicurean George, the society of all cultivated and *spirituelle* persons, to the no small scandal of my sober-sided friends, and especially of an elderly female relative, who herself, of almost puritanical severity in her ideas of morals and manners, regarded the theatre as something in the nature of a temple of vice, and the actors and actresses, as so many ranting,

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dancing demons. Of course, then, I was present at the wedding-breakfast, and moreover sat by the side of that distinguished American actress, C—— C——, a true *belle esprit.*

My friend Mr. S——, Mr. M——, of course, and Mr. Lisle Smith were present. Judges Douglas and Morris were, as they say out West, conspicuous for their absence.

Mr. S—— and Mr. M——, who were profound scholars in Shakespearian lore, made speeches, which M—— afterwards remarked to me, he had no hesitation in pronouncing of extraordinary merit, for what was not taken from our favourite author, was from the Bible. Who could make a better speech, said he, than the orator who took one half from the Bible, and the other from Shakespeare? Though Mr. M—— was not strictly accurate in his statement either as to the merit of the speeches or their source of inspiration, they were really excellent.

Mr. Lisle Smith, who was by the way one of the finest natural orators I ever heard, made the speech of the occasion, alternately startling us with his serio-comic gravity, and the grave lessons he inculcated, and convulsing us with laughter. Of my own oratorical performances, and the company brought me to my feet, I shall say nothing, but leave my speech, which was published, to speak for itself.

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The morning following my attendance at the theatre from Dr. Brainard's, I found Chicago covered with snow two feet deep on a level, and at places where it was drifted from thirty to forty feet deep! The population was stirring, however, like a hive of bees to open a pathway, by throwing it from the trottoirs into the streets before it became so frozen as to be immovable, except with enormous labour. By mid-day the pavements were tolerably comfortable, but we seemed to be moving in a trench—the shops on one side and the snow upon the other. The snow thrown into the streets raised their level about four feet, so that as we walked on the side-walk, the feet of the horses pulling the sleighs were almost even with our shoulders. Becoming as the season advances more and more firmly frozen and compactly beat down, the streets are smooth and slippery to a degree, forming admirable roads for sleighs, in which every one not on foot moves about, and they furnish delightful means of locomotion. Coach bodies are placed upon sleds, and ladies go to make morning calls in them as also to parties and pic-nics.

Picnicking was by the by one of the Chicago winter amusements, and they are sometimes very amusing. They are organised somewhat after this fashion. A hotel from ten to fifteen

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miles in the country is secured for a particular evening and dinner prepared for six or seven o'clock, as the case may be. By this hour sleighs arrive from Chicago, driven by the beaux and freighted with the belles and their chaperons nestling under buffalo robes and other furs. After dinner, dancing commences, the services of one of the numerous German bands in Chicago having been previously secured. Dancing is usually kept up till eleven when the sleighs reappear and taking up their 'freight,' one by one disappear in the night. I had the good fortune to attend one of these midnight pic-nics as they were called, to which my friend S—— secured me an invitation. For the first time he did not offer to share his sleigh with me, but kindly informed me where I might secure one for my own use. I ventured to ask about his own movements, but he was dumb as a sphinx and mysterious as a hieroglyphic. Accordingly, next day Mr. James Beck junior, and I proceeded towards the *rendezvous*, at the rate of 2.40 a mile. Suddenly, we were brought up by an obstruction. A sleigh in front of us had been capsized. The driver, who was holding fast to his horses with one hand, while endeavouring to raise a mass of furs with the other, from a snow heap, turned out to be no less a personage than my friend S——. Hurrying to offer our assistance,

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we found the bundle of sables encasing one of the loveliest and sprightliest girls imaginable. On her feet again and shaking off the snow, she thanked us warmly and informed us, with the greatest vivacity, that she had sustained not the slightest injury. Mr. S——'s sleigh was soon set upon its runners, and resuming his seat by the side of his fair companion, they travelled before us like the wind. No explanation was now necessary to account for my having been deserted by Mr. S——. He had better company, and I fully appreciated the force of his remark, when sitting over our after dinner wine, "That three was bad company, especially when a fellow has anything particular to do in the way of courting."

From our dinner table, the day following the pic-nic, we adjourned to the Tremont House, to a ball given by the bachelors. These balls occurred once a week during the winter, and were called the "Bachelors' Assembly Balls," and were intended as a return by the *brave garçons* of Chicago to the community, for the lavish hospitalities bestowed upon them by managing mammas. The rooms were large, handsomely decorated, brilliantly lighted and enlivened, and embellished by a dashing company. The music was all that could be desired, and the supper beyond praise.

Everything passed off the evening of my

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attendance agreeably, and as this was usually the case, these assemblies were decidedly popular. In the company there were many young married ladies, and even those who could lay claims to being "fair, fat and forty." I soon discovered that Chicago society in its freedom from restraint and easy sociability was more French than English, and more American than either. Many of the handsomest, gayest and most desirable-looking ladies were mothers, and in the same room mothers and daughters were often "tripping the light fantastic toe." This I thought entirely as it should be, and admirable evidence of the healthfulness of the north-western climate. It was also a refutation, complete and perfect of the common error—I might almost say popular superstition in England—that American ladies fade at forty and go off at fifty. Frail creatures, they are not quite so frail and fleeting in their charms as their British sisters imagine, certainly not in Chicago.

* * * *

The concluding pages of my account of life in Chicago are *non est inventus*.

Note.—Illinois was settled by the French in 1633, and originally belonged to Virginia, who seceded it to the Union in 1787. The population by the last census was 2,151,006. The population of Chicago was 109,000, and that of Springfield 12,000.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Bid adieu to my friends in Chicago, and cross the lake to St. Joseph's in Michigan—Homeward bound—Ann Harbour —Curious nomenclature of the Western towns—Canada West —Arrival at Niagara—Byron's description in 4th Canto of Childe Harold, of the Falls of Terni, the best description of Niagara—Geneva—New York—A political procession—Route home through Philadelphia and Washington.

> "To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
> I turn."

It cannot be denied that life in the "garden city" was pleasant, most pleasant. Business, however, before pleasure, was a maxim early impressed upon my mind, and business now called me south. My preparations to be off were accordingly made, and a P.P.C. left upon my numerous newly-made and highly-valued friends and acquaintances. Other preliminaries settled, I availed myself of a mild spell of weather to cross the lake to St. Joseph's in Michigan. During the summer regularly, and when the weather permitted in winter, a steam packet plied between the two points.

At this point, I entered once more my old acquaintance, the stage-coach, but the stage

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coach without its gaily painted wheels, or indeed wheels of any kind. The St. Joseph's coach was simply the coach-body on sleigh runners, and in this 'Marsheen' (machine) as a Dutchman called it, for passing over the snow, which covered the face of nature three feet deep, I left for Ann Harbour. The entire journey was made in this hybrid vehicle—half coach, half sleigh—over a flat and monotonous country, about eighty miles. Ann Harbour, in the interior of Michigan, is a harbour only in name, for neither river, nor lake, nor any kind of navigable water-course exists hereabouts. What then could have given rise to the singular soubriquet? Without knowing, I fancy it must have had its origin in that eccentricity, which is everywhere manifested as to the names of places Out West. In illustration of this fact, I may relate that not long since a town was destroyed by fire in one of the Western territories, of the curious name of "You Bet" a very appropriate fate, as many sensible persons thought for a place of so vulgar and outlandish a name. A village is now standing I am informed upon the Yuba river at a point where it is obstructed by a dam, for purposes of irrigation, which is called *Yuba Dam*, but which is universally pronounced and written by the common people, "you be d—d."

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The Michigan central railway from Detroit, had been constructed in 1848 to this point, and by it I reached that city. Crossing the river at this point on the ice, to Windsor in Canada west, I continued over the snow in sleighs to Niagara Falls. The weather was intensely cold, but embeded in sables I did not suffer, and the sky above was bright and clear as crystal—most invigorating was the atmosphere, causing a wonderful exhiliration of spirits. I seemed in fact to be existing—revelling in the intoxicating atmosphere, flying over the diamond surface of a kind of polar paradise.

At Niagara I stopped at the 'Cataract House,' a famous hotel on the United States' side of the river, and remained two days examining the Falls. They impressed me more and more, the longer I staid, as the grandest sight in nature. So many abler pens have essayed to describe in adequate terms this wonderful sight, that I shall make no attempt. The thunder of the waters, falling head-long from their dizzy height, flashing in the light, and boiling and foaming in the abyss below, reminded me of what the poet styles "the hell of waters" where,

"they howl and hiss
And boil in endless torture."

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While gazing upon them, and feeling how inadequate any language must be to describe such a spectacle, I involuntarily exclaimed, in the words of Byron—

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes; while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

From the Falls I proceeded to Buffalo, one of the most populous and wealthy cities of the "Empire State," as New York has long been styled, and thence to the home of my respected uncle, Colonel Rowzée Peyton, on the shores, near Geneva, of the beautiful Lake of Seneca. With this wise and virtuous man, who had been more than thirty years an exile from his native and still dear Virginia, and his interesting family, I spent a delightful week. I cannot allow his name to pass without paying a tribute to his memory. He was one whom it was impossible to know without loving, a man not only just and blameless in private life, but eminently useful to his country and time. In early youth he gave evidence of remarkable vigour of mind and solidity of judgment. Through life he was an active and

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public-spirited Virginian gentleman, who without ever thinking of fame or fortune, spent his whole life, without an idle day, in labour and toil for the good of others. He did this without a sentiment of ambition in his heart, from his pure love of excellence, and because he knew that everything good in itself and for the good of others was worthy of all the work that was in him. In himself and his life he was truly to be envied. Happy in his family, in his occupations, and in his means of doing good, in health and length of days,* and in his own consciousness of rectitude—what was there wanting? We watch, says another, the enlisted soldiers of fame and power defile perpetually towards history, taking up various ground, but the spectacle moves us not, consoled for our own common apparel by remembering the weight of armour or the pain of wounds; but we cannot help starting forward when at long intervals comes one who wears no servile uniform, and walks with no studied steps, but approaches by himself, strong in the natural strength of his hand, and moulded like a man, without the help of padding or tinsel—such a one was Rowzée Peyton.

The week I purposed spending with this excellent man being now ended and having sufficiently recuperated from my travels, I

* He died in 1867, aged 83.

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crossed the Genessee country in my uncle's family coach, a distance of about twenty miles to the nearest station on the wide gauge, or Erie railway,* and proceeded by this, the most agreeable railway on which it has ever been my fortune to journey, to the city of New York. My arrival in the Empire City was opportune for witnessing one of those grand pageants for which it is so noted. This was a procession in celebration of the victory achieved by the Whig party in the recent election. Taking my stand upon the roof of the "Astor House," then the most famous hotel of Broadway, I witnessed the passage of this solemn train, which required about two hours. It was composed of the different Whig clubs of the city and neighbourhood; of military companies belonging to the State militia, detachments from the fire brigades, and the members of the Whig party generally, horse, foot and dragoon. Numerous bands of music were interspersed in the line, and kept up a concord of martial sounds. In coaches, usually drawn by four white horses, because General Taylor's charger

* This, I may remark, is the same Erie road, the stock of which is so largely held in England in 1869, and about the financial management, or mismanagement, of which there are so many and such different opinions; the road, which has immortalized that very remarkable stock-jobber, Commodore Vanderbilt, in whose honour a monument is soon to be erected in New York, at a cost of £80,000 sterling.

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in Mexico was a cream coloured animal, commonly called "Old Whitey," were the party leaders, noted stump orators and distinguished campaigners. Among them I recognised not only the working men, but the dilettanti. The most conspicuous were Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greely, James Brooks, Hon. Balie Peyton, who had served with distinguished gallantry in the war, as colonel commandant of a Louisiana regiment, General Stockton, Hon. John M. Clayton, General Worth, Hon. C. M. Conrad and others less known, from the State and Union. My knowledge of this grand jubilee did not extend beyond what I saw from my perch among the chimney-pots of the Astor; I was content, others followed it all day, *chacun à son gout.*

In New York my stay was short. On the following morning, in fact, I commenced my journey due south.

There was very little noteworthy incident in it, and the cities of the Atlantic sea-board are so well known and have been so often described that any account of them would fail to interest. The morning of my departure from New York the weather was intensely cold, and the whole face of nature shrouded in a mantle of snow. At Philadelphia it was equally cold, so much so indeed, that the Delaware was frozen over, and a temporary rail-track laid down on the

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ice. On this the luggage, and as many passengers as chose to accompany it, were conveyed to the station on the opposite side. Pursuing my homeward route through Washington, I reached the sunny plains of Virginia on the of 17th December. Nothing could have been more striking, or was more welcome, than the contrast between its genial atmosphere and grassy glades, and the cutting winds and frozen fields of the hyperborean regions through which I had just passed.

On the following day I crossed the Blue Mountains into my native county, after an absence of nearly six months, in renewed health and vigour, with an enlarged experience and comprehensive idea of our great country. Absence had only served to intensify my affection for the 'Old Dominion,' her people and institutions, and I thanked God that I was once more permitted to behold her smiling landscapes and beautiful skies.

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APPENDIX.

The following letters addressed, the first to a private friend, and the second to the Editor of the 'Guernsey Star,' giving some account of the Union Pacific Railway, and the country traversed by it, will form a not inappropriate sequel to this work. They bear testimony to the wonderful progess of the country, a progress which has exceeded the most sanguine anticipations formed twenty years ago.

LETTER I.

(From the Guernsey Star, June 10, 1867*).*

The Union Pacific Railway—The Future of America.

Brabant, June 10, 1867.

My dear Sir,

Since the conversation which I had the pleasure to have with you upon the subject of internal improvements in the United States, and more especially the "Union Pacific Railway," I have obtained some additional information of a highly interesting character, as to the present condition and future prospects of that gigantic

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undertaking. In accordance with your request, I shall endeavour to give in this hurried note a brief, but I trust it will prove a sufficiently comprehensive, account of that remarkable work to answer your expectations and purposes.

During the Civil War in America, as you are aware, the attention of the British public was altogether diverted from the progress of industry and improvement in the United States. All eyes followed during that bloody episode in American history the march of armies, and all ears were strained to catch the sounds of contending hosts. It was taken for granted that there would be a suspension of all business and commercial progress during that internecine strife, and that all the energies of the country, North and South, would necessarily be directed to a solution of the States Rights' dogma of secession. This was, in reality, only partially true. The North found time, while reducing the South to Federal authority, to carry forward many great industrial enterprises for developing the resources, augmenting the wealth, and ensuring the permanent power and prosperity of the country.

Foremost among the important works commenced after the election of Mr. Lincoln, and steadily pushed forward to the present, is that to which I have referred—the Union Pacific Railway. A trans-continental highway, destined, when completed in 1870, to revolutionize in some sort trade and commerce, by turning it from its ancient channels to a new route across the American continent. A considerable part of what has been known for ages as the Eastern Trade—the trade of China and the Indian Islands—which has built up the prosperity of ancient and modern cities, will be attracted to the Pacific Coast of America, and thence be distributed through the United States by means of this road, instead of reaching New York and Europe by long, dangerous, and expensive passages around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. It is a work, therefore, in which Europeans as well as Americans are interested, and by means of which Europe will receive after 1870

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many of those supplies hitherto obtained by the circuitous route of the Cape.

I shall proceed to give a hasty sketch of this work, which naturally creates so much interest, and which, it must be allowed, however we look at it, is one of the grandest enterprises of modern times. Of this particular work for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans through the heart of the United States, little has been heard on this side of the Atlantic. The European public have had a vague idea that a road was being built from some point in the Eastern States to some point in the Western. Where this road begun, where it was to terminate, not one in ten thousand could tell.

The idea of connecting the two Oceans by a railway across the Continent is not new. Years ago it was advocated by the leading citizens of America.* The great value and importance of the road was not, however, recognized by the Government till the prospect of a Mormon war, in 1856, led it to consider the means of transporting troops and supplies across the plains lying west of the Mississippi. The Civil War led to its inception.

The absolute necessity of such a road to retain and bind more closely together the Eastern and Western extremes of the continent in one great, united and peaceful country, the immense cost of Government transportation to its frontier and Rocky Mountain posts, and the even greater costs of Indian wars, in a region that nothing but a railway could civilize, and nothing but civilization could pacify, the great importance of opening a road to the rich gold and silver mines of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, so that the way to the resumption of specie payments in the U.S. might be made shorter and easier, all these cogent and potential reasons finally

* Among the works published, setting forth its advantages, &c., was one entitled "Pacific Railway Communication and the trade of China, and the Indian Islands," by JOHN LEWIS PEYTON,—*W. W. Danenhower*, Publisher, Chicago, Illinois, U.S, 1854. *Editor of the Star.*

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pressed with such weight upon Congress that it determined in 1862 that the work should be constructed. There were many other reasons why it should be undertaken. Such a road would open for settlement two thousand miles of new territory, and vast tracts of land now lying idle would be made productive, the tide of business and travel which now winds a tedious and dangerous way along the coasts of two oceans would be increased ten fold, and the fathers in the east be brought near to, and be made to feel that they belonged to the same community with their hardy and adventurous sons who had sought homes at the golden gates of the Pacific.

The imperative need of the work was admitted, but it was too vast for individual enterprise to attempt. No combination of private capitalists was willing to risk twenty million pounds in the construction of two thousand miles of railroad through a wilderness. As the undertaking was strictly national, so no power less than that of the nation was sufficient to accomplish it, and, large as the cost necessarily would be, the expenditure, it was seen, would save a much greater cost to the country. But the Government did not wish to enter upon any new system of internal improvements on its own account, and its only alternative was to grant its aid in the most careful manner to such responsible individuals of suitable character and energy as might be willing to risk a portion of their private means in the construction of such a work. Congress, after duly considering the question, granted a charter; and a company composed of the most enterprising men in the country was organized, with a capital of £20,000,000.

Surveying parties were at once pushed out in various directions across the Continent to find and locate the best available line between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. This was established from Omaha Nebraska in the east to San Francisco on the west—a distance of one thousand nine hundred miles. The Chicago and North West railroad is now completed from Chicago to Omaha, a distance of four hundred and ninety-two miles; and several other roads are rapidly being built to unite with

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the Pacific road at the same point; so that its eastern connections with New York, Boston, &c., will be numerous and complete.

The general line of the road from Omaha is west, up the valley of the great Platte, and thence across the plains, a distance of five hundred and seventeen miles, to the eastern spurs of the Rocky Mountains. The engineers report that the grade is much more favourable than was anticipated—the maximum to the Rocky Mountains not exceeding thirty feet, and from that point to the summit eighty feet to the mile. From the Rocky Mountains the route is to Salt Lake City and thence by the Valley of the Humboldt River to the eastern base of the Sierra Mountains. The Central Pacific railroad is already completed one hundred miles from San Francisco to Sacramento, and will there connect with the Union Pacific. A continuous railway communication will thus be established between New York and San Francisco—a distance of nearly five thousand miles.

Up to the 1st of last January the following results had been obtained by the Union Pacific Railway Company. The road had been fully equipped with rolling stock, locomotives, repair shops, stations, &c., to a point three hundred and five miles west of Omaha, and sufficient material had been accumulated to finish it five hundred and seventeen miles further west, to the base of the Rocky Mountains, by the 1st of next September. The cost per mile of the three hundred and five miles was £10,000, and it was estimated that it would not exceed £13,500 per mile for the five hundred and seventeen miles to the mountains.

The estimated cost of the entire work is £20,000,000, which was thus provided. The Government of the United States granted the Company £9,000,000 of its six per cent. thirty year bonds, to be issued by the Government in certain sums upon the completion of each twenty miles, and when a certificate from the Government engineer was obtained certifying that so much of the work was thoroughly built and supplied with the usual rolling stock, machinery, and fixtures of a first class road. To secure

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the interest and provide a fund for the redemption of these bonds, the Company pledged to the Government one half of its earnings. In addition to this grant the Government granted to the Company twenty million acres of public land of the estimated value £6,000,000. With these advances the Company will find no difficulty in raising upon its own debentures any additional sum they may require to complete the work. It is believed that the net earnings of those portions of the road already finished will meet the interest on the Company's Loan from the Government. During the first half of the month of May, 1867, the net earnings on the three hundred and five miles west of Omaha was £45,000, and as the road is extended towards the great mining centres, the business in freight and passengers must greatly increase.

As to its future propects, it needs no argument to prove that a road, without competing lines, and connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, through the heart of the United States, and passing through the richest mineral region of the world, must pay not only handsome but enormous profits.

The present produce of the precious metals in the United States is officially stated to be annually £20,000,000. It is fair to estimate that this amount will be doubled when this railroad opens the way to the hitherto untouched auriferous fields of the Rocky Mountains. At present the difficulties and expense of communication are so great, that none but the richest veins are worked. With cheap transportation, hundreds of thousands of hardy miners will flock to these fields, and successfully develope their hidden riches.

The books of the New York shipping offices show that not less than 50,000 passengers now annually travel by sea from that port to San Francisco, and these reckoned at £30 each, about one-half the price by steamer, would produce a revenue of £1,500,000. The overland travel is much greater. Last year twenty-seven thousand trains, of four horses each, comprising a vast number of emigrants and travellers left from *two points only* on the

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Missouri river, on the journey to the Far West. If this statement was not verified by the highest authority it might well be questioned. But estimating the overland through travel at the same figure as that by steamer, it gives £3,000,000 as the minimum estimate on the same number of passengers. But the facilities for cheap and rapid transit furnished by railroads always vastly increases the amount of travel with the same population. The difference between the numbers who would take an ocean steamer or a prairie waggon, and a modern American or palace car, with its luxurious state-rooms, where the traveller eats and sleeps almost as comfortably as at home, may be as great as the difference between the numbers who were jolted over the mountains in an old fashioned stage coach, and those in an express train between any two great cities. It may be safely said then that this *through* travel from ocean to ocean will be at once doubled upon the completion of the road in January 1, 1870, and with the rapid increase of the population on the Pacific in the next few years, more than quadrupled. Is it at all extravagant to assert that the *through passenger business* during the first year after the first train of cars runs from Omaha, in Nabraska, to Sacremento, will be worth £5,000,000? When to this we add half as much for its *way* passenger business, and more than as much more than both for its freights, expresses and mails, &c., are there not the best reasons in the world for believing that the railroad will be one of the most profitable as well as one of the grandest works of modern times?

You will see from these facts and statements that this railroad is not only destined to be a national work of the highest importance, and the source of the greatest wealth to its stockholders, but a public blessing to the people of both hemispheres.

For the energy with which they have prosecuted this important work the Americans are, it must be allowed, entitled to every praise; every blow they strike upon it, is a blow struck in behalf of peaceful commerce and the trade of the world. It will not only subserve the in-

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terests of the United States' Government and people, but those of Asia, Australia, and Europe alike.

Regretting my inability to make this communication more full and complete, but trusting, meagre as it is, you will not find it altogether valueless for your purposes.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN LEWIS PEYTON.

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LETTER II.

(To the Editor of the Star.)

General Aspect of the Country—Contrast between the Alps and Rocky Mountains.

Sir,

Too many enquiries to be separately answered having been addressed to me upon the subject of the soil, climate, and productions of the country traversed by the Union Pacific Railway, since the publication of my recent letter, I propose following the suggestions of several influential gentlemen of this community, and by availing myself of the columns of your valuable journal, to make a single reply to all.

The initial point of the railway is, as I remarked in my previous letter, at Omaha, Nebraska, a city which has sprung into existence on the right bank of the Missouri river, since 1856, near the 41st degree of north latitude, and now containing a population of 10,000 souls. The streets and avenues are wide and handsomely built, and the mansions, warehouses, storerooms, and shops are generally constructed of brick, and are of imposing size. The spot which was some years ago, the site of a solitary Indian wigwam, is now the seat of a flourishing trade and of many manufacturing establishments, which, though in their infancy, contribute largely to the substantial wealth and prosperity of the community.

From this point, the road passes up the valley of the Platte river, through the interior of the state of Nebraska, till it reaches the Black Hills, or eastern spurs

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of the Rocky Mountains, in latitude forty-two and a half degrees. Thus in a distance of eight hundred and twenty-eight miles, it traverses only one degree and a half of latitude. On this long route the climate is therefore but slightly influenced in its temperature by latitude. The great difference between the range of the thermometer at Omaha and the Black Hills, is due to the elevation attained as the road proceeds west, which at the foot of the Rocky Mountains is in round numbers six thousand five hundred feet. In this region the climate is milder than in the same latitude east of the Alleghanies, and there are fewer fluctuations in the range of the thermometer—neither heat nor cold reaching the same extremes. Permanent frost is unknown before the end of December, and after this period it is scarcely severe enough to freeze running water, except in the neighbourhood of the mountains. Winter generally commences about the latter part of December and ends with the month of March. During this period in Eastern Kansas and Nebraska, frost is sufficient to freeze standing water in ponds, pools, and small rills, but these cold "snaps," as they are termed, do not continue longer than a fortnight or three weeks, during which time the thermometer scarcely sinks more than ten degrees below the freezing point. Consequently many plants and shrubs, such as the cotton, the catalpa, the sassafras and the pecan are seen flourishing in latitudes to which they are strangers, east of the Alleghanies.

No one who has travelled on the plains can have failed to observe the great height of the dew point, the increased moisture of the air, and the prevalence of fogs. It is a remarkable fact in illustration of the mildness of the climate, that the region of perpetual snow is not reached in the Rocky Mountains anywhere within the territories of Nebraska, Colorado, Dakota, or New Mexico, until an elevation of thirteen thousand five hundred feet is attained.

Some years since during the latter part of July, I made a pedestrian tour through the Vallais to the Monastery of the Great St. Bernard, which is situated at an

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elevation of eight thousand two hundred feet above the sea. After attaining an height of eight thousand feet, vast beds of snow were spread upon the sides of the pathway, and were seen covering the mountain sides in every direction. The following morning I was surprised to find the air piercing cold, and long icicles pendant from the roof of the hospice. Upon approaching the lake from which the establishment is supplied with water, I found the surface slightly frozen and ascertained from one of the Holy Fathers, who had long inhabited this dismal abode, that this was the case almost every morning in the year; and that scarcely a day passed during the twelve months without snow. During the winter the snow falls at the St. Bernard to a uniform depth of eight feet, while the thermometer often sinks eighteen degrees below zero. In the Rocky Mountains, on the contrary, at a height of eight thousand two hundred feet, the traveller is not only surrounded by vegetation, but breathes a rarified and elastic atmosphere, only sufficiently cold in summer to brace the nerves and exhilirate the spirits. The region of deciduous trees has not been passed at that elevation, or that of pines and cedars reached.

Passing upwards, beyond eight thousand two hundred feet, the phenomena presented by the high Alps are gradually repeated in the Rocky Mountains; not, however, until an elevation of between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet is attained do we reach the region of silent waters, perpetual glaciers and thundering avalanches. At this height there is nothing said of the high Alps which may not be repeated of the Rocky Mountains, but fortunately the railway does not encounter these heights, or, to avoid them, long bury itself beneath the earth. Near the head waters of the Platte river there is a remarkable gap in the mountains called the "South Pass," and through this opening the road makes its way by a tunnel not more than a mile and a quarter in length, when it emerges upon the plains stretching down from these lofty heights to the shores of the Pacific.

The features of the country from Omaha West to this

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point are characterized by magnificence and sublimity alternately exciting admiration and wonder. There are many huge plains or steppes in Eastern Nebraska, Kansas and Dacota, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, and ornamented with thousands of bright and beautiful flowers These are some of the famous American prairies, and support vast herds of buffalo, elk, deer, beaver, racoon, and other animals. They are likewise the favourite haunt of the wolf, bear, and fox. Except upon the banks of streams, which are fringed with lofty oaks, sycamores, and walnuts, they are as treeless as boundless Their surface is either gently undulating, when they are termed "rolling prairies," or perfectly flat, in which case they are simply called prairies, or grassy plains. Both have been found to cover vast beds of coal and iron. The western half of these territories, or states, are less fertile. Indeed, sections are encountered in this region which are little else than sandy deserts, through which huge rocks are seen protruding, like the bones of a cadavre. The soil from these almost deserts has, in the process of ages, been washed away, and thus produced that extraordinary depth of soil and fertility nearer the Mississippi, which has so long excited the astonishment of every one. These sandy plains are destitute of vegetation and stricken by a hideous sterility. Until within a few years past they were thought entirely valueless; now they are known to contain numerous mines of gold and silver. Miners who have recently visited them declare that they are richer indeed than any other mines on the American continent. Whatever may be the truth as to the precious metals, lead and iron mines have been discovered occupying a surface of many hundred miles in length and width.

Among the mountains, many mineral springs exist of hot and cold water—some sulphurous and others ferruginous; all have been analyzed and experimented with, and all have been found to possess more or less valuable curative properties.

Flowering shrubs are numerous, such as the kalmea and rhododendron, which grow to the height of twenty

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feet. Reaching the western base of the Rocky Mountains, we find the climate much more mild and genial than in the valley of the Mississippi. This has been rightly ascribed to the fact, that the prevailing winds are much softer than when they have crossed the frozen summits of the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains, and passed over the vast plains of the interior of the United States, thus losing their warmth and moisture. The west wind of the Pacific is soft, balmy, health giving, luxurious—a similar wind to that which floats gently upon the western shores of Southern Europe from the Azores and Canaries. In the transmontane or Pacific States, extending from the mountains to the ocean, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and from the southern limits of Washington to Lower California, there is no winter in the European sense of the term. Frost and snow are alike unknown except upon the mountains. The year is simply divided into the wet and dry seasons; one answering to the English winter, the other to the English summer. North of Oregon indeed, in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, the climate is as near as possible that of Devonshire, in England, while in the same latitude in Canada a Siberian cold prevails during the winter. In no part of this country, until we go as far south as Arizona, is the sun scorching or the plains arid. The temperature is uniform and man attains to a patriarchal age, unknown in countries where the human system is subjected to the vicissitudes of a variable climate. The population which has settled there from the Atlantic States and Europe is remarkably intelligent and enterprising. The climate has been supposed to contribute largely to the development, in the young there born and bred, of a peculiarly nervous temperament which manifests itself in a remarkable aptitude to learn and readiness of comprehension.

When the shores of the ocean have been reached in Southern California, the climate is semi-tropical. The heat is, however, much modified and rendered less oppressive by continual breezes.

Passing by the Salt Lake City, the principal seat of

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the Mormons situated upon the Salt Lake, a body of water seventy-five miles long by thirty wide, lying in a wide plain or basin between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea, the railway curves around the Humboldt mountains and pursues the valley of the river bearing the same name, to Sacramento, near the mouth of the Yuba, where it connects with the San Francisco Railway.

The scenery of this region is extremely grand and picturesque. On the east side are the Rocky Mountains, in the interior the Wah Satch and Humboldt Mountains, and on the west the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Coast Range, which are a continuation of the Cascade Mountains of Oregon.

The soil throughout the plains and vallies is deep and fertile. When turned up, it is mostly of a chocolate colour, or bright yellow, though it is sometimes even scarlet. None of this soil requires to be manured, and when favourable seasons occur, or it is irrigated, as is sometimes necessary in Utah and Nevada, the yield per acre is enormous. In Utah the surface is covered with a saline incrustation which gives to the "Great Basin" an appearance of sterility. For this reason it was not inhabited by Americans, till the exodus from Missouri of the Mormon tribes under the Prophet Joe Smith in 1841. The Mormons discovered the fertility of the soil, and the first yield of corn after their settlement in Deseret, was ninety bushels per acre. In the region comprised in the states and territories of Utah, Colorado, Nevada, California, and New Mexico, wheat, oats, rye, barley (two crops in the season), maize, tobacco, cotton, and rice flourish, as do almost every species of fruit. The vine grows spontaneously, and the fruit is of delicious flavour. Since 1860 the production of wine has rapidly increased, and Californian wines, of rich and delicate *bouquet* have entered the markets of the Atlantic cities. The road passes through a region in which there are twenty-six kinds of oak, eighteen kinds of pine, cedar, and larch, seven kinds of maple, ten kinds of walnut, four kinds of birch, the bark of one of which furnishes

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the Indians with canoes, six kinds of ash, besides many other trees of useful qualities.

The mineral wealth also of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, is much greater than east. The Californian, Nevada, and Arizona gold and silver mines now yield the precious metals more largely than any other mines in the world. The country through which this railway passes, like every part of the United States or indeed of the North American Continent, abounds in large rivers susceptible of navigation for hundreds—and in a few instances—thousands of miles. Many of these rivers communicate with lakes—and with that series of fresh water lakes between Canada and the United States—the most extensive on the globe. By means of these rivers and lakes and such railways as the Union Pacific, personal and commercial intercourse can be carried on to a boundless extent, and with the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, the richness of its mines, and its advantages of climate, the United States must, I fancy, at no distant period become the most populous and wealthy country in the world.

Since the epoch of the American Revolution in 1776, the Anglo-Saxon race originally planted as settlers by England, has spread over a large portion of the Continent, and founded an immense number of cities and towns, and otherwise effected extraordinary improvements in all the arts of civilized life. In 1776 there were thirteen Colonies, with an aggregate population of three millions;—in 1867 the United States consisted of thirty-eight commonwealths and numerous outlying territories, with an aggregate population of nearly forty millions. The recent acquisition of Russian-America, at a heavy outlay in gold, while the country is groaning under taxation to meet the interest and liquidate the principal of an enormous debt incurred during the civil war, seems to indicate a purpose at Washington to increase the number of States from the domain of their neighbours at whatever cost. On this side of the Atlantic that acquisition is regarded somewhat in the light of *le commencement de la fin*. If so, the Yankee is

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nearer the realization of his manifest destiny, as he terms it,—"universal empire and dominion on the North American Continent,"—than many imagine. However this may be and whether the American Continent is in the future to constitute one colossal overshadowing State or be divided, as is more probable, into many great and flourishing political communities, it is in either case certain that the Anglo-Saxon branch of the human family is destined to control them all. The superiority of this race has been nowhere more conclusively demonstrated than in America. The Red Men of the forest are rapidly fading away before the Anglo-American, while the French in Canada and Louisiana, the Spaniards in Florida and Texas are gradually disappearing;—their territories have been absorbed and their traditions almost blotted out. Whether the degenerate Mexican of the present day, an admixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro blood, with his narrow head, concave forehead, projecting cheek bones, wide nostrils, lengthened jaws and tusklike teeth—a miserable compound of cruelty, ferocity, barbarity, and vindictiveness —is likely to stand long against that mighty wave of American population, which emanating from the original seats of the race in the United States is flowing steadily southwards, others may determine as readily, if not better, than I.

Knowing both races well, when I contrast the two I feel no doubt as to the result of the conflict. One race is stamped with inferiority, while the other bears about the evidences of its inherent superiority. One has lived in Mexico without progress in civilization and the arts, and in the midst of bloodshed, civil strife, and carnage for a half century, while the other in the United States has outstripped elder states by her universal progress in all the industrial, humanizing, and elevating pursuits of life. Robust in form, with a large expansive forehead, indicative of high moral and intellectual faculties, the light-haired, blue-eyed, florid complexioned Anglo-American has shown his inherent qualities by patient labour and indomitable perseverance in subduing nature in a

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new country, in gathering around him the fruits of civilization and refinement, in founding a government, on the principles of equity and justice, of a mighty empire upon the distant shores of the New World. To my mind it is as clear as the light of day that all hybrid races, all rotten institutions, all decaying states in his neighbourhood, must give way before his restless activity, his resistless energy, and his greater physical, moral, and intellectual force. When such a fate befals Mexico, I may add it will be in the interest of law, order, progress, and civilization. The recent cruel episode in her bloody history, resulting in the unnecessary death of an amiable and excellent prince,* whose only fault was a deplorable ambition, which carried him too far in his desire to accomplish good for the race, will cause Mexico, when her star sinks below the horizon, to disappear without a single pang of regret throughout the world.

But I must not allow myself to be drawn into a dissertation upon the future of the United States and the Anglo-Saxon race in America. My letter has already exceeded the limits set to it; and as I believe I have answered, after a fashion, the questions propounded to me, I have only to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,
J. Lewis Peyton.

Brabant, July 12, 1867.

* The Emperor Maximilian.

THE END.

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